

CURRENT OPINION



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IF HARDING IS ELECTED

BY the time this number of CURRENT OPINION reaches its readers the Presidential campaign will be practically ended. But whether Harding or Cox is elected, the chief question of the campaign remains unanswered. For that question—whether we are to enter the League of Nations, and, if so, under what conditions—will not be decided by the occupant of the White House. It will be decided by a two-thirds vote of the Senate. As neither Cox nor Harding, if elected, can by any possibility have a two-thirds party majority in the Senate, any affirmative action that is taken must be the result of a combination of Senators from both parties, together with the assent of the President.

It is fair to presume that the election of Cox—which seems at this writing far from likely—would carry with it enough Democratic Senators to give him a majority and would be taken as

a mandate from the public clear enough to insure a two-thirds majority for the League of Nations with the interpretative reservations for which he and the Democratic convention have declared. Senators Borah, Johnson and Reed will still fight, but it is not probable that in the face of such a mandate they can command a following of 31 other Senators. The election of Cox probably means, therefore, entrance into the League of Nations, subject to the Constitutional provisions regarding the rights of Congress to declare war and make necessary appropriations.

What will the election of Harding mean?

Two things he has made it very clear that he will do as soon as elected. First, he will call for a declaration, by Congress, that a formal state of peace exists between this country and Germany; second, he will order the American soldiers now in Germany to come



DICTATING A NEW PEACE TREATY—IF HARDING WINS
—Knott in Dallas News.

home. He denies that he has ever proposed making a separate treaty with Germany. He denies that that is necessary. Just what he purposed to do about the property of Germans seized in this country, of the German ships taken over by us, of American property seized in Germany, of reparation for American ships sunk on the high seas, of all the varied industrial, financial and political relations that have to be reconstituted *de novo*, if the Treaty of Versailles is thrown over, he does not say. A state of formal peace can be declared by a majority of the Senate; but a treaty must be made some time, and the longer it is delayed the less likely is Germany, at peace with her neighbors and admitted as a member of the League of Nations (as she may be within six months), to make the same concessions that were extorted from her at Versailles.

Another thing Senator Harding has declared that he will do is to reverse the policy of an equality of tolls in the Panama Canal, an action which Great Britain holds (and President Wilson, Mr. Root and others sustain her contention) is directly contrary to the terms of our treaty with her. He has declared himself in favor of canceling those sections, in thirty-two treaties of commerce and navigation, that promise no discrimination against merchant ships in our ports (the treaties President Wilson has refused to denounce). He has pledged himself to oppose the retention of Shantung by Japan, and appears committed to the enactment of a Japanese exclusion law. He has declared in favor of raising the tariff rates high enough to

"exclude the flood of foreign goods" which he fears Europe is expecting to send to us to liquidate her debt of ten billion dollars. In a sweeping statement he has pledged himself to "reverse our foreign policy," tho to what extent he means to go he does not make clear and to what extent Congress will let him go is uncertain.

Then, after putting through so much of this comprehensive program as he may, he purposed to promote a "friendly association" of the nations of the world and with it to supplant or supplement the League of Nations. "We have heard very much," says the Springfield *Republican*, "about America having earned in the past year or two 'the contempt of the world.' The contempt of the world could hardly be compared with the hatred of the world which would be the logical consequence of the policies of discrimination, exclusion

and isolation toward which Mr. Harding is headed." Even the *N. Y. Tribune* enters "a most emphatic dissent" from the policy of ordering our troops home from Germany and abandoning our part of the task of enforcing Germany to observe the substantial parts of the Versailles Treaty, such as disarmament and reparation.

What Senator Harding will do with the League of Nations is, however, the major question of the campaign. In the multitude of statements made by him, there is to be found, despite the Democratic charges of "wiggling and wobbling," a fairly clear and consistent policy.

With the League as it stands he will have nothing to do. Speaking at Des Moines, October 7, on reservations that will more clearly define our obligations, he said:

"There is no need of reservations of this character. The obligations are clear enough and specific enough. . . . I do not want to clarify these obligations, I want to turn my back on them. It is not interpretation but rejection that I am seeking. My position is that the League strikes a deadly blow at our constitutional integrity and surrenders to a dangerous extent our independence of action."

This seems clear enough to warrant Senator Johnson's statement that Mr. Harding "has scrapped the League." But this applies to the League now in existence. It does not apply to a new league to which the Senator is pledged. In extended answers to a series of questions asked by W. H. Crawford, special correspondent of the *N. Y. Times*, Mr. Harding, on September 5th, elaborated his program.

If elected President, he pledges himself to proceed promptly to negotiate a new covenant, after advising with the Senate. He wants America to "play its part in creating some new association of nations which shall be concerned with the promotion and preservation of peace." He admits that the Hague Tribunal "has thus far been ineffectual" and he does not care specifically any more about that than about the present League; but out of that, he thinks, might come a court of international justice created for one purpose—to decide justiciable questions. That is one part of his program. When he spoke about "putting teeth in the Hague Tribunal" he evidently had in mind Mr. Root's pet project of an international court to which all nations will be pledged to refer all justiciable questions. One of the principal objections which Mr. Root and Mr. Hughes have found with the present League is that it does not make such



NO SERIOUS ATTACHMENT

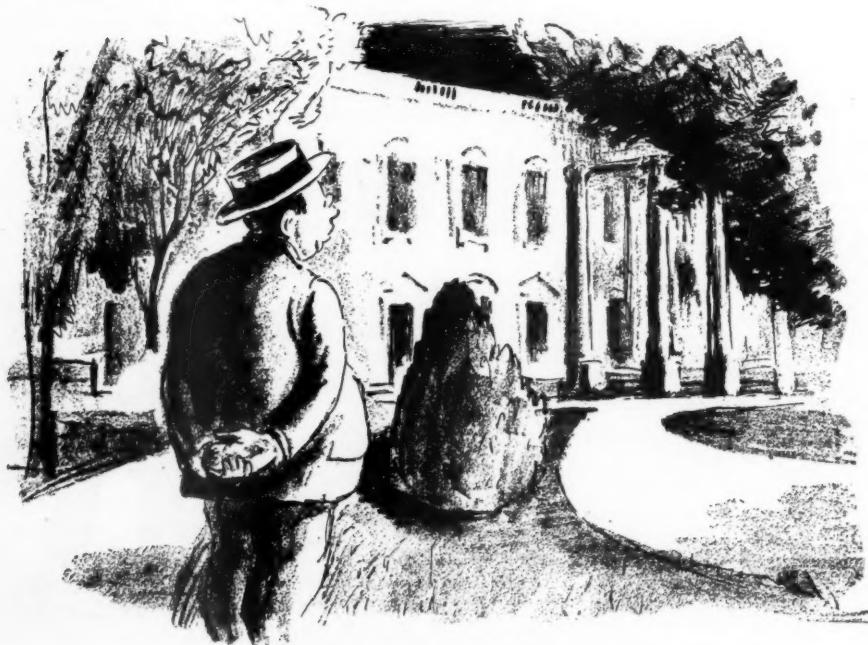
—Knott in Dallas News.

reference compulsory. The commission of twelve jurists (of whom Mr. Root was one), who have been drafting the scheme of a Permanent Court of International Justice for the League of Nations, have recommended that reference of justiciable questions to this court be made obligatory. Justiciable questions are specified as: (a) the interpretation of a treaty; (b) any question of international law; (c) the existence of any fact which, if established, would constitute a breach of an international obligation; (d) the nature or extent of reparation to be made for the breach of an international obligation; (e) the interpretation of a sentence passed by the Court.

But for questions not justiciable Mr. Harding has a further plan—a league not to enforce peace but to discuss questions imperilling peace. Here is the plan as it has been outlined in his own words:

"For the consideration of such causes as are not justiciable I would suggest an association, or a society, or a League of Nations—it little matters what we call it—which shall constitute an international conference for the free and open discussion of international questions which may lead to conflict. It is not possible to say that this conference always is going to prove effective in the prevention of conflict, but such an association could bring to the world a complete revelation of the questions which are menacing peace and readily bring to bear the opinion of mankind against an offending nation in case it refused to yield to the recommendations of the conference."

This is as far, apparently, as Mr. Harding has gone in outlining his new league. In answer to a question, he stated at Baltimore: "I am without a single program constructive in character about an association of nations." He defends this position by saying that no man can foresee just what kind of



"I FAVOR GOING IN"—COX

—*Harvey's Weekly.*

program will be needed six months hence. But he believes that the nations of the world are going to welcome a revision of the League Covenant and "are eager to find themselves in a new association in which we ourselves are chiefly concerned to promote world understanding rather than world government, and the right of justice rather than force."

Here is the definite thing to which Mr. Harding is committed—a league of nations that may discuss non-justiciable questions but shall have no power to enforce any decisions. This would leave even the International Court which he favors without any power to enforce its decisions on justiciable questions. With such a league he proposes to supplant the present League of Nations, and, he says, it "does not seem to me that there will be difficulty in securing the consent of the twenty-eight states that have already signed, to any well thought out program" along those lines. The "vital and essential point" in a league of nations, said Theodore Roosevelt, in the *Independent*, in January, 1915, is that the nations agree "to act with the combined military strength of all of them against any recalcitrant nation." Most important of all, he added, was that "this treaty shall put force back of righteousness." The same conviction is expressed in the very name of Mr. Taft's "League to Enforce Peace." The existing League of Nations is built upon the use of force as a last resort. The only league which Mr. Harding will contemplate is one that limits itself to discussion and publicity and to such voluntary agreements as may flow from them. In this he is sustained, apparently, by such eminent



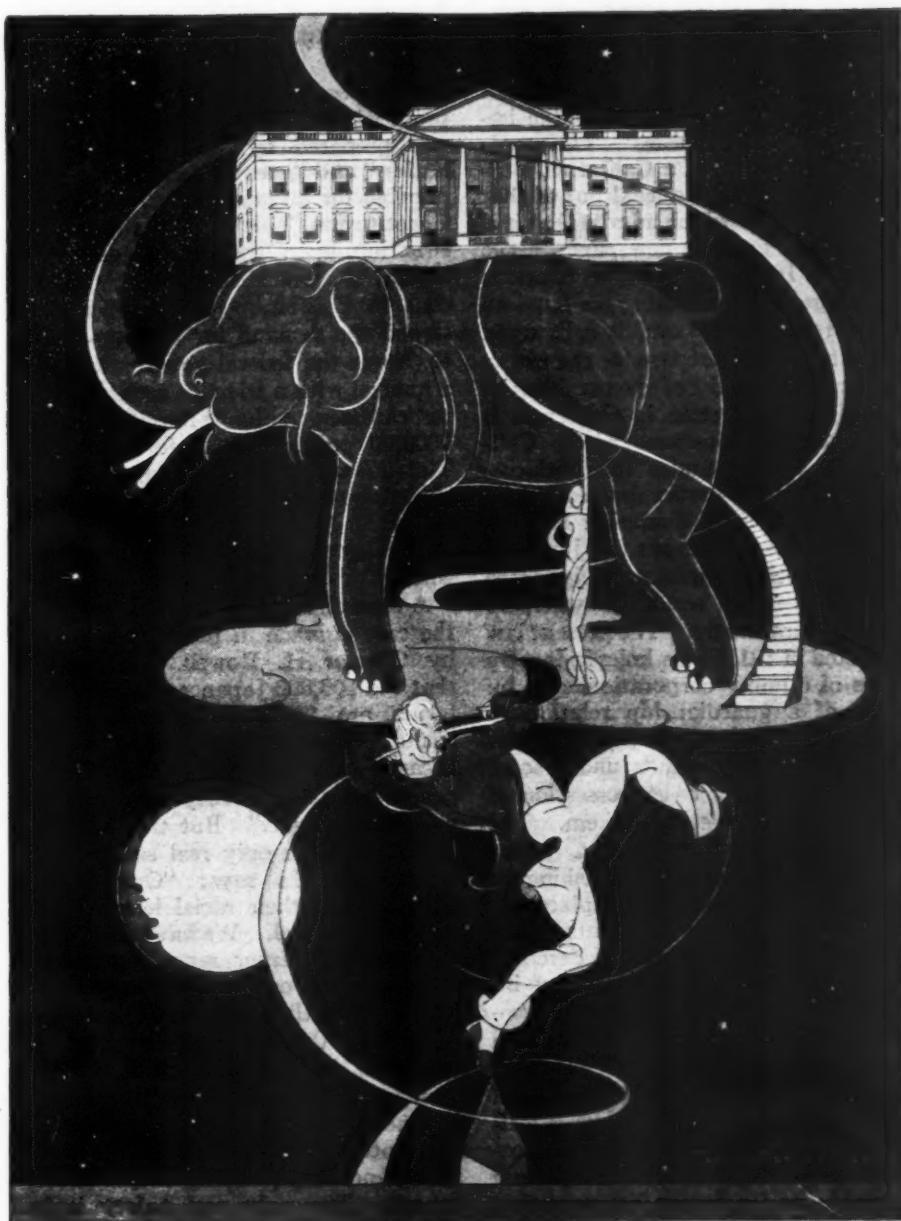
"TOO MUCH IS HEARD OF INDEPENDENCE IN POLITICS"
—Kirby in *New York World*.

men as Mr. Root, Mr. Hughes, Dr. Lyman Abbott, Presidents Butler, Lowell, Hibben, Schurman and Faunce, Mr. Wickersham, Herbert Hoover, Mr. Straus and others, who, however, in a joint statement express the belief that the present League may be readily modified—especially by eliminating Article X—to meet all the requirements of the case.

Such is the foreign policy to which Mr. Harding is logically committed. It would be a far more alarming one but for two facts. One is that campaign utterances can not be taken at their face value and are seldom carried out to their full logical consequence. The other is that with Mr. Wilson out of the White House, the leading spirits in the Senate, who are not bound by all of Mr. Harding's utterances, will resume their functions as a balance wheel and modify a program which, on the face of it, would within three years probably make us the worst hated nation on the globe.



WELSH RABBIT DREAMS OF



PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES

—Wheelock in N. Y. Times.

The Japanese Bogey Reappears

HONEST thought cannot remain blind to the fact that in our Japanese relations are the implications of actual war." The words are not the words of a California journal nor of a Hearst journal but of that Chicago journal which admits that it is "the world's greatest newspaper"—the *Tribune*. It sees in these relations "warnings whose meaning we have no excuse to mistake," and it calls upon our statesmen to prepare for the worst.

Even in the midst of the presidential campaign the election in California is being rather anxiously regarded. California is voting, under the initiative provision, on a measure drafted by the California Oriental Exclusion League. Its purpose is to prevent the Japanese—and all other aliens not eligible to citizenship—from securing ownership of agricultural lands. The present law—enacted in 1913—has holes in it. By means of dummy corporations and by means of a guardianship relation to native-born children, the Japanese continue to secure farm-lands, and in some counties they now have possession of from 50 to 75 per cent of them. The new measure seems sure to pass. Japan has already protested to Washington and negotiations are taking place between the two governments. The feeling in California is one of determination. That in Japan is one of intense irritation. The American Associations of Yokohama and Tokio send a cabled protest to our Secretary of State saying that the proposed action in California has aroused "intense feeling throughout Japan" and is "threatening destruction of the traditional friendship and a future estrangement between the two peoples." The Japanese Minister of Railways expresses "utmost anxiety" over the situation.

Nichi Nichi deprecates excited utterances and hopes our Supreme Court will nullify the law; but, if not, "Japan will be justified in resorting to other measures."

The Los Angeles *Times* regrets the proposal of the new measure, says it was prepared by "anti-Japanese fanatics," and "goes to the extreme limit possible for a state under the Federal Constitution." It blames the critical situation upon the system of direct legislation, which enables 55,000 persons in California—the number that signed the demand for the new law—to "force the federal government into a quarrel with a friendly country" and to "threaten to plunge more than 100,000,000 people into a foreign war." The *Times* wishes the Japanese excluded, but it wishes this to be done by federal legislation, for "fighting the federal government will get us nowhere."

A sane and convincing statement of the case is made in the *New Republic* by Chester H. Rowell. He admits that the 100,000 Japanese now in California are "mostly industrious and useful people." The friction is not because the Japanese are an inferior people but because they "are in some respects superior." But they are different, and the only real safety is in separation. He says: "Our people have learned their racial lessons in a dangerous school. We have dealt with two inferior darker races, but never with an equal one, and we have dealt always unjustly. We have dealt unjustly with the Negro and he submits. We have dealt unjustly with the Indian and he is dead. If we have many Japanese, we shall not know how to deal otherwise than unjustly with them, and very properly they will not submit. The only real safety is in separation. Nature erected a barrier which man will overpass only at his peril."

This, we are told, may not be the view of those residing far from the trouble, but it is the view of all the English-speaking white peoples bordering the Pacific—in Washington, Oregon, British Columbia, Australia and New Zealand. Mr. Rowell calls upon us to respect the unanimous convictions of the outposts of our race. The new measure, he thinks, will accomplish nothing. It will "undoubtedly pass," but it will be evaded as easily as the present law is evaded. What is necessary is to have a federal law that will exclude the Japanese as the Chinese are already excluded. The difference is this:

"Under the 'gentlemen's agreement,' Japan avoids an exclusion law by undertaking to do the excluding from the Japanese side. Japanese laborers can not enter the United States without passports, and Japan undertakes to refuse these passports. But if a Japanese does smuggle in, over the Mexican border, and can then lose himself among his own people for a few years, there is no way afterwards of excluding him. Chinese exclusion is effective because, if a Chinaman does slip in and is caught afterward without the necessary papers, he can be deported. A Japanese can not. In consequence there is an undetermined but doubtless very considerable amount of organized smuggling over the border. If this continues and grows, either an exclusion act or else a tightening of the terms of the gentlemen's agreement will become imperative."

When the Chinese exclusion laws were pending we heard more about estranging the Chinese than we hear now about estranging the Japanese. The laws were

passed and the effect was to end the riots against the Chinese on the Pacific Coast and to remove a source of constant irritation. It is a question whether the irritation to Japan is not greater from the constant friction that takes place under present conditions than it would be from an exclusion law that would, presumably, settle matters definitely once for all. The real offense is not in the fact of exclusion itself. The Japanese Government is ready to cooperate to keep the Japanese from emigrating to our shores and there seems to be no question that the "gentlemen's agreement" of 1913 has been lived up to as far as the Government of Japan is able to live up to it. It is the inference that the Japanese draw from an exclusion act that hurts their pride and inflames their temper, the inference that such an act implies inferiority. As a matter of fact, even the most strenuous of



BACK OF IT ALL!

—Kuhn in Denver News.

the California champions of exclusion do not base their demands upon racial inferiority. "Biologically," says the San Francisco *Chronicle*, "they—the Japanese—may be our superior, for they maintain individual and national vigor under conditions which would lead apparently to the early extinction of the American race. It is not a question of inferiority or superiority, but of difference, and it is a difference that can not be obliterated or compromised." There is, indeed, a note almost of friendliness for the Japanese and admiration for some of their qualities in the present agitation in California journals, different from that seven years ago and much different from the note that was heard in the anti-Chinese sand-lot agitation against the Chinese in the days of Dennis Kearney. If the fact of exclusion gives no serious offense, it seems that

it ought not to be beyond the powers of American statesmen to contrive an exclusion law that will not imply the inferiority of the Japanese or wound their self-respect. A courageous but courteous treatment of the issue at this time ought to remove the possibility of war instead of bringing it nearer.

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Europe Bewildered By Our Campaign

THE close of our presidential campaign finds Europe vaguely suspicious that Harding will win. If the unexpected happens, if Cox is chosen by an immense majority, newspapers from London to Madrid will explain that America is like that—the land of surprises. Europe has given this country up as unintelligible since the eclipse of Wilson. It is impossible apparently for journalists or statesmen over there to understand the relations of our executive to Congress. In European lands generally the executive and the legislature are one. That is what they mean by ministerial government through a cabinet that can be made and unmade in a few hours by an adverse vote in a Chamber of Deputies or a House of Commons. Those correspondents who came over here while the great war raged had eyes only for Woodrow Wilson. He remains the significant figure, as students of the European press need not be told. He is the type of "statesman" they understand. A President of the United States ought to be of the commanding type, a



SLIPPING!
—Reid in Cortland (N. Y.) *Standard*.

Kitchener or a Lord Cromer, or a Bismarck. Wilson played the part. He had eloquence, secrets, a large suite. Cox is small. Harding is not picturesque. There have been no character sketches of either in the spiritual French fashion. Neither has written exquisitely about Washington or painted a picture or expressed an opinion on the subject of any of the arts. Neither has had a "career" in the grand sense. Europe can make nothing of such negative aspects. It can make nothing of the Senate. Europe frankly gives us up, as if we were a clever riddle.

This is the first presidential campaign which has signified something directly to Europe. The effort to get at the mystery of it has been prolonged but there has been no light. The position of the Senate in our constitutional system strikes Europe as anomalous in some respects. Our Senate is the one powerful "upper chamber" left anywhere in the world. The French Senate plays second fiddle to the deputies. The Lords have been shorn of their old splendors. In central Europe the governments are new and formless. The Senate may be said to have taken Europe completely by surprise. It eclipsed the great Wilson. Many attempts have been made abroad to elucidate all this but they are "bookish" efforts, the work of men who live in libraries and get their facts from an understanding of the law rather than from life. Articles in the bright French periodicals and in the ponderous British periodicals leave their readers uninstructed and mystified. Now and then, to be sure, a voice is lifted in praise of the Senate.

The institution has its value because it tears the mask of secrecy from international affairs. It makes impossible the despatch of a plenipotentiary to bind his country to pacts of which his country knows nothing until it is too late to enter any effective protest.

Determined efforts have been made in behalf of some European chancelleries to ascertain the state of the American mind regarding the League of Nations. It is hinted that the diplomatic corps at Washington has tried, or some of its ornaments have tried, to get at the heart of the American mystery here. The net foreign impression is one of bewilderment. There has been a revision of one first impression. The idea that all America clamors for this League must be given up. The heart of America would not break, Europe suspects, tho the League per-

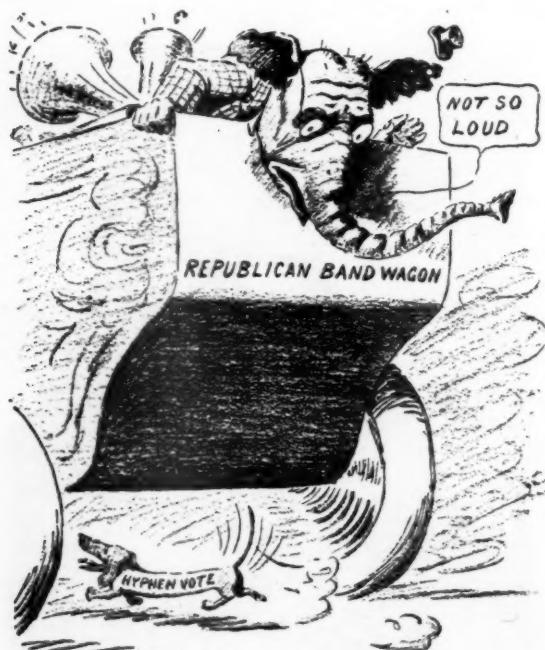


IS THIS TO BE OUR ONLY WAR MEMORIAL?
—Harding in Brooklyn Eagle.

ished at its birth. The English have been misled into believing that America wanted the League from the first. The French think they know better. The masses in America have been bred too closely in the school of traditional aloofness. Mr. Wilson underestimated the sentimental influence of Washington's Farewell Address. He underestimated the provincialism of a people so remote from the sea that they still fail to grasp the importance of a fleet. He forgot the Irish-Americans. He did not reckon with the German vote. The French remember all these things. The League, they fancy, is not, after all, so dear to the American heart.

Whether Harding be the winner or Cox, Europe infers that the diplomatic influence of the Washington government will be exercised conservatively—in the direction of reaction, say the

Italians. Foreigners do not forget that the United States is now the great creditor nation. In those old days, even before Mr. Bryan came to the front, America as a debtor nation was a trifle reckless in the international sphere. Washington did not see eye to eye with the powers in China. She was independent to Japan. She took no notice of the partition of Africa. She neglected her fleet. She had no army to speak of. There must be a great change. Every country to-day owes this country something—some owe a great deal. America will want to be paid. She will tremble for the security of those obligations. She will not look on indifferently while Europe rushes into social experiments in the shape of land reform, currency reform, any reform. She will watch with special vigilance the trend of financial legislation abroad. She must enter protests here or issue a veto there. America has a mortgage on Europe and so far she shows a tendency to foreclose it. There has been no hospitality at all for the suggestion that debts be cancelled. Europe has followed the course of the presidential campaign here from the standpoint of her own material interest in the outcome. Her uneasiness became intense when Senator Harding announced that in the event of his success our foreign policy will be "reversed." She has tried to find out precisely what this signifies. Europe, in fine, feels that a period of some difficulty in her relations with America has set in. The question to her is simply stated. What relations are to subsist between the new world and the old if the League of Nations goes by the board?



"THE LITTLE DOG UNDER THE WAGON"
—Harding in *Brooklyn Eagle*.

Germany Makes Up to England

THE head of the foreign office in Berlin—Doctor Simons—suggests the possibility of a special understanding between Germany and Great Britain. Not long ago he was telling the Reichstag that Russia was the friend. Next he was found dwelling with emphasis upon the neutrality of Germany—she was looking neither to the east nor to the west for allies. Now he is making up to England. Why all this shifting of position? The answer is to be found in the struggle at Berlin between the easterners and the westerners. The easterners always insist that Russia is the one power left in the world for a ruined Germany to side with. They had things their own way until the development of a discord in the Anglo-French harmony. The westerners are now in the ascendant and Doctor Simons is talking of a cordial understanding with England. If this talk be based upon realities, as the Germans say, the discord between the Quai d'Orsay and the foreign office in London must be even more serious than the outside world yet suspects. That is the German theory and the more or less inspired organs at Berlin conclude that the problems confronting England in world politics can be settled only in a fashion that implies antagonism to French diplomacy.

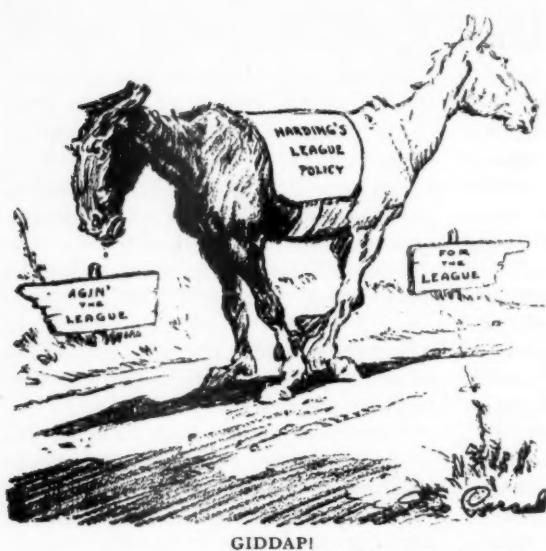
The triumph of the westerners at the Wilhelmstrasse is ascribed to the political misfortunes of President Wilson. In those Paris days when the League seemed a certainty to Berlin, men like

Bernstorff were eager to have Germany join it. The vanquished would be afforded a tribunal and a forum. They could air their grievances. They could obtain modifications of the terms of the treaty. France meant to keep Germany out of the League as long as possible and that made the Wilhelmstrasse all the more ardent for it. The defeat of Wilson in the Senate gave the dominant party in Berlin its first great shock. Evidently the League was not a certainty, after all. The whole plan of world politics cherished in the Wilhelmstrasse seemed to collapse.

Convinced at last that America was no such prophet of a new day as she had inferred, Germany undertook the formulation of a world policy on her own account. The Wilhelmstrasse resounded with the din of easterners as they shouted down westerners. Doctor Simons was pulled this way and



Nelson Harding
"A BANNER WITH THE STRANGE DEVICE"
—Harding in Brooklyn Eagle.



GIDDAP!
—Cassel in N. Y. *Evening World.*

that. The Junkers and their adherents argued that Germany was not strong enough to establish an independent foreign policy for herself. The

England tends more and more to absorption in domestic crises of one kind and another, whereas France seeks to consolidate her African and Asiatic empire by enterprizes involving the employment of armed forces. Even the Jingo in England talks of letting Mesopotamia alone and of an independent Egypt.

Everything, as the Wilhelmstrasse now sees the international situation, indicates a new departure with England and Germany reconciled. Prince Max of Baden, perhaps the most distinguished and most influential liberal in Germany, works night and day to influence the German mind favorably to the "western" conception of a true foreign policy. The "Hymn of Hate" is to be rewritten and transformed into a love lyric. Future utterances of Doctor Simons are awaited with interest.



JONAH MAY HAVE WORKED IT ON A WHALE—BUT!—
—Wahl in *Sacramento Bee.*

The Plight of Ireland

THE situation continues to get no better very fast in Ireland. Back of the hunger-strike of the political prisoners, which is a dramatic detail, lies a condition that might be described, without much exaggeration, as revolution by assassination. It is not a one-sided assassination. If the suspicions of the British press are to be credited, the British constabulary have in many cases got out of hand and have instituted a system of reprisals which calls—if the London *News* is not misled—for ten Irish lives wherever the life of one British policeman has been taken. In the last year, 280 policemen have been shot and 109 of these have been killed. Sixty-seven court-houses have been burned, and innumerable barracks. "The government of Ireland by England," says the London *Nation*, "has ceased to exist." Ireland came through the period of the World War in an exceptionally good economic condition, but the conflict is beginning to affect that disastrously. The co-operative creameries (fruit of thirty years of endeavor), upon which Sir Horace Plunkett has set his heart, are being destroyed in reprisal. For a year efforts have been made to establish a cooperative meat factory in Waterford and £150,000 has been subscribed by the farmers of three counties. The enterprize has been halted by the fear that it will meet the fate of the creameries. The direct loss by the destruction of such properties is put by Sir Horace Plunkett at £150,000 and the loss due to cessation of business at £500,000. The life-savings of small farmers are being wiped out.

According to Lord Monteagle, writing in the *Contemporary Review*, the number of "political arrests" runs into the thousands, the searches of houses on suspicion into tens of thousands. Meetings and newspapers have been

suppressed by the hundreds. Fairs and markets have been suspended, curfew laws put into force, motor-car permits required.

In a speech in Wales the other day Lloyd-George dealt at length with Ireland. He was speaking to a Welsh audience but the speech was made, we suspect, still more for the benefit of the American people. According to Paris papers, he has become highly alarmed over the effect of the Irish developments upon American sentiment. He admits frankly that responsibility for the present deplorable conditions in Ireland "rests largely" upon the record of past British governments. The germs of discontent and wrong-doing "were sown by our ancestors in that unfortunate island." But this, while it may explain, cannot, he holds, jus-



Wide World Photograph

THE ACTING HEAD OF THE "IRISH REPUBLIC"

Arthur Griffith, called in England the "brains" of the Sinn Feiners, photographed in his office in Dublin. He is the acting President of the "Irish Republic" during the absence of De Valera.



SOME JOB!
—Morris for George Matthew Adams Service.

tify present conditions. He has been a Home Ruler all his life, and is still one. But Home Rule such as satisfied Parnell is far from satisfying the Sinn Feiners. Even Dominion Home Rule will no longer satisfy them, tho it involves complete control by the Irish of their own army and fleet, of their own ports, of their own finances. Not a single Irishman, says Mr. Lloyd George, with authority to speak for his countrymen, will say that he will accept Dominion Home Rule. There is, he adds, only one thing that will satisfy Ireland in her present mood and that is to be cut entirely adrift and recognized as an absolutely independent nation. Even that will not satisfy her if she does not retain Ulster, and that would mean civil war.

But even if Ulster were to make no trouble and all Ireland were united, Mr. Lloyd George says there can be no independent Irish republic. The most impressive of the reasons he gives

for this conclusion is to be found in the German submarine chart which we reproduce this month as a frontispiece. Either complete independence or Dominion Home Rule such as Mr. Asquith now espouses would mean the freedom of Ireland to establish a submarine fleet and submarine bases at the gateway to Britain. "You cannot turn to the right, you cannot turn to the left, except by either the right or left gate of Ireland." To hand over Ireland to be made a base for a submarine fleet and to trust to luck in the next war would, he declared, amid the cheers of his Welsh hearers, be lunacy. For the temper of the Irish is an uncertain thing. When Great Britain entered the war

in 1914, asserts Mr. Lloyd George, it did so with the unanimous approval of the Irish representatives in Parliament. Yet in 1916 British soldiers were being shot down in the streets of Dublin; in 1917 and 1918 there were Irish who were conspiring with German submarines, and documents were found in the pockets of Irishmen arrested in 1918 showing that they were getting ready to raise a "huge force" in Ireland to cooperate with a German drive of which they had information two months in advance.

Mr. Lloyd George is ready, he says, to give Ireland the "whole control" of her agriculture, of her education, of the licensing system, of the mines, quarries, factories, public works, of the taxation except customs and excise, of charities, public works, labor exchanges, of the Assize Courts, Police Courts, Courts of Quarter Sessions and, ultimately, of public health and the railways; and the money advanced

to Irish tenant farmers (at 2½ per cent) and being paid back in yearly instalments he is willing to turn over as it comes in to the Irish Parliament. But he is not willing to relinquish all control to the Irish over the army and navy and the ports. Nor is he willing to allow Ireland to go scot-free of her share of the war-debt of Great Britain, amounting to about £18,000,000. In terms that sound like an ultimatum, he says: "This is a great country. It has done more for human freedom than any other country. Don't risk its destinies in the future through any folly or for any fear of any gang in Ireland. We saw this great country through at a gigantic cost. We are not going to quail before a combination of a handful of assassins in any part of the British Empire."

So there you have the Irish question up to date. The only hope of the Sinn Feiners seems to be to shake the British bull-dog loose through efforts in other countries. An "ambassador" was sent to Paris and he has been expelled. No better fortune has attended the efforts to obtain from Washington recognition of the Irish republic as a belligerent. No one seems to know what has become of the effort to induce the Vatican to receive an official Irish envoy. Talk of an "alliance" with Soviet Russia has so far been fruitless. "What Ireland could get to-day," says the N. Y. *Times*, "if she would take it, would be far beyond anything that Parnell ever stipulated. And if the Irish are not frantically to dash themselves to pieces against a rock, they will soon be casting about for the best terms of self-government that are to be had."

Greece Also Is Having An Election

ONE of the deposed kings in Europe is trying desperately to come back. There is a general election in Greece this month and the issue on which it turns is whether Venizelos shall continue to hold the helm or Constantine shall resume it. The victory of the former is predicted by the best informed journals of Europe and already the cry is being raised by such anti-Venizelos journals as *Politeia* and *Athenaikē* that a free and fair election is not possible because of the terrorist methods of the party in power. The censorship has been abrogated but illegitimate pressure is still charged. The triumph of Venizelos thus foreshadowed means the end of the dynasty of which Constantine still assumes to be the head. The ex-king, who a few years ago had his dreams of ruling not at Athens alone but at Con-



CHANGING THE COLOR OF THE EMERALD ISLE
—Knott in Dallas News.



"UND I VAS CHUST TO HITCH MY WAGON TO DOT
FALLING STAR!"

—Morris for George Matthew Adams Service.

stantinople as well, has his headquarters in Switzerland and is now trying strenuously to convince France that he is her friend and has been much misrepresented as a pawn of the Kaiser. In and out of Greece his champions, such as *Atlantis* and *Namotages*, are now asserting that Constantine never did have any sympathy for William II and his imperialist views. Paxton Hibben asserts that the Greek monarch never entered into any pact, either written or verbal, with Germany.

But the Paris *Temps* scoffs at all such claims. According to it, "tons of proof" have been revealed in the trials at Athens that a connivance existed between the two monarchs from the outbreak of the war. Constantine was, indeed, hailed by the *Kolnische Zeitung* as the best friend Germany had in the Balkans. With his chief of staff, General Dousmanis, he plotted to effect a

junction of the Greek forces with those of Falkenhayn to crush the allied forces at Salonica. The evidence of this, as brought out in the trials, is met by the ex-king's friends in Geneva, Belgrade, Constantinople and New York City by the charge that the evidence is trumped up, that the court martial trials at which it was elicited were dominated by Venizelos and were a travesty of justice, and that the premier has sold his country as a colony to Great Britain. It looks, even from the words of his friends, as if Constantine is playing a losing game. His most active partisans are—for various reasons—outside of Greece and cannot participate in the elections. But there is nothing more pertinacious than a royalist faction.

There are those who still

hope to place an emperor again on the throne of France, and we see no reason why one election should end the dreams of the Greek royalists.



Socialist Revolts Against Lenin

LENIN has brought, to the Socialists of the world, not peace but a sword. In France, Italy, Switzerland, England, America and Germany, Socialists are tearing at each other's throats over the question of endorsing Lenin's Third International. The Italian Socialists seem to stand for it, but in the three republics of France, Switzerland and the United States, the Socialists have told Lenin that the Third International—which is the Bolshevik scheme for world-

revolution—is impossible. Nowhere is the Socialist confusion greater than in France. The party is being torn into shreds with the result that capitalism there is encouraged to show a more uncompromising face than for many years. The leader of the Bolshevik Socialists is an erstwhile moderate by the name of Cachin. His cry is, Lenin or nothing. By organizing a balance of power in the Socialist ranks he secured control of the Socialist organ, *Humanité*. He made a pilgrimage to Moscow, received Lenin's blessing, and returned to preach the dictatorship of the proletariat. The *Matin* admits that he has been successful in acquiring a considerable influence among discontented workingmen. The half-century of the Republic is to be celebrated this month and, thanks to Cachin, the Socialists will not, apparently, participate. Lenin doesn't like republics anyhow. There is even a remote contingency, according to some Paris journals, that Cachin may succeed in establishing a dictatorship of the proletariat that might last six weeks or so, and conservatives are represented as a bit anxious about it.

But Cachin's followers disclaim the idea of a revolution—just now. Lenin admits that there must be preparation. There is a difference of opinion between him and many of the French Socialists. The "social reformers" in the Socialist party of France think they should go as a group into a new "block," secure a representative—Briand probably—in the French ministry and modify the hostile attitude of the French

Government under Millerand and Leygues toward Bolshevik Russia. But Lenin takes no stock in "social reformers" and Cachin follows suit. The result is that with the "national block" that now controls the government—made up of radicals, conservatives, clericals, republicans and monarchists—the proletariat are "unable to make themselves heard in the councils of Empire." If Briand and his Socialist group can form a new block, they hope to reverse the policy of Millerand of sustaining an anti-German and anti-Bolshevik alliance of smaller states, of which Poland is the chief. Briand, in the pursuance of his scheme, is largely responsible for the repudiation of Bolshevism by the organization of French workers that corresponds to our Federation of Labor.



ANOTHER CASE OF THE BALD-HEADED BARBER
—Ding in St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Cachin stands in his way. The result is dissension and fierce factional strife in Socialist ranks in France.

From Germany and Austria come similar stories. The "advanced" Socialists in Vienna went a long way to satisfy Lenin. Then they received a command to wage a war of political extermination upon the old Socialist guardsmen like Bauer, Adler, Hueber, who fought for the Marxian gospel when the cause seemed hopeless and its followers very few. The *Arbeiter Zeitung* (Vienna) is exasperated. What, it asks, is the use of concessions to the Moscow reds? Austria's economic life is paralyzed because of the boycott declared, under Lenin's influence, against reactionary Hungary. But Moscow is not placated. The peace terms Lenin and Trotzky offer to Socialists outside Russia, the Vienna paper complains, are much like those dictated by a conquering army. The junta at Moscow not only writes the articles of faith for the communists of the world but issues orders and the rest of the world is expected to be humble and obedient. It is high time, says the *Arbeiter Zeitung*, to teach Lenin his place. It adds indignantly:

"The task of emancipating the working classes must not be the mission of those classes themselves but the business of a few chiefs who direct the class struggle of the proletariat from the height of their distant thrones, without contact with the masses and without knowledge of the details of the political situation and the tactical necessities of local combats in the field. The directory of fifteen members at Moscow is to command and the millions of workers throughout the world must obey. To assure this general obedience to themselves, the Muscovite dictators at Moscow demand the strictest centralization of power and a discipline of iron in the parties that accept the Socialist faith.

"To what extent this clique at Moscow interferes in the local affairs of the Socialist parties throughout the world is revealed

in the conditions it is laying down. All the periodicals and newspapers of the Socialist cause must be under the control of communists of approved principles. Every central executive committee must be made up of extreme communists in sufficient number to comprise a two-thirds majority. Such comrades must have declared themselves publicly and without quibble in favor of the entry of their party into communion with the third international. Finally, all responsible positions within the Socialist party movement must be filled by the extremists and not by the so-called reformers or milk-and-water Socialists."

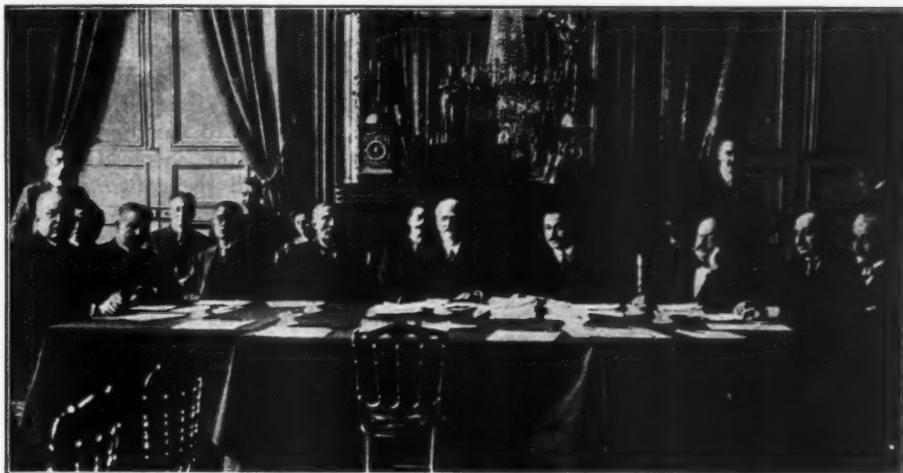
This program has been spurned also by Debs and the Socialist party in America as "impossible." Apparently, even in Moscow, the revolt against it is ready to break if it has not already broken out.

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England's Coal Strike

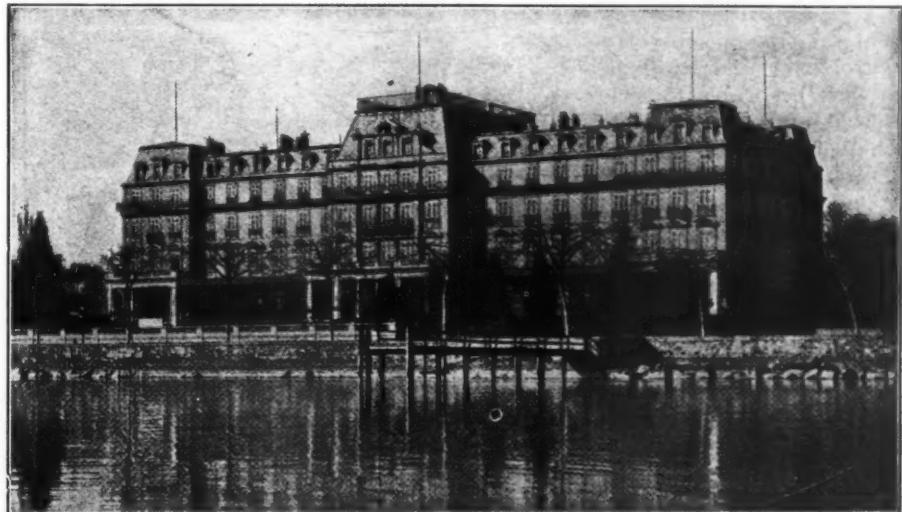
THE strike of the coal miners is more than a strike. It is a challenge of the existing order of parliamentary government, a defiance of the constitution. Jim Thomas, who with Bob Smillie is leader of the miners, confesses this and makes no effort to dodge the implications. It partakes of the nature of an attempt at social revolution. Back of the miners is the Council of Action, a league of skilled labor, and it is making its voice heard not simply in favor of the nationalization of the coal industry but in favor of peace with Moscow, a settlement in Ireland, complete independence of Poland. The movement is watched with excitement on the continent and it is thought that unless some compromise is reached soon the Council of Action will essay to take the government of England out of the hands of the Cabinet and in defiance of Parliament.

The demands put forth by the Miners' Federation are of a two-fold



"TO PROMOTE INTERNATIONAL COOPERATION AND TO ACHIEVE INTERNATIONAL PEACE AND SECURITY"

This is a photograph of the Council of the League of Nations in session, in Paris. Mr. Leon Bourgeois is presiding. On his right are the representatives of Great Britain and Japan. On his left are the representatives of Italy, Brazil, Spain and Belgium. The representative of the United States is—indefinitely detained.



PERMANENT HEADQUARTERS OF THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

After November 1, the headquarters will be in Geneva, where the National Hotel has been purchased for five and one half million francs. It will soon be dedicated as the "Palace of the Nations." It overlooks the Lake of Geneva, it will be equipped with wireless apparatus, and it will house the Secretary-General with all his assistants and adjuncts.

character. In the first place, they demand that the price of household coal throughout the country shall be reduced by what in American money would be \$3.40 a ton; and, in the next place, they demand an immediate increase of two shillings, or fifty cents, a shift for every miner. In order to understand the motives which generated these two separate demands, it is necessary to remember that, as a result of the war, the coal industry of Great Britain is under the direct control of the British Government and, consequently, all profits above a specified proportion assigned to the coal owners fall into the national exchequer. Coal has become the most urgent of necessities for the various countries throughout Europe. Consequently it fetches the highest price of any commodity in the European markets and ensures abnormal profits for a country like Great Britain in the fortunate position of being able to export it in large quantities. It is calculated that the British Government, as the result of its control over the coal industry, has been able to secure a profit of nearly sixty million pounds a year (\$291,960,000) on its coal export. By arrangement, ten per cent of this profit is given to the British coal-owners while the remainder goes to the national exchequer in liquidation of the national debt.

On the ground that the general body of coal consumers in Great Britain are entitled to share in the present prosperity of the coal industry, and with a view to making a beginning in the task of effecting a reduction in the high cost of living, the miners demand that the

increase of \$3.40 in the price of coal for home consumption—which was made by the Government last May—shall now be withdrawn. The Government declined to accede to this demand on the ground that the disposal of the surplus profits and the control of the price are matters that come within the prescribed functions of a Government and are therefore directly dependent on the decision of Parliament and cannot be disposed of at the bidding of a section of the community.

The Government expressed its willingness either to submit the wage claim to an impartial tribunal or to offer the miners a wage advance based upon an increased output. In justification of its attitude, the Government issued a statistical return in regard to the coal mines. According to this return, the number of miners in British coal pits in the year 1913 was



ANOTHER FAKE WARNING

—Harding in Brooklyn Eagle.



WHOSE BALL?

—Kirby in N. Y. *World*.

1,110,000 while at present the number is 1,206,000. The output of coal in 1913 was 287,500,000 tons while the estimated output for this year will be 240,500,000 tons. These figures indicate that, tho there has been an increase of 96,000 miners, there has been a decrease, in the output, of 47,000,000 tons. Mr. Smillie, as the chief spokesman of the miners, readily admitted, in his interview with the Prime Minister, that, given goodwill between the various colliery managements and the miners, a considerable increase in the output could be speedily secured, but he declared that

the miners would not consent to wait for their increases.

In view of the fact that Mr. Smillie, heralded the threat of a strike with a declaration that he and his colleagues in the Federation are "determined to secure the nationalization of the coal industry," the Government felt justified in discerning a political motive in an economic demand and for that reason determined to resist it. The contest is convulsing Great Britain and may prove to be the supreme domestic battle of Mr. Lloyd George's tempestuous career.

Dr. Frank Crane's Editorials

Lest We Forget

IN all the dust and smoke and squabble of the political campaign, there is one thing the American people should not lose sight of.

There is just one vitally important and essential thing for Americans to do.

And that is enter the League of Nations as promptly as possible.

It means our Honor, and Honor to right-minded men means more than life itself.

When the war came we lined up with our Allies. What for? Not to gain territory or loot, we said. We were very high and mighty. We proclaimed that what we wanted was to stop war.

That was why our soldiers went to France, fought and died. Speaking of our troops the Secretary of War recently said: "They fought to put an end to war, and the men who lived in the trenches, under shell fire—who saw high explosives and were bombarded from the clouds, want an end put to war."

The League of Nations was formed, at America's urging, to carry out this purpose, and for no other reason.

It was formed in spite of the croaking and gibes of the world.

It was formed in the only possible way, by the legal representatives of the Allies in assembled council.

It was made part of the Treaty of Peace, on purpose to keep the world in mind of our great intention, to prevent future wars.

And in no other conceivable way can war be stopped.

The proposal that we now go back on all this, desert and insult our Allies,

and put ourselves outside their company, and line up with Germany, Russia and Mexico, is inconceivably base.

Have we no duty to the men who died for this cause? 50,327 American soldiers, says the *New York Times*, were killed on the field or died of wounds. Including advances to our Allies, the war cost the United States \$32,080,266,968. No producer of wealth, from the highest to the humblest, wants another war, but it is the veteran soldier who abhors it most. About 2,000,000 soldier's sailed for France, and more than half of them fought from Cantigny to the day of the armistice. Poll them and not one would declare himself against the prevention of war by any human means conceivable. The League of Nations was planned by representatives of the Allies lately in arms to avert war and to bring any conflict that might break out to a quick conclusion. No one has stated the consequences of the agreement of the United States to join the League and of its refusal to do so better than Secretary Baker:

"If we stay out of the League, which now exists, and it fails for want of our help, Europe will redivide into alliances seeking to establish a balance of power, and the next explosion there will scatter its fragments on our shores, just as this one did, and finally draw us in. On the other hand, if we go into the League we help to erect a unanimous opinion of mankind on international questions, and no nation would be strong enough or foolhardy enough to embark in a war against the unanimous judgment of mankind."

It is not too late yet for America to do her duty. Thirty-nine nations have already entered the pact. They did not do this hastily nor rashly.

They knew the risks. Every one of these nations is as jealous of its national integrity and sovereignty as we are.

The propaganda industriously circulated by blatherskites of the Johnson and Lodge type, that the League would draw us into wars, is utterly silly.

When we had *no* League we *were* drawn into a European war, were we not?

And for every ten soldiers we may have to contribute as our quota to a world police army under the League, we will have to send ten thousand soldiers, if we slump back to the old order of rival armaments.

Is it possible that the American people, after so nobly taking their stand in the war, will fall back into the shameful slough of cowardice and selfishness?

Was the war fought in vain, after all?



The Typhus Invasion

IT is more than possible, and on toward probable, that the world is facing the attack of a worse enemy than the Austro-Turko-German.

It is the Typhus.

It comes from Poland and Russia.

In those two countries typhoid cases are uncountable.

The source of this evil unfortunately is inaccessible. It lies in that dark hotbed of prurience where the mad masters of the Bolshevik rule.

Whether or not the hordes of Lenin and Trotzky succeed in infecting the world with their diseased ideas, there is not much doubt about their ability to infect it with their diseased bodies.

More terrible than the masses of ignorant peasants whom the tyrants of theory have marshalled against civilization, is that invisible army of dirt-

bred microbes streaming forth now to destroy mankind.

Against such a host we have not even the recourse of the pacifist; it would do no ultimate good to turn the other cheek; any gesture of nobleness would be absurd; in this case even the most rabid defeatist would agree we must fight or die.

Against such a world foe also individual and national resistance is futile. Nothing but international worldwide organization can avail.

Politically perhaps we may sulk in our tent and listen to the counsels of shameful isolation given us by those who would wall up America against the leagued nations of civilization. Perhaps, for politics and the punishment for political sins are dodgeable.

But not so with science, with Nature and her immutable laws. Here, "the soul that sinneth it shall die." Here is no pardon nor evasion. Here no more mercy than in the roaring sea or the swift lightning.

When General Microbe invades, no little Belgium can perish alone.

For Microbe's forces are as God's destroying angels, or call them the Devil's if you prefer.

Perhaps this may be the next move of Destiny, to bring the stubborn and stupid minds of men together.

First was the World War. It looked as tho that horror should be enough to bring about World Government. Evidently it was not. For a space we rallied to the ideal and glimpsed a united humanity.

But we speedily hastened back to our swill and comfortable mire.

Is Destiny making ready to strike our dull, brutish backs again, to bring us to our senses? And this time will the blow be more terrible, ravaging among the first-born?

Will it be in the form of a Typhus Scourge, depopulation of the fighting mad fools that will not co-operate?

Murder as a Means of Progress

MURDER is as old as Cain, but murder as a means of progress is a comparatively new doctrine.

There have been some quite convincing arguments to prove that assassination is cheaper, quicker and more effective than war. But the mind of man, even though it contemplates the slaughter of a thousand men in battle as a scene of glory, shrinks from disemboweling a single king or prime minister.

Perhaps Russia, the Russia of the Romanoffs, gave birth to the idea that dynamite was the hope of the proletariat. Michael Bakounin was the chief apostle of the gospel of revolution by murder. He tried to get the Socialists to adopt his program, but led by Karl Marx they repudiated him and took a stand against terrorism.

Although no instance is on record where violence has ever done anything else than retard reform, there have always been an insane few who believe in it. They are not connected with any one party or cult, but have been camp followers of all.

Behind every violent outbreak has lurked the conviction that somehow it is possible to blast open the ways of reform.

The danger from cranks does not come from Socialists, who have consistently repudiated violence and insisted on progress by law. Morris Hillquit, as spokesman for the Socialists, has pointed out that all forms of lawlessness and violence, terrorism, direct action, Propaganda of Deed, had served chiefly to injure the group which used the method. Criminals concealed their depredations under the cover of the revolutionary movement. Spies and agents provocateurs led simple workmen into senseless slaughter and destruction. "It has invariably served

to demoralize and to destroy the movement, ultimately engendering a spirit of disgust and reaction," said Hillquit.

There is imperative need for a national law prohibiting the manufacture and sale of explosives and firearms except under the most rigid restrictions. If we have banished alcohol, we ought at least regulate TNT.

Our law, says William L. Chenery, in the *Times*, is the same that it was before the war, when a representative of the Industrial Relations Commission did a little investigation incognito. Dressed in character, he approached the sales manager of a powder company.

"I am the manager of a mine, and I'm expecting a coal strike on my hands. Can you fix me up?" he asked. And the powder company could. It offered to ship him a whole arsenal, machine guns, powder, explosives—all the business for a nice little war of his own.

For firearms, too, may be purchased without permit. One powder company manager states that unnumbered machine guns are in the hands of junk dealers. Again, it is in the discretion of the junk dealer whether the prospective purchaser is a collector of curiosities or a breeder of revolutions. In vivid contrast to this American state of affairs is a news item from France—that an ex-Premier had applied for a gun to go hunting with this Fall, and had been refused.

Of course, when it comes to what you do with your explosives after you buy them, there are plenty of city ordinances to govern the carting of any sort of explosive about the streets of New York City. You have to use a truck painted red, and you have to travel by night instead of by day. You cannot unfasten a sealed package until you reach your terminal and you cannot enter a crowded thoroughfare, nor yet pass under an electric train. But, if you disobey these rules, there is no machinery of Government to check up on you.

A mysterious barrel on a wagon carted through New York! What does everybody straightway conclude that it is? John F. Dixon, Chief Inspector of Combustibles for the city of New York, puts it in a nutshell:

"Any of my force who had seen that barrel on its way would have concluded that it was a matter for the prohibition enforcement officers."

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The Treaty of Versailles is Not a Failure

AS soon as the Treaty of Versailles was signed the chorus of angry and barking dogs began. It was all wrong! It was conceived in vindictiveness! It would never stand! And so on.

In this country political partisanship has joined in this venomous conclave because of its hatred toward anything with which Woodrow Wilson had to do.

The "intellectuals" who write muddy editorials for highly literary magazines have taken this opportunity to prove the highness of their brows by the intolerance of their criticism.

Anatole France, in a doddering attitude of pessimism, sees no hope at all for Europe or America, except perhaps a tiny ray from Russia—of all places.

It is time a little common sense, common honesty and truth were disseminated about the Treaty.

As a matter of fact it was as good a treaty, as treaties go, as the world has seen.

And it is being carried out. It has teeth. A recent editorial in the *New York Times* calls attention to the fact that the Treaty of Versailles, during the eight months since it came into force, has steadily been executed, one step after another. Some of its provisions, in regard to which the Treaty itself erected machinery for adjust-

ment or revision, have not yet been put into effect, but the bulk of the Treaty stands unaffected, and Germany has been carrying it out as nearly as possible on schedule time. Only last week the dispatches mentioned her final delivery of ships, the total being nearly 2,000,000 tons, partially to make good her unlawful and wicked destruction of allied and neutral merchant vessels by submarine attack. Is this act of reparation to be thought of as revenge? The sane verdict of mankind will be that it is simply retributive justice.

There has been much hasty and foolish talk about the Treaty of Versailles being already torn to pieces. The truth is that so far it stands almost wholly intact. Take the clauses involving territorial changes. They have not been modified. All of them have been executed. Alsace-Lorraine is French again. The Saar Valley is administered by a commission under the League of Nations. Posen belongs to Poland. Belgium is in possession of her slight additions of territory. Danzig is a free city. One Schleswig zone has voted itself Danish, the others German. The plebiscite in Upper Silesia will be taken in due time. All these changes, in their aggregate vast, have been made in pursuance of a treaty which we have been asked to believe was already obsolete and wholly incapable of enforcement.

Much might be said of the execution of those parts of the Treaty of Versailles which looked to the permanent crippling of Germany's military power. Heligoland has been dismantled. The fortresses east of the Rhine have been demolished. Guns, airplanes, Zeppelins, battleships have been turned over for destruction to the Allies, while the work of internal disarmament has steadily progressed. British and French military commissions in Germany have reported that she is doing her best to live up to her undertakings in the matter of armament. Further-

more, there is no alteration of the Treaty in respect to prisoners of war, ports, railroads, waterways, and so forth. The "dead Treaty" is very much alive.

A few of its clauses are tacitly in abeyance; others are to be modified, as the Treaty itself foresaw that it might be necessary to modify it, and provided the appropriate means for doing so. As for the "war criminals," the Government of the Netherlands was duly called upon to deliver up the Kaiser, but when it refused the Allies thanked God that they were rid of a knave and let the matter drop. In respect to the other men charged with war crimes, the German courts themselves are to try forty-five test cases at Leipsic. The deliveries of coal which Germany was to make have been lowered in amount, temporarily, by the Supreme Council, and the exact total of the German indemnity is yet to be fixed. That it will soon be fixed at Geneva there is every reason to expect.

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The Two Friends of the World

WHATEVER be one's religion or politics, his ancestry or temperament, he must be distressed at any attempt to cause bad blood between the British Empire and the United States.

For the reason that these two nations are the twin pillars of civilization.

They are powerful, wealthy, influential and thus capable of infinite harm or infinite good.

They are natural Allies.

They are of the same stock, have the same ideals, were suckled on the same literature, and see eye to eye on the great fundamentals of statecraft.

They are both Democracies. Neither is a perfect Democracy. There is prob-

ably no such thing. But they are as good as can be found.

The charge that the British Embassy in the United States is using money to influence the Presidential election is most monstrous. Yet it may do incalculable harm, as its vicious forgers doubtless intended.

The efforts of the Sinn Feiners and the Germans to foment hate toward Great Britain here are pernicious.

Every lover of Humanity wants to see Great Britain and the United States walk hand in hand in good understanding. That means the peace of the world.

That will be the backbone of whatever pact of nations shall be effective.

This does not mean blind Anglo-mania, nor that Britain does not make mistakes, even do wrong, indeed act sometimes as unworthily as our own nation when blatherskites get control.

But it does mean we are big enough to know each other's heart and to cooperate.

Auckland Geddes, the British Ambassador to the United States, recently expressed himself in terms of good will which intelligent Americans fully reciprocate.

"We are different peoples, with interests which do not coincide in every detail," he said, "but we are also co-trustees of a heritage which I believe to be very precious."

"I suppose that there is no man in this room who does not in his heart at least vaguely believe that what Lincoln best epitomized as 'Government of the people, by the people, for the people,' is the best form of Government that the human race has been able to devise in the long milleniums of its existence; but I wonder how many realize what a tremendous revolution this relatively new idea is producing in all human relationships, or even how new the idea is and how little it has been tested."

"If the idea is to continue without a serious setback, we who believe in it

will have to stand firmly together, for there are powerful forces opposed to it."

Democracy is young. It is not yet out of danger.

Islam is opposed to it. It is to be feared that the millions of Japanese, Chinese, and Russians do not grasp it.

With no disparagement to the splendid liberalism of France, of Italy, of South America and of the Scandinavian peoples, it can still be said truthfully that the real power behind the Democracy of the world is the English-speaking people.

It is of vital importance that they stand together.

♦ ♦

Propaganda Overdone

A WORLD governed by Public Opinion is peculiarly susceptible to Propaganda.

In every way.

For not only is our Politics the creature and plaything of Public Opinion, but also our Business, our Amusements, our Society and our Religion.

Fad reigns in each section. And Fad is the Frankenstein child of Propaganda.

There are a number of newspapers, for instance, industriously printing editorials and cartoons to make it appear that the League of Nations would get America into war. It is the exact opposite of the truth. The League of Nations is the concerted effort of the nations of the world to stop war. And war can be stopped by no other means. For America to remain outside this League would tend to perpetuate the Old Order which always has produced war, always will produce war. But by pounding away at a lie such papers eventually lead the ignorant to think it is the truth.

The Irish propaganda is alive and keen. The troubles of Ireland are financed in New York. The Irish situation is due to a difference of opinion between two classes in Ireland. It is

essentially an inter-Irish row. If the Irish themselves could agree upon what they want, Great Britain would be glad to give it them. Englishmen do not hate the Irish. The Irish hate one another. Yet the propaganda never ceases in the attempt to convince the United States that all Irish woes are due to English tyranny.

Then there are the Bolshevik propaganda, the anti-Japanese propaganda, the anti-Mexican propaganda, and what not.

The mind of the world is in a feverish state, due to the vast passions, hates, greeds and disappointments caused by the war. Instead of stirring up more trouble, we should make every effort to allay it, to speak peaceably to the masses, to counsel moderation, to encourage sound judgment and not petulance, if we want business to be put on its feet again and prosperity and peace to revisit this disturbed planet.

Much of this propaganda is set going by sheer mischief makers, twisted and vicious minds who delight in confusion and overturning.

Some of it is doubtless due to unscrupulousness and money-thirsty manipulators, anxious to arouse fears and start panics, from which they expect to make gains.

Regularly every spring, a recent financial writer points out, the Georgia and Delaware peach crops are greatly damaged, if not altogether destroyed by late frosts, according to Northern reports put in circulation. Immediately after their appearance one begins to hear about an alarming shortage and the high prices at which the few precious peaches that may have been saved by smudges or other devices are likely to command. These damage reports are supposed to emanate from sections in which the peach orchards are located. Some shrewd observers in the North have wondered whether the reports actually ever traveled that far.

Regularly every year also, the corn

crop of Kansas is "killed" by hot winds. A facetious individual remarked recently that he believed that more corn was "killed" on the Board of Trade than on the plains of Kansas or Iowa by actual "hot winds" or any other climatic condition or development.

Last spring reports came from all sides of a practically inevitable and probably serious shortage of coal during this Fall and Winter. Naturally householders and consumers became greatly alarmed. Coal operators, however, the railroads and the Government, set about increasing production and facilities of railroads and water lines for its distribution at the most vital points first and then throughout the country.

Generally speaking, the results have been satisfactory. At any rate figures of the Geological Survey show that for the second week of August, a new high record in bituminous production for this year was reached. Total output from January 1 to August 14 was 48,250,000 tons more than mined during the same period of 1919.

Propaganda has its root in the psy-

chology of the crowd. Some of the most acute minds of to-day are busy with it.

It is not all bad. The Advertising Companies deal in it. Enormous sales of cigarettes and chewing gum are worked up precisely as wars and rebellions are fomented.

Theaters and movie stars have their publicity agents, whose business it is to circulate propaganda.

Newspaper and magazine offices are swamped with "publicity" matter, that is, carefully prepared material which the agent hopes to induce the publication to print in order to add to the fame, and hence the shekels, of Theta Delta, the screen vamp, or Mawruss Hokum, the Broadway star, or Jones's new book, or some oil company in Texas.

There are many doubtless who believe that newspapers and magazines are nothing but propaganda, that they are all owned and bought. As a matter of fact, the chief business of an editorial office is to kill propaganda. Its constant effort is to confine propagandists to the advertising columns, where they can be properly labelled.

ALL progress is the accumulation of capital.

We usually think that only money or things with money-value can be capital.

But learning is capital.

The apprentice learning how to run a locomotive is storing up skill-capital.

A man's reputation is his moral capital.

A politician's record is his capital.

Destroy all capital, or redistribute it, and the very first thing labor would do would be to begin anew to create it.

For the very purpose of labor is to make capital, as the business of bees is to make honey.



LIfe is hard because it is something to do, not something to learn.

Life is not a problem, it is a task. We don't have to understand it, we have to live it.

For life is an art, not a science. It is a trade, not a puzzle. You learn to live as you would learn to lay brick or carve statues or manage a farm.



NOTHING is more talked about than happiness.

BUT WHAT IS IT?

Here's the answer:

HAPPINESS IS GREAT LOVE AND MUCH SERVICE.

The great mass of men are reasonably happy because they are in love and at work.

They complain of their work. Even call labor a curse. They dream of a life of idleness and self-indulgence, and imagine that is heaven. It is not. It is hell. This world was made for lovers and servants.

If your heart is full of love, and your hands full of service, nothing need bother you.

You have solved the riddle of existence.



DON'T be afraid of your generous emotions.

If you trust a friend, trust him unto death. Of course you may be deceived in him. But better be humiliated by betrayal than be incapable of perfect faith.

If you love your wife, love loyally, ut-

terly. She may not appreciate it. But better be unappreciated than to miss the joy of perfect self-giving.

Don't be afraid to forgive. The object of your forgiveness may be unworthy, but that cannot mar the fineness of your pardon.

Don't be afraid to show yourself friendly, for only so you show yourself worth friendship.

Don't be afraid of being too kind. "In this world," says Marivaux, "one must be a little too kind to be kind enough."

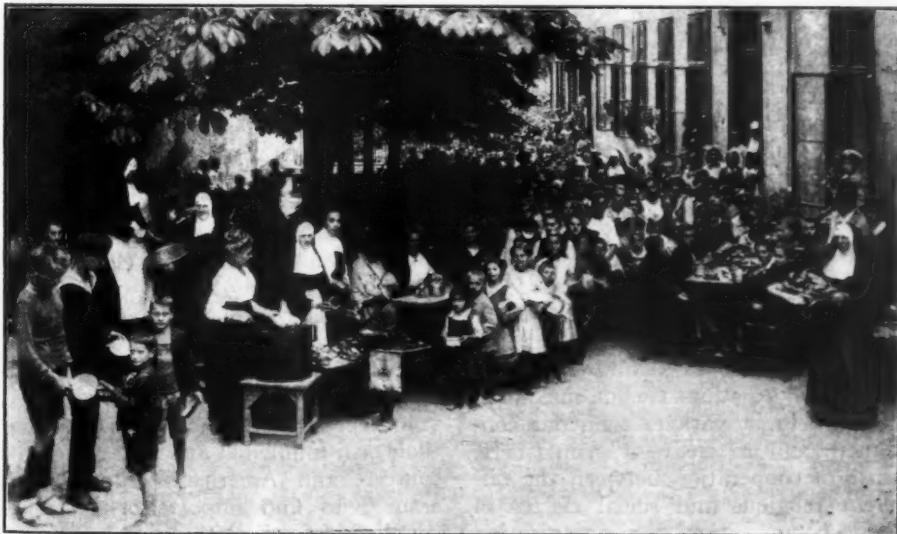
THREE MILLION STARVING CHILDREN CRYING TO AMERICA

By Herbert Hoover

The one cry that makes the whole world kin, that breaks down every barrier of race, creed or other inbred misunderstanding is the cry of the child.

The most appalling page of tragedy that has been written by the arch fiend War is the suffering of the children.

Children are dying in Europe to-day, and suffering and hungering in ways more pitiful



Courtesy of The Survey

VIENNA CHILDREN LINING UP FOR THEIR ONE-DAY MEAL OF AMERICAN FOOD

Mr. Hoover states that between, 2,000,000 and 2,500,000 European children will be crying for food and clothing this winter, outside of Germany.

able than death, because of the quarrels of their elders. We may want to keep out of European politics, and we may be disposed to let the adult individuals of Europe crawl as best they can out of the difficulties which they have made for themselves, but this cannot apply to children.

Mr. Herbert Hoover in the following article gives us some idea of what the big heart of America has done toward assisting the starving children of Europe and also what it aspires to do now in the face of the dreadful conditions to come.

No man is better qualified to speak on this subject than Mr. Hoover. He is the one figure that, while identified with the war during its entire progress, has come out of it without any stain of partizanship, for the reason that his energies have been devoted toward the merciful end of the world's disaster.

His record in the Food Administration has given him the confidence of the American people. His relief of Belgium has demonstrated his practical efficiency.

When he tells us that something must be done if we are going to get the burden of millions of suffering children off our hearts, we know it is no alarmist cry, but the sober, earnest truth.

And when he tells us that he stands ready to do it through his organization, we know that every dollar we contribute to his help will be honestly accounted for.

We have had drives and drives. Our spirits are weary of war talk. We are impatient of any more appeals. And yet this appeal is one to which we cannot turn an indifferent ear. America is teeming with prosperity. And America's heart is sound and good. The response to Mr. Hoover's appeal must be overwhelming.

One dollar gives the necessary assistance to insure the feeding of a child for one month. Ten dollars insures its feeding until August, 1921. That is what is needed to stand between the child and slow starvation.

Readers of CURRENT OPINION are requested to send their contributions to the American Relief Administration, 12 Broadway, New York City.

THE American Relief Administration was originally established by the United States Government as one of the armistice measures co-ordinated under the Supreme Council for fighting famine and for the rehabilitation of economic life in Europe pending the signature of peace. One of the many measures undertaken by the Administration was the organization of a service for the care of millions of waifs, undernourished, helpless children in Central and Eastern Europe. This latter service was initiated in January, 1919, under the title of the European Children's Fund.

In order to stimulate the maximum of self-help in various countries concerned, and to create a sympathetic sense of cooperation between the different religious and social classes of those communities, the organization was set up by an appeal to the business men and sympathetic women of each country to undertake its administration as a national effort on behalf of

their own children. Thus, central committees were created of leading business men and leading women in Finland, Estonia, Latvia, Lithuania, Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, Serbia, Roumania, Austria and Hungary. These central committees created sub-committees in each ward and village within their nation and they themselves undertook to furnish the quarters, equipment and service necessary for the distribution of food and clothing to the children, the finding of medical service, placing of orphans and the general problem of child welfare and health. They were asked to rely upon their own efforts through local charity, volunteer help, and subventions from their own municipal and governmental sources, and American support was assured to find imports of deficient supplies of food, clothing and medical supplies.

THE system was founded on the experience of the Belgian Relief Com-

mission, and was wholly inaugurated by Americans in each country, only sufficient American help being provided to furnish the stimulus to organization and to maintain coordination and sufficient inspection to insure efficient work. In face of violent class, race and religious conflicts in Eastern and Central Europe, the American staff is the essential binding and harmonizing force. It was also essential that the problems of child life should be made the responsibility of each community and that American charity should not become a pauperizing influence either to these new governments or to the actual individuals.

The system was rapidly expanded in the winter of 1919 until a total of some four million children were being supplied with necessary margins of food on charity. Schools, orphan asylums, children's hospitals, were extended and public kitchens where children living at home are fed daily were erected and all of them given such supplies as were locally deficient. All children admitted to the kitchens were required to pass examination by a local physician or trained nurse to prove undernourishment before admission, in order that the system should not be imposed upon. A small fee of about one cent per meal is charged, to assist in local expense, but no hungry child has been refused admission.

FAMINE and shortage of food production bear especially upon the children because any shortage first affects the milk and fat supplies, due to the diversion of grain from the brute to the human consumption. It has been found by experience that the cost of the necessary imports of milk, beans, fats, clothing, medical supplies, etc., average about one dollar per month per child. In addition, the cost to the local organization of supporting a child varies from two to three dollars a month, the difference, including com-

modities available in the countries concerned, being found, as stated above, from local charity, voluntary service, municipal and government help. It was found also that after the firm establishment of the system, the number of Americans required for supervision and to maintain the morale of the system could be reduced.

The number of children being cared for in the Spring of 1919 by this organization was as follows:

| | |
|-----------------------|-----------|
| Poland. | 1,500,000 |
| Austria. | 400,000 |
| Czecho-Slovakia. | 600,000 |
| Serbia. | 400,000 |
| Roumania. | 500,000 |
| Finland. | 90,000 |
| Lithuania. | 40,000 |
| Estonia. | 80,000 |
| Latvia. | 80,000 |
| North Russia. | 60,000 |
| Russian Armenia. | 200,000 |
| <hr/> | |
| TOTAL | 3,950,000 |

The American Relief Administration undertook to allocate resources from Congressional appropriations and the President's Emergency Fund to those countries where these funds were applicable, also securing cooperation of numbers of charitable bodies abroad.

In addition to the above, the Jewish Joint Distribution undertook directly the care of some 200,000 to 300,000 children and the Friends' Service Committee initiated work in Germany. A start was made in Hungary by the American Relief Administration but it was compelled to withdraw by the Bolshevik revolution until the next year.

The assistance of the American Government expired with the signing of peace and the arrival of the 1919 harvest. The total expenditure of all local and foreign groups in the eight months to August, 1919, was about \$35,000,000, of which \$16,370,695 came from Congressional and Presidential

and other American sources directly through the A. R. A. and in addition other charitable support was secured not only from America but with assistance of some foreign governments.

WITH the termination of American governmental activities in Europe, the whole problem of what would become of these millions of children required immediate solution. At the request of the various governments concerned, and with the approval of the President of the United States, the men comprising the American Relief Administration undertook to carry on the work as a voluntary effort, simply adopting the old official name as a matter of convenience and as a term well established throughout Europe. The American Relief Administration was thereupon converted into a voluntary association, with an executive committee comprising men who had been largely interested in the work, and the problem was attacked from the point of view of voluntary effort.

The problem of child life in Germany also arose immediately after the declaration of the armistice. No well-thinking person considered that the United States was at war with infants and children; on the contrary it was obvious that if there was to be a recuperation of life and civilization in Europe it was fundamental that child life and health should be maintained and that therefore such effort as was possible should be made on behalf of the children of Germany as well.

During the winter of 1919, the American Relief Administration encouraged the American Friends' Service Committee (Quakers) to enter into the industrial districts in Germany for this purpose, and to model their operations upon those in use elsewhere. Certain charitable and governmental support was secured as supplements to the Friends' resources. In the fall of 1919, in consultation with Friends' Service

Committee, it was resolved to expand their service in Germany, and the American Relief Administration undertook to supplement the resources of the Friends' Service Committee. The Friends made an appeal not only to their own members but also to the German-American population in the United States for assistance. During the winter of 1920 the number of children cared for in Germany by the Friends' Service Committee rose to 600,000.

WITH the arrival of the 1919 harvest, famine conditions in Europe were ameliorated in certain countries and the situation of the children improved in those areas where food productions had increased. It was therefore possible in the summer of 1919 to reduce import into certain countries and into certain localities. Their local organizations, however, have continued to function, using entirely local supplies and receiving imports only for their essential deficiencies. In some instances the American representatives have at request remained in the local organizations to secure cohesive action. The number of children under charitable assistance in the spring of 1920 was approximately as follows:

| | |
|---|------------------|
| Poland..... | 1,400,000 |
| Austria..... | 300,000 |
| Czecho-Slovakia..... | 500,000 |
| Serbia..... | 200,000 |
| Hungary..... | 130,000 |
| Finland..... | 60,000 |
| Lithuania..... | 40,000 |
| Estonia..... | 30,000 |
| Latvia..... | 30,000 |
| North Russia..... | 20,000 |
| Russian Armenia..... | 200,000 |
| | 2,960,000 |
| Germany (cooperating with Friends' Service Commit- tee) | 600,000 |
| TOTAL | 3,560,000 |

As a measure for furnishing relief to the adults and families and as a measure collateral to the support of the children in Europe, the American Relief Administration established, with the cooperation of the American Bankers Association, a system of Food Drafts. Under this department, friends and relatives of persons in Europe may purchase at any of 4,458 banks in the United States a draft calling for the delivery of a certain amount of food at the warehouses of the European Children's Fund at principal points in Central and Eastern Europe. This is, in effect, a substitution for current monetary exchange and for the wasteful package shipments from the United States.

ON this operation, a margin of profit is earned and given over to the support of the Children's Fund. The total of such profits to the first of August have been \$605,194.61, which has been distributed for the support of children in proportion to the number of Food Drafts sold for each country.

| | |
|----------------------|--------------|
| Germany..... | \$144,762.55 |
| Austria..... | 289,222.50 |
| Hungary..... | 45,813.23 |
| Czecho-Slovakia..... | 44,481.81 |
| Poland..... | 80,914.52 |

In order to finance the work, some supply and some sums of money were available from the liquidation of the Supreme Economic Council accounts with various governments and these were (with their approval) handed over to the Relief Administration for children's support. A systematic organization of racial groups in the United States was undertaken to secure further resources. Committees were organized or re-organized of Polish, Serbian, Finnish, Czech, Austrian, Hungarian, and Baltic States nationals. The Administration also received during the year fine cooperation and

support from other charitable bodies, particularly the Jewish Joint Distribution, the Commonwealth Fund, and other large individual donors, but their resources are now much restricted. The Red Cross Bulletin shows that during the year they gave medical help to some 100,000 children—that many more require it.

By these various measures the work was carried over until August 1920 without the necessity of public appeal. The total expenditure by the American Relief Administration during the year ending August 1, 1920, has been \$22,983,782, and the receipts of the Friends' Service Committee from German-American and other sources outside the American Relief Administration were about \$831,828.00. The whole of the overhead expenses were more than covered by the profits on the food drafts so that every single dollar of gift represents full value in food and clothing without a cent deduction.

IT had been expected that with the arrival of the 1920 harvest and the improving economic situation it would be possible for the American Relief Administration and the Friends' Service Committee to withdraw entirely, leaving the highly developed local associations to carry their own burdens. Economic recuperation has been slower than anticipated. The crops have been less in many countries than had been hoped for, the increase in milk supplies and fats, owing to shortage of cattle feeds, being entirely inadequate to meet the situation. The Bolshevik invasion has again prostrated the Polish people. In certain countries, recuperation had proceeded to a considerable degree, and it has been possible to reduce the assistance for children in Czecho-Slovakia, for instance, from 500,000 to probably 100,000 in the winter of 1921. It is possible to withdraw the shipment of food supplies to certain areas, particularly the

Baltic States, Hungary, etc., during the summer.

A careful re-survey of the situation proves, however, that between 2,000,-000 and 2,500,000 children will have to be assisted with food and clothing during the coming winter, outside of Germany, and about 1,000,000 in Germany.

The Administration is conducted wholly by business men and business women. The operations in Europe are likewise carried out by business men and business women. The Ad-

ministration has received the cordial support of the Jewish Joint Distribution Committee, the Churches, the Y. M. C. A., and Y. W. C. A. It has made no distinction as to race or religion. No child of Jew, Catholic, Protestant, of any race in this vast territory, has been turned hungry from its doors. The Red Cross is extending its medical and clinical service among the children in part of these countries—but medical service will be futile if the much larger problems of food and clothing shall fail.

INFLUENCE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN ON THE CAREER OF LLOYD GEORGE

By J. Hugh Edwards, M. P.

"SHOULD a man arise from the ranks of the people, as did Abraham Lincoln from the backwoods of America," declared Earl Curzon, in the Rede Lecture which he delivered before the University of Cambridge, in 1913, "a man gifted with real oratorical power and with commanding genius, I can see no reason why he should not renew in England the glories of a Chatham or a Grattan. His triumphs might be less in the Senate than in the arena; his style might not be that of the classics of the past; but he might, by reason of his gifts, climb to the topmost place where he would sway the destinies of the State and affect the fortunes of an Empire. Symptoms of such a power and style," added Earl Curzon, with a discernment begotten of an intuitiveness that rose superior to political prejudice, "are sometimes visible in the declamations of Mr. Lloyd George."

A FEW months later came the Great War, which sent its deafening reverberations throughout the whole world, and in the grim and terrible crisis

which threatened to overwhelm modern civilization Lloyd George found both his opportunity and his destiny. He has climbed to the topmost place not only in the British Empire, but, also, in the councils of European statesmen. Earl Curzon's intuitions have become fulfilled amid a blaze of glory which has transcended anything that he had conceived as even possible.

When one attempts to unveil the romantic sources of Lloyd George's career, one is immediately struck with its similarity, in its setting of circumstances and character, to that which marked the career of Abraham Lincoln. The log-cabin in which Lincoln was born has its counter-part in the cobbler's home in a remote Welsh village where Lloyd George's childhood was spent amid the sombre shadows that ever haunted its humble hearth. "My mother" he declared in after time, recalling the memories of those early years, "had a hard struggle to bring up her children. But she never complained and rarely spoke of her struggles. Our bread was home-made. We scarcely ever ate fresh meat, and I

remember that our greatest luxury was half an egg for each child on Sunday mornings."

EVEN in the days of his boyhood Lloyd George found his hero in Abraham Lincoln. He read the story of the lad who had risen from the obscurity of a log cabin to the Presidency of the United States, with an eagerness which made his pulses thrill with an intensity of both desire and resolve to follow in his footsteps. He found a quickening inspiration in the fact that it was in 1863—the year of his birth—that Lincoln's greatest utterance was made at Gettysburg, with its immortal declaration that "government of the people, by the people, for the people shall not perish from the earth."

When it was finally resolved that he should become a lawyer young Lloyd George readily and joyfully recalled that his great hero had chosen the legal profession as the avenue for the attainment of his ambitions in the direction of a political career; and he heavily scored with his pencil the following passage in Lincoln's biography, in record of Lincoln's views on the legal profession: "There is a vague popular belief that lawyers are necessarily dishonest. Let no young man, choosing the law for a calling, for a moment yield to the popular belief. Never stir up litigation. As a peacemaker, the lawyer has a supreme opportunity of being a good man."

It is interesting to recall that, during the years in which he practised law, Lloyd George studiously observed Lincoln's precepts in both letter and spirit. Altho he was entirely dependent on his profession for a means of livelihood, his inborn eagerness for effecting a settlement was constantly asserting itself to his own pecuniary loss. He never resorted to the costly processes of litigation while there was any chance of a satisfactory settlement by mutual

consent on the part of the contending parties.

IT was, however, the outbreak of the War, with its unparalleled demands on the faith and spirit of our statesmen, no less than on their resource of nerve and capacity, that Lincoln's determining influence upon Lloyd George was strikingly manifested.

Prior to the outbreak of the conflict there was not a statesman in England who, as he observed, could regard War with a deeper sense of repugnance than did he. At the time of the Boer War, fifteen years earlier, he lifted up his voice in vehement and fierce protest, and in the bitterness of his opposition he even went to the length of voting against the necessary supplies for the campaign. When, however, the crash of the War came in August, 1914, with its ruthless violation of the Treaty that secured protection for Belgium, to which Great Britain had set her hand as a signatory, Lloyd George was quick to see that Britain could not avoid so direct and insolent a challenge without sacrificing her honor. And so he faced the grim and devastating struggle for exactly the same reason that impelled Lincoln to embark upon the American Civil War. "Both parties deprecated war," as Lincoln subsequently observed in a review of the causes that had precipitated the conflict, "but one of them would make war rather than let the nation survive; and the other would accept war rather than let it perish."

In the case of Lloyd George, as in that of Lincoln sixty years earlier, his readiness to resort to the arbitrament of the sword was begotten of the deep conviction that the nation's honor and safety could be secured only by the shedding of blood.

IT is worthy of note that among British statesmen, Lloyd George was the first to discern the paramount

necessity of repairing the incessant wastage among the British forces in the field, which the system of voluntary recruiting was so manifestly failing to make good, by recourse to the sterner process of military conscription; and, when his colleagues in the Cabinet—notably Mr. Asquith and Mr. Balfour—shrank from so drastic a step on the ground that it would mean a violation of the fundamental principle of democratic government, he reminded them that, at the time of the American Civil War, when the outlook was deepening in its gloom, Abraham Lincoln, the greatest democratic figure in history, had not hesitated to resort to conscription in his eagerness to ensure the full array of the available forces of the United States for the triumph of his country.

His counsels in the secret chamber of the Cabinet found their echo in his public utterances. "The great Republic of the West won its independence and saved its national existence by compulsory service," he declared in the course of a speech which he made at Manchester in the early months of the War, "and it has been the greatest weapon in the hands of democracy, many a time for the winning and preservation of freedom," he significantly added. In the speech which Lloyd George delivered at the unveiling of the bronze statue of Lincoln in London last July he referred sympathetically to the sad expression that became so integral a feature of Lincoln's countenance. "I know," declared Lloyd George, "why his face appeared to become sadder as the years of the war rolled past. There were those who thought that he ought to have shown his abhorrence of war by waging it half-heartedly. There were those who thought that he ought to have shown his appreciation of victory

by using half-heartedness. He disdained both those counsels, and he was often reviled by both those counsellors. His tenderness was counted as weakness of character, his simplicity as proof of shallowness of mind, but the people believed in him all the time, they believed in him to the end, and they still believe in him."

THESE words are invested with an autobiographic significance. They reflect the attitude which Lloyd George himself displayed in similar circumstances of national peril and emergency. His comments on Lincoln's policy in the time of crisis, furnish a luminous commentary on his own action during the whole course of the Great War.

We have only to mark the striking parallel in the respective careers of the two men—the humble circumstances of their birth and early environment, their glaring lack of opportunity for any educational equipment, their romantic triumphs in spite of the heaviness of their handicap, their intensity of faith in the common people, with their passionate devotion to the cause of the down-trodden, and their implacable resolution to wage war even to its bitterest end in their determination to wring from it the security of civilization—we have only to mark these outstanding features in their careers to disprove the adage that, as often as God Almighty makes a great man, he invariably breaks the mold so that there shall be no replica of His handiwork. For He certainly must have reserved the mold in which Lincoln, the American backwoodsman, was framed, in order to ensure his duplicate in the lad from the cobbler's hearth in a remote Welsh village for a task which, tho' different in degree, was like in kind to that in which Lincoln found his destiny and an ever-enduring fame.



HAS PROHIBITION FAILED?

By Bird S. Coler

Commissioner of Public Welfare for Greater New York

THREE are two outstanding points of conflict with the Eighteenth Amendment that are disturbing to any advocate of the Dry Law. 1. The fact that the rich can violate this law without much danger of penalty. 2. The fact that there is an obvious carelessness and wanton neglect of its enforcement.

So many phases of prohibition are puzzling to the average citizen. In my official position as Commissioner of Public Welfare of the largest municipality in the United States, I am in possession of facts about alcoholism that further entangles the situation. The Eighteenth Amendment still presents, of course, many problems for the officers of the law, but they could be overcome immediately if Commissioner Kramer at heart desired results. Altho I have only general information of what has been done in other cities to maintain the prohibition law, I am convinced that it is not enforced except in such communities where the people themselves have forced the Federal authorities to do their duty.

Confronted with a natural curiosity as to why this is, the average man turns to Washington for the answer. As we all know, Washington has become an echo, a vast cave of winds from which confused sounds emanate that are difficult to understand. My own views on alcoholism were censored in Washington, tho elsewhere they have not been conspicuously involved. So far, Washington has given no intelligent reason why prohibition is so difficult to control. With magnificent indifference to public opinion, the Eighteenth Amendment in Washington resembles any one of the many statutes for which the capital is famous. It does little

more than adorn Washington with its moral probity. We know at least that it is the law of the land. The Supreme Court of the United States has found it consonant with the provisions of the fundamental law, and has denied the liberty of the individual to indulge in the practice, socially harmful. The law of the land has declared alcohol to be the same as any drug which destroys freedom of action of the addict. That this definition is correct, has been sustained by the experience with alcoholic cases in the great hospitals.

MANY of us were not favorable to the passage of this Amendment, nor to the methods employed to enforce it, or to bring about its adoption. These opinions are now matters of history. Some oppose the Amendment and desire its repeal; others, of which I am one, do not.

We are an order-loving people, therefore at first the immediate effects of the Eighteenth Amendment were miraculous in their benefits. One can assume that the records of so great a community as that of New York and Brooklyn typified the national spirit in which the Dry Law was at first obeyed. I made a careful analysis at the beginning of its effect upon the people of Greater New York. Being heartily in accord with the principles of the Amendment, and convinced that all alcoholic stimulants were as menacing to life and health as any drug, the first reports I received were encouraging. In the first three months following the enactment of the Dry Law, patients in alcoholic wards almost vanished. The rooms in the larger institutions once used for such cases became empty, and were available for other uses. The

saloon keeper felt the fear of Federal Law in his heart, and gradually lost his cunning in circumventing it, and the bootlegger came and went. The initial operations of the Dry Law established it as a successful national event. The Eighteenth Amendment began its imperial sway with a flourish that made it look as if it had been the will of the people.

To be sure, as should happen in any authoritative enforcement of government control, there was an appeal made to fear. The bootlegger was branded at once as a sinister villain who killed his victims with wood alcohol. Wide publicity was given to the sudden death of those who were poisoned.

It was claimed by those who opposed what they termed an interference with the liberty of the people, that there would follow a great wave of crime due to excesses in other drugs. In my investigation of this menace at the time, I found no appreciable increase in drug cases in the city of New York and Brooklyn.

I WAS not among those who regarded this preliminary impulse of moral improvement with any definite optimism. I could not support the character of the leader of the Anti-Saloon League in the State of New York. Subsequent events have not altered my impression that William H. Anderson, in his influence as leader of that organization, attempted to turn prohibition into an Anti-Catholic and Jewish program of propaganda. Of all the causes of hatred, religious fanaticism and bigotry have always been the most potent. It is all the more devilish when this is done under the guise of aiding a good cause. The sincerity of any propagandist may be under suspicion but the prohibition law is now in effect, and its champion should be concerned only with that.

Perhaps there were many who gradu-

ally emerged from the satisfaction which the enactment of the Eighteenth Amendment gave them, wondering whether it was properly equipped to carry out its great purpose. Facts are stubborn, and as they confronted me I was compelled to wonder why the law was not enforced, to wonder whether the Eighteenth Amendment was a privilege for some, and a hardship for others.

Reading a recent report made to me by the two most notable public institutions where alcoholic cases are treated—Bellevue Hospital and Kings County Hospital of New York and Brooklyn—it is obvious that alcoholism decreased immensely during the few months following the passage of the Dry Law. Prior to 1916, the average number of alcoholic cases treated in Bellevue Hospital were a thousand a month. With the advent of the war, this total dropped to four or five hundred. Then came the Eighteenth Amendment in January, 1919, and the number of alcoholic patients treated during that winter were negligible. In May, 1919, there was a sudden jump, from the average of forty or fifty a month, to two or three hundred. Actually in June, for instance, one hundred and ninety-seven men were treated; in July one hundred and forty-seven; in August, two hundred and forty-five. The total admitted to Bellevue Hospital, for alcoholic treatment, since last January, when the Eighteenth Amendment went into effect, a period of eight months, was 1,118 men and 250 women. Compared to the one thousand persons a month, of previous years, this is encouraging, but the lamentable fact remains that the alcoholic wards have been reopened and that they are being occupied.

NATURALLY one is curious to find out whether these people are drinking homemade liquor or wood alcohol. The symptoms manifested by

alcoholic patients admitted now do not differ from those brought to the hospital in the past, tho there is a slight pathological difference according to doctors. It is found that patients treated for alcoholism are far more susceptible to the action of alcohol than they were before. Abstinence for days or weeks renders them, after taking two or three drinks, entirely helpless. In all cases these patients report that they can buy liquor anywhere without any difficulty so long as they have the price.

The medical superintendent of the Kings County Hospital, Mortimer D. Jones, supplied me with the most analytical report, and I find by referring to his careful examination of alcoholic patients admitted that the Eighteenth Amendment has brought about new conditions of medical interest. Altho the total number of patients treated during the year of 1920 at this hospital is only half the number of previous years, there really should have been no patients at all.

Dr. Jones emphasizes in his report that the principal reason for the reduction of alcoholic cases is due to the high price of liquor. This fact he gathered by talking to the patients. Another noticeable feature of the cases received has been the absence of the beer and wine drinking types. Whiskey appears to be the national "prohibition drink." Most of the patients seem to suffer from excessive drinking rather than from acute alcoholism in the full sense of the medical term. There have been fewer cases of alcoholic "wet brain" and delirium tremens. About one in six are severe cases, which closely approximates the percentage of former times. Since prohibition the majority of patients have been what the doctors call "one nighters," recovering normality the following day. It appears that men do not drink to the same excess as they formerly did.

Quite recently, however, alcoholic cases in the hospitals have shown a more violent character, and the doctors have come to the conclusion that the patients are either getting a more poisonous drink, or they are experiencing the effect of a slow and constant saturation. Nearly all patients confess that hard liquor is responsible for their condition. "Near beer" has been voted utterly useless as a beverage. One patient reported that the consumption of six or eight bottles simply nauseated him. No beer drinkers have been received in the hospital ward. The so-called "home-brew" is admitted by the doctors to be as intoxicating as the former output of the breweries, though perhaps not so palatable.

Cases of intoxication from wine have entirely disappeared from the hospital. The doctors have further discovered that those men who formerly drank beer, now drink gin and whiskey, because they can get nothing else. My report shows that there is absolutely no difficulty in getting these alcoholic poisons, and that there is a general complaint of how costly they are.

THE complaints uttered by alcoholic patients are illuminating, because they express their surprize at the character of the alcohol they purchase. The taste of the usual drink is described as "fierce," often compared to ether. Some patients are unable to describe the odor, some say that if they stop to smell it they wouldn't drink it. They commonly complain of becoming nauseated almost at once. It appears that even in the best places where alcohol can be bought, it is almost impossible to get anything that tastes like the old-fashioned liquor. In short, these patients all agree that prohibition has done away with "decent booze" and given a "man poison." There is no proof that prohibition has increased the number of wood alcohol cases, altho the

chronic alcoholic will drink anything that has a "kick" in it—cologne, flavoring extracts, shellac, and other stinging liquids. There recently has been a great increase of this sort of drinking.

The most valuable conclusion which the doctors in these alcoholic wards reached was that while prohibition had been helpful, it had practically been a failure during the past six months. Any one desiring to drink, can drink as much as he wants to, tho the indulgence is much more expensive. While the opportunity to buy alcohol has been restricted, there has really been no material inconvenience in getting it. The quality of the alcohol has of course deteriorated. It was also the opinion of the doctors that the saloons were about as regularly attended as a whole, and that there was as much drunkenness in them.

I place the highest confidence in the reports made to me by the doctors of these public institutions, and I can reach only one conclusion, and that is that the law is not being enforced, that we have prohibition in name only. In reaching this conclusion, I am forced to another. These extreme violations of the Eighteenth Amendment could not be accomplished without the knowledge of the authorities in Washington. Proprietors of saloons and open gardens, which are merely pleasure resorts, should not receive licenses to handle liquor for medicinal purposes, and yet, Washington must be aware that this is being done. Obviously these places have not obtained liquor licenses for medicinal purposes.

INNUMERABLE medicinal licenses have been issued in the famous summer resort of Coney Island. It is scarcely satisfying to my perception of these violations to find that people accuse the local officers of the Federal Government for neglect of duty. I am convinced that when the frauds of the

present day prohibition enforcement are fully known, they will reach individuals as high up in public affairs as the expose of the whiskey ring did years ago. I, for one, would not allow high authorities to hide behind the smaller figures of local appointees.

As a political issue prohibition has been a camouflage. Everybody seems to be dodging! The Republican National Convention "ducked" entirely, and the next day the Anti-Saloon League "ducked" also, and said the Eighteenth Amendment was not then a national question. If the democratic party had "ducked" first, perhaps the Anti-Saloon League of New York State would not have dodged so completely. The Democratic platform, as pointed out by William G. McAdoo, is fairly consistent in support of the Law. Senator Harding, either on or off the porch, has vociferously said nothing. Governor Cox has announced, after being heckled, that he knows when an issue has become a thing of the past, and that he would enforce the Amendment. I would have preferred him to say that he believed in the Amendment.

When it comes to a National election all professional reformers go back in one way or another to their old love, and try to excuse its frailty. The present type of enforcement of the Dry Law in this country is bound to increase the spiritual unrest. Rich men in clubs, high officials of the State and Nation, aid each other in violating the law without any attempt whatever by the Federal Government to reach people in high authority. They have caught hundreds of small fry, but men in great positions have been let alone. The very people who are violating the law to the greatest extent are the loudest to cry against Bolshevism and Socialism. They are also the first to give the young man a drink at their home or club. To my mind, they are the greatest violators of the law!

MR. WELLS UNFOLDS HIS PANORAMA OF WORLD HISTORY

A FEW years ago, it would have been hard to predict the angle from which H. G. Wells would approach so vast a subject as world history. He has taken so many different attitudes in the past. But the Great War, it seems, has stamped certain leading ideas on his mind with a kind of indelibility. He is thinking now of how the race is ruined by its rivalries. He sees the only salvation for humanity in a better international understanding. He writes in an Introduction to his new work:*

"There can be no peace now, we realize, but a common peace in all the world; no prosperity but a general prosperity. But there can be no common peace and prosperity without common historical ideas. Without such ideas to hold them together in harmonious cooperation, with nothing but narrow, selfish and conflicting nationalist traditions, races and peoples are bound to drift towards conflict and destruction. This truth, which was apparent to that great philosopher Kant a century or more ago—it is the gist of his tract upon universal peace—is now plain to the man in the street."

It is Mr. Wells' object, then, to show us all that we have a common origin and a common destiny. This motive vibrates through the eight hundred odd pages in which, with a multitude of pictures and diagrams, he tries to visualize the path that humanity has traveled and must continue to travel. The history starts with "the earth in space and time." It passes on to tell the story of prehuman life; of natural selection and changes of species; of prehistoric man.

Mr. Wells' entire treatment of the ancient civilizations is restrained. He seldom lets himself go except when he indicts. He refers to King David as an "adventurer," and he calls King Solomon "a petty monarch . . . a mere helper in the wide-reaching schemes of the trader-king Hiram." He does not seem to be able to feel much interest in the Israelites until the period of the Babylonian captivity when, he says, they acquired for the first time a national spirit. "For three centuries the life of the Hebrews

was like the life of a man who insists upon living in the middle of a busy thoroughfare, and is consequently being run over constantly by omnibuses and motor-lorries." As we follow the chapters on Greece and Rome, we begin to realize that everything is being subordinated to the principle of political unity. We are invited to admire men, movements and nations that are promoting the march toward "a common purpose."

This principle is carried so far that at times we seem to see the cultural values disappearing altogether. There is no mention of music at all in this history, and it comes as something of a shock to have Mr. Wells attempt to excuse his inadequate treatment of art by stating: "Artistic productions . . . are the ornaments and expression rather than the creative substance of history."

The chapters on Greece are weakened by this attitude. We are puzzled until we read the sentence: "To the very end of their independent history the Greeks did not coalesce." Then we understand that what Mr. Wells is seeking is not beauty, or thought, but unity.

He refuses to allow himself to be detained by thought unless it is capable of practical application. He even attacks Socrates because so many of his disciples became "self-indulgent, self-indulging scoundrels." The comment with which he concludes a summary of the teachings of the Cynics, Stoicks and Epicureans is this: "And meanwhile the stream of events flowed on, with a reciprocal indifference to philosophy."

All this culminates in a passage which we quote:

"So in the fifth and fourth centuries B.C. we perceive, most plainly in Judea and in Athens, but by no means confined to those centers, the beginnings of a moral and intellectual process in mankind, an appeal to righteousness and an appeal to the truth from the passions and confusions and immediate appearances of existence. It is like the dawn of the sense of responsibility in a youth, who suddenly discovers that life is neither easy nor aimless. Mankind is growing up. The rest of history for three and twenty centuries is threaded with the spreading out and development and interaction and the

*THE OUTLINE OF HISTORY. In two volumes. Macmillan.

clearer and more effective statement of these main leading ideas. Slowly more and more men apprehend the reality of human brotherhood, the needlessness of wars and cruelties and oppression, the possibilities of a common purpose for the whole of our kind."

When he turns to Rome, Mr. Wells is still in a mood predominantly critical. He characterizes the early Roman Republic as "an aristocracy of a very pronounced type." He speaks of the Punic Wars as "the most wasteful and disastrous series that ever darkened the history of mankind." Julius Cæsar, in Wells' estimation, is a much over-rated man. The Roman imperial system became "a very unsound political growth indeed." It is absurd, Mr. Wells states, to write of the statecraft of Roman imperialism; it had none. "At its best it had a bureaucratic administration which kept the peace of the world for a time and failed altogether to secure it." The argument proceeds:

"The clue to all its failure lies in the absence of any free mental activity and any organization for the increase, development and application of knowledge. . . .

"It had no strategic foresight, because it was blankly ignorant of geography and ethnology. It knew nothing of the conditions of Russia, Central Asia and the East. It was content to keep the Rhine and Danube as its boundaries, and to make no effort to Romanize Germany. . . .

"The incapacity of the Roman imperialism for novelty in methods of transport again is amazing. It was patent that their power and unity depended upon the swift movement of troops and supplies from one part of the empire to another. The republic made magnificent roads; the empire never improved upon them.

"In view of these obvious negligences, it is no wonder that the Romans disregarded that more subtle thing, the soul of the empire, altogether, and made no effort to teach or train or win its common people into any conscious participation in its life."

One result of this depreciation of Israel, Greece and Rome is a glorification of China, to which Mr. Wells refers as "the parallel empire that was now consolidating and developing a far tougher and more enduring moral and intellectual unity than the Romans ever achieved." There were other stars of hope, moreover, on the horizon. There was Buddhism. There was Christi-

anity. And Mohammedanism was to come. It is surprising how sympathetically Mr. Wells treats Mohammedanism. He says:

"Islam from the outset was fairly proof against the theological elaborations that have perplexed and divided Christianity and smothered the spirit of Jesus. . . . It was not simply a new faith, a purely prophetic religion as the religion of Jesus was in the time of Jesus, or the religion of Gautama in the lifetime of Gautama, but it was so stated as to remain so. Islam to this day has learned doctors, teachers and preachers; but it has no priests.

"It was full of the spirit of kindness, generosity and brotherhood; it was a simple and understandable religion; it was instinct with the chivalrous sentiment of the desert; and it made its appeal straight to the commonest instincts in the composition of ordinary men."

There is a weakening in Mr. Wells' power as he goes on to guide us through the intricacies of early Christian and medieval days. The subject, "Christendom and the Crusades," fits, easily enough, into the main thesis of the work. But the Renaissance and the Reformation do not excite in Mr. Wells the kind of enthusiasm necessary to their adequate interpretation. His narrative here is competent, but it is not inspired.

There is much more color in this history when it comes to the foundation of the new democratic republics—to the American Revolution, the French Revolution, to Napoleon Bonaparte. Mr. Wells speaks of the fundamental declaration of the State of Virginia, "All men are by nature equally free and independent," as the reaffirmation of an idea which came into the world with Buddha and Christ. The Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States were both, as he sees them, efforts to achieve a new and better sort of civilization that should also be a community of will.

The French Revolution was necessary, but it showed that "a revolution can establish nothing permanent that has not already been brought out beforehand and apprehended by the general mind." Just because the men of the Revolution lacked "finished ideas" and showed themselves unprepared for the creative opportunity the upheaval gave them, the French Republic collapsed before the egotisms of the newly



A NOVELIST TURNED HISTORIAN

HERBERT GEORGE WELLS ABANDONS FICTION FOR FACT IN HIS NEW "OUTLINE" OF UNIVERSAL HISTORY. HIS POINT OF VIEW IS THAT OF THE COLLECTIVIST. WHAT INTERESTS HIM MOST IN HISTORY IS THE DEVELOPMENT OF A "COMMON PURPOSE." MR. WELLS IS COMING TO AMERICA SOON TO LECTURE.

rich Directorate, and finally capitulated to the egotism of Napoleon.

For Napoleon Mr. Wells has only scorn. The people, he says, were looking for a strong and honest leader—another Washington. They found, instead, another Cæsar. Napoleon's "imitative imagination," Mr. Wells declares, "was full of a deep cunning dream of being Cæsar over again—as if this universe would ever tolerate anything of that sort over again!" Mr. Wells continues:

"The world has largely recovered from the mischief that Napoleon did; perhaps that amount of mischief had to be done by some agency; perhaps his career, or some such career, was a necessary consequence of the world's mental unpreparedness for the crisis of the Revolution. But that his peculiar personality should dominate the imaginations of great numbers of people, throws a light upon factors of enduring significance in our human problem. . . .

"Marat was a far more noble, persistent, subtle and pathetic figure; Talleyrand a greater statesman and a much more amusing personality; Moreau and Hoch abler leaders of armies; his rival, the Czar Alexander, as egotistical, more successful, more emotional, and with a finer imagination. Are men dazzled simply by the scale of his floundering, by the mere vastness of his notoriety?

"No doubt scale has something to do with the matter; he was a 'record,' the record plunger; but there is something more in it than that. There is an appeal in Napoleon to something deeper and more fundamental in human nature than mere astonishment at bigness. His very deficiencies bring out starkly certain qualities that lurk suppressed and hidden in us all. He was unhampered. He had never a gleam of religion, or affection, or the sense of duty.

"Directness was his distinctive and immortalizing quality. He had no brains to waste in secondary considerations. He flung his armies across Europe straight at their mark, there never were such marches before; he fought to win; when he struck, he struck with all his might. And what he wanted, he wanted simply and completely, and got—if he could.

"There lies his fascination."

Far more significant, in Wells' judgment, than the adventure of Napoleon is the rise of modern Socialism. There can be few people, he thinks, who fail to realize the provisional nature and the dangerous instability of our present political and economic system, and still fewer who believe

with the doctrinaire individualists that profit-hunting "go as you please" will guide mankind to any haven of prosperity and happiness. "Great rearrangements are necessary, and a systematic legal subordination of personal self-seeking to the public good."

But to say this is not necessarily to endorse the existing Socialist movement. Mr. Wells repudiates the Bolshevism of Lenin, and he accepts Marx only with important reservations.

"It is true that Karl Marx had a conception of a solidarity of interests between the workers in all the industrialized countries, but there is little or no suggestion in Marxist Socialism of the logical corollary of this, the establishment of a democratic world federal government (with national or provincial 'state' governments) as a natural consequence of his projected social revolution. At most that is a vague aspiration. But if there is any logic about the Marxist, it should be his declared political end for which he should work without ceasing. Put to the test of the war of 1914, the Socialists of almost all the European countries showed that their class-conscious internationalism was veneered very thinly indeed over their patriotic feelings, and had to no degree replaced them. Everywhere during the German war Socialists denounced that war as made by capitalist governments, but it produces little or no permanent effect to denounce a government or a world system unless you have a working idea of a better government and a better system to replace it.

"We state these things here because they are facts, and a living and necessary part of a contemporary survey of human history. It is not our task either to advocate or controvert Socialism. But it is in our picture to note that political and social life are, and must remain, chaotic and disastrous without the development of some such constructive scheme as Socialism *sketches*, and to point out clearly how far away the world is at present from any such scheme. An enormous amount of intellectual toil and discussion and education and many—whether decades or centuries, no man can tell—must intervene before a new order, planned as ships and railways are planned, runs, as the cables and the postal deliveries run, over the whole surface of the earth. And until such a new order draws mankind together with its net, human life must become more and more casual, dangerous, miserable, anxious, and disastrous because of the continually more powerful and destructive war methods the continuing mechanical revolution produces."

A RISING LUMINARY OF INDUSTRY AND HIS VAST ORBIT

THE name Raskob does not seem to suggest romance. Yet John J. Raskob, of Wilmington, Delaware, who, a few years ago, was a stenographer in the du Pont employ, is to-day recognized as one of the organizing geniuses of this country and is by way of being the most important asset of the largest corporation in the world. He is not the successor of Harriman, or of Morgan, or of Hill, or of any of those departed giants who consolidated and built along their own particular lines. He is in process of being the founder of a new dynasty. He has effected the greatest combination of interests, potentially and actually, on industrial record—greater than the Steel Corporation or than that loosely connected series of interests known as the Standard Oil group.

Unlike these consolidations or structures, however, this new combination manufactures and sells many hundred different finished products in practically every part of the world and under dozens of corporate names. It will mine nitrate out of its own mines in Chile under one name and, in the next town, sell to the inhabitants automobiles or tractors or lighting plants for their homes, or paint for their houses, or celluloid collars, imitation ivory manicure sets, artificial silk stockings or shirts or artificial leather.

Raskob does not own nor is he even the official manager or director of these vast enterprises. Samuel Crowther describes him, in the *World's Work*, as simply a man with an extraordinarily keen business sense, a vivid but not at all fantastic imagination and a power to translate imagination into figures and then to convince others that the dream can be made to come true. Personally, we are told, he has less money than any of the group with which he is identified and he holds, from a titular standpoint, the executive offices of least consequence. Among them is the vice-presidency of the E. I. du Pont de Nemours Company. Pierre S. du Pont is chairman of the Board of Directors. Raskob, prior to 1915, was a private secretary to Pierre S. du Pont.

It is said that the du Ponts, who made nearly half the total amount of explosives used by the Allies during the war, including one hundred and thirty different kinds of powders to meet various foreign and domestic specifications, were dissuaded by John J. Raskob from trying to make a "killing" out of their war work. The aver-



Photograph by W. S. Ellis

A NEW CAPTAIN OF INDUSTRY

John J. Raskob is credited with being the moving spirit in the formation of perhaps the greatest industrial combination in history.

age price for powder sold to the United States and to foreign governments during the four critical years of the war was only 6½ per cent higher than the prewar price, while the contracts with the United States for 1917 and 1918 were respectively 10 per cent and 15 per cent lower than the prices before the war.

It was only five years ago that the business-life story of John J. Raskob began to assume epic proportions. He, at that time, saw that the greatest possible expansion of the du Pont interests along strict lines of chemistry would not be sufficient to absorb all of the financial power being generated by them, in spite of the fact that their special investigators and a committee of the directorate were daily examining new fields to enter. He saw that eventually they would either have to dispose of their earnings through immense dividends or reinvest them in outside securities. Neither alternative was attractive.

Raskob, we read, studied the industry of the country to discover if there was some large company that had great possibilities, an able management, a business that could use some of the products of the du Pont Company, but, more important than all, could be made valuable by the addition of the du Pont financial and research power. He thought that he had found that company in the General Motors Corporation and he persuaded the du Ponds quietly to buy up some of its stock. General Motors was then distinctly a lame duck and its stock was regarded more as a speculation than as an investment. The automobile trade was then highly speculative. And it was no easy matter to convince such a wholly conservative management that anything good could come out of what seemed to be betting upon a flip of a coin. But "Raskob was not trusting to luck. He knew that the motor industry was not ephemeral, that it would, of course, have its ups and downs, its booms and its recessions, but that transportation was always a fairly safe bet—that the farmers not only had to have motor cars, but also tractors, and that the motor truck was an absolute essential in business. . . Presenting all of these and many other arguments, Raskob prevailed upon his fellow du Pont directors, both for the company and as individ-

uals, cautiously to work their way into this new combination.

The company bought more and more plants, they went heavily into tractors and lighting plants, into accessories, and one of these days they will go into tires. They bought existing companies and expanded them, and they enlarged their former plants, the aim being to make everything that enters into the automobile, and everything that can absorb by-products of machine capacity, but not to go into the raw material field. What they need most of is steel, and, with the world to choose from, one is in normal times, given the money, always able to buy steel. They have increased their common stock to 20,000,000 shares of stock of no par value, which at the time of writing is worth \$540,000,000, as against a market value of the stock of the United States Steel Corporation of somewhat less than half a billion.

The General Motors Company is turning out cars at the rate of about half a million a year and is doing a business of around a billion dollars a year. The du Ponds do a gross business of about two hundred million under the new peace time arrangement. This gives to the combination larger annual sales than that of the Steel Corporation which has hitherto done the largest business in the world.

Raskob and his associates are the controlling managers, not owners in fee, of these interests and as such have discovered some facts that already are exerting a powerful new influence in industry. One of their fundamental principles is to give every man in the organization a chance to buy stock and then adding out of the profits of the companies to the stock that he buys. "We," says the new Napoleon of industry, "calculate that any man working for twenty to thirty years will thus have a fund on which he can retire and live not merely comfortably but very well indeed. Making a fair average wage he should have in the neighborhood of \$50,000 at the time he needs it—and that is a deal more than most people have in their old age even if they have been earning large salaries." It, of course, is too early to determine just how this idea as applied to such a vast combination of interests will work out, but it promises to succeed.

CONSTANTINE: THE GREEK KING WHO MEANS TO COME BACK

CONSTANTINE has lived modestly but not at all quietly in a Swiss hotel ever since that June day on which he quitted the throne of Greece. He insists that he never abdicated. His partisans give him the title he claims. He looks the part—the whole foreign press agrees in this. Constantine weighed, it seems, some two hundred and thirty pounds when he quitted his palace for an inn and he has not lost flesh. He does not look stout at all, being spared that humiliation by his unusual height of six feet six. Not long before his flight he had to be operated upon for a sinus in his back and he was thought to be wasting away, but now his health is vigorous, reports the *Journal de Genève*. The hair on the summit of his great long head has been pretty much worn away but

the wings at each side are dark, well groomed and, like the curling mustach, they retain their pigment. The brows are bushy over the flashing eyes and the nostrils of the long broad nose quiver when he explodes into speech just as they did in those old days at Athens. The chin has lost much of its heaviness and the cheeks are less pale. Constantine still strokes that mustach nervously with his fine long hand. He bursts as of yore into that contagious laughter. His manners have all their old breeziness. If he has fits of temper, they are gone in a moment. He expands, says freely what is in his mind, dines with friends he trusts and likes, keeps up his interest in sport and the arts and welcomes pilgrims from political Greece or answers with care the innumerable letters



CONSTANTINE TO "TINO"

When he had to leave the land of which he was King, Constantine insisted that he must go on a Greek ship. With him went Queen Sophie, who is now so worried about her son, the present King Alexander, left behind in Athens. With Constantine went also the Princes Georgios and Paulos and the Princesses Helene and Irene, to make their homes in a Swiss hotel. King Alexander, left behind, is sick now from a monkey bite and Constantine and his family are worried.

from his followers all over the world. His business in life is to recover his throne and he is always, as the phrase is, "on the job." He uses that very phrase now and then in talking with his American friends, who are many.

With him into exile went that Queen Sophie who is accused in the French press of excessive devotion to the fortunes of her fugitive brother, now living in Holland as a wood chopper, according to newspaper reports. There never was any truth in the tale that Queen Sophie stabbed Constantine in the chest with a dagger during one of their heated discussions and that his long illness some years ago was a result. The London *Telegraph* supplies this information. It contradicts likewise a general impression that Constantine drinks so heavily that he could be seen staggering about the lovely villa he once inhabited not far from Athens—a villa that later burned down—in a state of hopeless intoxication. No less false is the insinuation that he neglected his wife and children for French actresses.

While the Venizelists disparage Constantine as possessed of many showy but few if any solid facilities, the *Atlantis* and the *Nomotages*, of New York City, to say nothing of Greek organs much nearer Athens, dwell upon the simplicity of his nature. His first love is Greece, affirms his intimate personal friend, Paxton Hibben, of the Order of St. Stanislas, who notes* that when the youngest child of Constantine was born, he made the army and navy of his kingdom her godfathers. That created a relationship between the real father and the godfather which is expressed in the native word *koumbaros*. Constantine sustains accordingly to every soldier and sailor in the Greek army a mystical affinity consecrated by the church. He thinks of himself as a soldier and his character has the militarist stamp upon it in a majestic style. He is, to his American friend, the personification of majesty "on occasions of ceremony, in full dress, with blue and white plumes on his head and marshal's baton in his hand." Constantine is quite at home in the tongue of Greece—an unusual thing for a member of

his dynasty—and he can use the vernacular as readily as he assumes the more classical speech affected by Venizelos, with whom his interviews have been stormy.

The moods of Constantine are stormy. His is a tempestuous nature, altho he insists that he is really cold-blooded. He boasts that he does not let sentiment run away with his clear judgment. Yet his voice in dispute rises to a shout and he strikes the table with his fist so mightily that the bottles jump or he flings his whole great body forward as if to say something startling. He can recover a hold upon himself even in such passionate moments and draw himself in like a turtle, but the lips work and the teeth click. He has a gift for what is called in cinematographic art "registering." He can "register" fury, sweetness, smiles, grimness, hate and love one after another swiftly, without affectation and without absurdity. No wonder the European dailies refer to him as an artist-king. Paxton Hibben will have it that his friend is absolutely frank and plain-spoken. "I do not," Constantine told him, "let myself be influenced by any sympathies, antipathies or other feelings." He is brusque only in manner. His is "the scrupulous patience of the impatient man." His greatest asset is "that sense of humor for which he is remarkable" and his "cheerful confidence" in the eventual success of his plans. Venizelos charges him with stepping down from his throne to lead a political party; but no one denies that he leads a party with vigor, versatility and skill. He has capitalized the fact that the Greek people adore him as the successful leader of their army in the Balkan war. He held midnight conferences in his study to overthrow his Prime Minister or he sent his brothers, Princes Nicholas and Andrew, to Petrograd or London on mysterious missions. He never grasped the theory of parliamentary government altho he is a cousin of King George of England. But his mother was a Russian and his brothers married French and Russian princesses. Another brother married a British princess.

Those French enemies of Constantine who insist that he received a thoroly German education are said, on the authority of his former secretary, Major George M. Melas, to be altogether mistaken. "After

*Constantine I and the Greek People. By Paxton Hibben. New York: The Century Company.

he passed through the military school at Athens the Crown Prince Constantine did, it is true, go to Berlin to complete his training at the war academy." Berlin was thought then to have a monopoly of strategy and tactics. Constantine was not influenced by German ideas in his youth. It happened that he did not perfect himself in the French language until he had passed the age of thirty and that told against him in Paris. Constantine himself denies that he cherishes animosity against France. He was tactless enough to make a speech before the great war which seemed to ascribe Greek successes in the Balkans to German military methods. Constantine insisted later that these words had been put into his mouth by Emperor William and they could not be repudiated at the moment because he was a guest at Potsdam. The episode spoiled Constantine's visit to Paris and lost him a ceremonial reception there. He had to go to the French capital incognito, leave the railway station by a side door and steal into his hotel by the back entrance. The press agents of the Wilhelmstrasse, he complained, had played him a scurvy trick.

Another theory of Constantine makes him a victim of his Queen's love for Germany and all things German. It is hinted that Sophie isolated her husband in his

villa outside Athens in order to insure his subservience to the designs of her brother at Potsdam. All this is denied by Major Melas, who suspects that the relations of Queen Sophie and Emperor William were severely strained just before the war. They had quarreled over religion. So deeply incensed, we read, was the Queen with the war lord at Berlin that she once reprimanded a lady-in-waiting for wasting her time on such "a dirty language" as German. Queen Sophie's dislike of German was accentuated by a sudden hatred for the French language as well. She would say, reports Major Melas, that there was not in existence a French book worth reading. She would not allow her children to be taught the language, not actually forbidding the lessons but cutting them down so much that the tutor complained to Constantine. "Well," replied Constantine, "I did not learn how to speak French really until I was thirty-seven and then I needed but a few weeks in Paris. It will be the same with my children." Constantine thought his wife a trifle too strict in educating these children. They seemed to cherish little affection for her. To this day Queen Sophie refers to her son, the King in Athens, as "Prince Alexander." She will not admit that he is King in fact, nor will Constantine.

A PIONEER WOMAN CANDIDATE FOR SECRETARY OF STATE

WHETHER or not she be elected Secretary of State for New York, the nomination and candidacy of Harriet May Mills for that office is a pioneer event in politics, as she is the first of her sex to run for a State office in New York on either a Democratic or a Republican ticket. Truly the old order of politics has been changed by the Emancipatory Act of Tennessee, and with the change has come the recurrence of struggle. The fight for equal suffrage is over, the fight of women in politics has begun.

Miss Mills is said by a biographer in the *New York Evening Post* to realize poignantly that the suffrage victory does not bring with it a grounding of arms. "The

bigest fight is ahead of us," she announces challengingly, "the fight for justice, equality and fair play. We have got our weapons at last, that is all, and women are better equipped. It is not a fight against men, but against evil conditions, which men and women are going to wage together.

Democratic organs, in championing her election, maintain that there could not have been a more logical choice for the office. The exhaustive and thoro training of a suffragist who has worked in the ranks for over twenty-five years is not to be discounted. The Mills family for generations have been farming people. Harriet May was educated in the public schools and as a "co-ed" at Cornell Uni-

versity, where she graduated in 1879, in the course in Literature. She taught at Kebel School in Syracuse after leaving college and then traveled in Europe. Later she taught Latin at the Winsor School in Boston, where she heard the call to social service and abandoned pedagogy, at the instance of Lucy Stone, for the wider and more stubborn field of getting the vote for women. As a matter of accuracy, it was at the home of Susan B. Anthony, in Rochester, that Miss Mills joined the suffrage ranks, in which she has battled continuously for the cause in every kind of weather and sometimes under melodramatic conditions. She says:

"In the early days they used to drive me by buggy or wagon from town to town. I remember one winter in Washington County when the thermometer was twenty-five degrees below zero and I drove fifteen miles a day with the sun shining on the snow and warm soap-stones at my feet. And the canned oysters I have consumed—scalloped oysters were the greatest delicacy they could offer me until I was sick of them—and the cake, always three and four kinds of cake! (This was long before the war.) And it was not only hospitality the people gave me—they were always willing to help in any way they could, even to carrying around petitions in the snow. There was one woman I remember especially in Franklin County in the Adirondacks. Her house was right in the woods and deer used to come down for water to the pond in front of it. But she was the superintendent of the Sunday School, the president of the W. C. T. U., and head of the missionary society. Her husband was a lumberman, who was afterward killed, and she made all the clothes for her four children. And when I came she got up a suffrage meeting."



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A WOMAN OF HIGH POLITICAL ASPIRATIONS

Miss Harriet May Mills would never "seek any office," but the New York Secretaryship of State may be thrust upon her, the Democratic vote permitting.

Significance, as well as interest, punctuates the statement that the feminine quality of this political aspirant has not been lessened by her arduous campaigning. She is "just as attractive and charming a woman as she is a capable worker," and, being so, she is "proof of much which has heretofore gone unproved for want of political opportunity."

While Miss Mills cannot understand how a person can be so attached to any party as to advocate its principles "right or wrong," she is a very pronounced Democrat. She believes in anything that will help the people to get comfortable homes and decent food. She is strongly in favor of the budget plan in both State and National Government. She would never "seek any office on earth," but, once elected she would do her share "in the interest of all women" and "to serve my country."

The duties of the Secretary of State are

centered in three bureaus: the automobile bureau, which keeps track of all automobiles in the State, issues licenses, registers owners, chauffeurs, operators, etc.; the corporation bureau, through which all firms or persons so desiring are incorporated and all corporations in the State kept track of, and the election bureau, through which all election returns pass and where the expenses of candidates are filed.

Mary Garret Hay, who has worked with Harriet May Mills since 1893 and who, altho a Republican, will scratch her ticket to vote for Miss Mills, put a few vital touches on the duties of the Secretary of State, in anticipation of her election. As Secretary of State, she said, Miss Mills will act as custodian of the State archives and of the State seal; she will have charge of the publication and preservation of the laws; will countersign the proclamations and commissions issued by the Governor and keep a record of them; will issue certificates of incorporation to companies incorporated under the laws of the State and will discharge other miscellaneous duties of a similar character. For a woman who has had long experience in an executive capacity, who is accustomed to running an

organization systematically, to seeing that suffrage data of all kinds, argumentative, legislative, and historical are properly preserved, who is used to dealing with all kinds of people tactfully and courteously, and who has learned a business-like quickness and the value of accuracy, the position of Secretary of State holds no terrors. In fact, she optimistically concludes, Miss Mills might easily hold an office requiring more creative thought, and more pushing power. After the exigencies of the suffrage struggle, "she will find this office very peaceful and its duties far from exacting."

Miss Mills was a delegate-at-large to the National Convention at San Francisco and, outside of her native State, has spoken in campaigns in California, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan and New Jersey, often with Susan B. Anthony, Anna Howard Shaw and Carrie Chapman Catt. She was one of the organizers and the first secretary of the Syracuse Browning Club; was president of the Cornell Women's Association and is now president of the Onondaga Women's Democratic Club. She has never enjoyed an eight-hour day, and she does not consider her nomination as a personal tribute so much as a tribute to all women.

BENEDICT XV: THE MOST INFLUENTIAL POPE SINCE THE REFORMATION

THE sovereign pontiff who in less than six years has made the Vatican the most powerful court in Europe is described in the London *Mail* as a "little sallow, stooping, bespectacled figure," not bowed down by any weight of years—Benedict XV is young as Popes go—but drooping, sorrowful, solitary. All the journalists of Europe who have seen him recently dwell upon the contrast between his sprightly attitude when he was Bishop of Bologna and the melancholy in which his soul now seems steeped. In those old days at Bologna the man was cheerful, smiling, ready with gestures in the vivacious Italian way, notes the *Action de Paris*; but now the attitude is usually reserved, the words are few, the expression of the countenance is serious, the eyelids droop heavily. The rapid, nervous walk has

grown deliberate. The flesh—and the Pope was never plump—has wasted, the hair has become quite gray. The voice, which was always, next to his manner, the man's supreme charm, seems richer, more flexible, more responsive than ever to each shade of meaning as his countenance relapses into passivity. One reads in the French press that his Holiness has the most expressive voice in Europe, the most gracious gravity and an innocence of expression when his face is in repose that can scarcely be reconciled with his fame as the greatest living master of the art of diplomacy.

Descriptions of his daily routine, as set forth in the London newspaper, emphasize the fact of the Pope's loneliness. He seldom goes to bed until midnight, and he has been toiling then for five hours—ever



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THE ONLY LIVING DIPLOMATIST WHO SHOWS GENIUS IN HIS RESULTS

Benedict XV found the pontifical establishment for the conduct of international relations at the lowest efficiency in all its history and he has raised it to an importance which, in the opinion of the *Paris Gaulois*, recalls the great days when the Popes exercised a universal dominion.

since he ate the frugal supper in a little room all alone. He may have had a very quiet afternoon, the monotony of it broken by an hour's walk in the gardens, or perhaps by a carriage ride—the only open air exercize he usually gets. It is the period of relaxation, of recreation. He seems able then and only then to dismiss from his mind the anxieties of the pontificate, to listen to the anecdotes or stories of which he is fond and to talk with men who have visited strange lands and fished in distant rivers. Conversation can scarcely be said to take place on such occasions, for the Pope is by natural propensity a listener and by temperament shy. He is said to be overcome occasionally by "stage fright."

Altho the Pope is seldom in bed before midnight, he is up and dressed every morning at five o'clock, and yet he will not begin his daily mass for an hour. He spends the interval in prayer and in reading either the Scriptures or one of the fathers—always in Latin. He celebrates his own mass in the strictest privacy altho he will assist at another mass very soon, kneeling humbly as if he were an altar boy. This brings the Pope along to eight o'clock, when a cup of black coffee, quite hot, is served. There may be fruit on the tray, or a dry biscuit, but the Pope does not often consume anything for his breakfast but this cup of coffee. He is served by a valet, an elderly man who has been with him for years and who is as reserved, as solitary and as self-effacing as his master.

For a period of five hours, extending to one o'clock in the afternoon, the Pope is working. He may have an enormous mass of correspondence on his desk. He may have a series of important audiences with prelates or pilgrims from all over the world. He may have a plan to announce, a ceremony to conduct in St. Peter's, a consultation with reference to some critical appointment. These details are always according to schedule and the arrangements must be made quite in advance. The only mania the Pope has, we read in the *Giornale of Rome*, is for thoroness. For instance he is keen on the subject of his letters. If he can not read them all—and sometimes hundreds arrive in the course of a single day—they must become the subject of a memorandum or series of annotations. The Pope

runs his eye over the jottings on the sheets of paper and if the entries are not satisfactory he directs that every letter be brought to him instantly. He will read every one of the letters after that for days until the physical impossibility of attending to so many correspondents obliges him to fall back upon the secretarial force.

The Pope has the same anxiety to scrutinize documents upon which he makes notes in a firm and small hand which does not betray his sixty-five years in the least. He displays this anxiety, the Roman daily says, in dealing with individuals. He will make no appointment to even an inconspicuous post until he is supplied with enough biographical data about each individual candidate to fill a small book. He has an uncanny sense about such things. If a fact or a paper be missing he realizes it at once and the whole affair has to go over until the deficiency is made good. The same eagerness for detail is revealed disconcertingly when audiences are granted to petitioners of one kind and another. The Pope listens with downcast eyes in total silence until his visitor has told his tale. Then that quiet voice asks a question, searching, sometimes embarrassing, for it goes to the heart of the subject and is never easy to answer without a long explanation, to which the Pope listens with the same patience as before.

Having put in some hours after this fashion, the Pope sits down all alone to a dinner in which the principal items seldom vary—wine, bread, fruit, olives, macaroni, cheese, thick gravy. Once in a while there may be an omelet or perhaps a lump of stewed meat. A few years ago an innovator thought the Pope ought to hear a little music at his dinner and the notes of an orchestra reached his ears from an adjoining gallery. His Holiness was greatly shocked by the liveliness of the airs, which did not seem to him to fit in with the heaviness of the times. This experiment, like that of tempting him with an English dinner of roast beef and potatoes, topped off with pudding, ended disastrously. There are no innovations now, report the Roman dailies, and they add that the Pope sticks to the traditional etiquette of solitude when he dines. He always eats alone, reports the London *Mail*, "day after day,

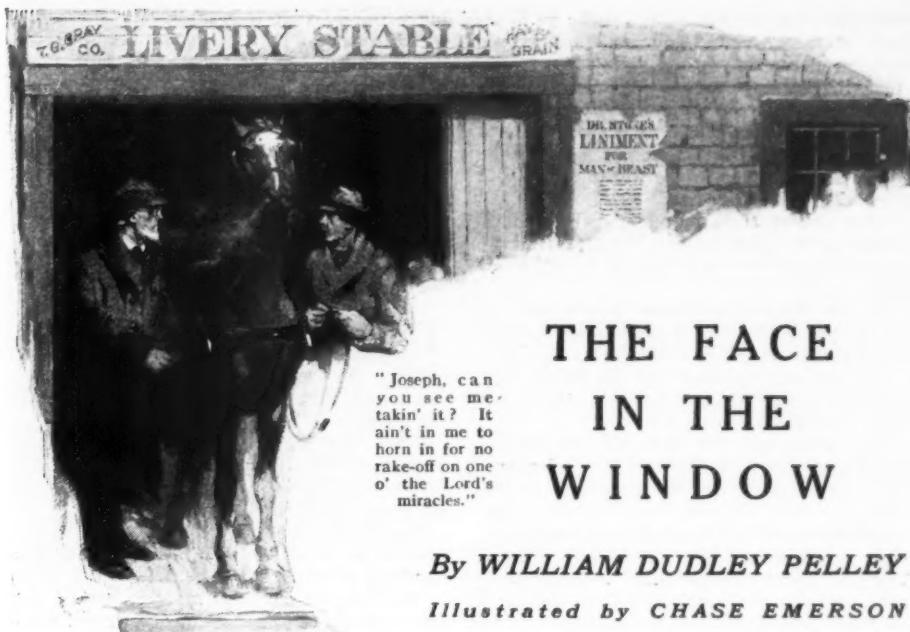
week after week, month after month, year after year." There are days also on which the Pope adheres to a rule of silence and for twenty-four hours he will not say a word except when he is at mass. There are also days consecrated to the observances of the faith and the Pope dispenses with food during the entire twenty-four hour period. He takes a short nap every day when he has finished his dinner.

Like all men who are endowed with a naturally charming personality, we learn from the *Tribuna*, the Pope is obstinate. It is quite impossible, we read, to make him swerve by a hair from any course he has mapped out for himself; but the trait is not at all obvious because the Pope can easily adjust himself to the temporary circumstances of any difficulty or dilemma. He is, on the whole, too, a pessimist on the subject of this world. Just as his chin expresses determination of character, his eye, with its unusually lofty brow, denotes the pensive and almost subdued nature which shrinks from all self revelation, a spirit at the opposite pole from that of Saint Augustine, who is, for all that, a favorite author with Pope Benedict, who reads the great bishop's "City of God" through every year and is fond of quoting it. The Pope's favorite text is said to be a sentence from the Lord's prayer, altho what the sentence is does not appear; but in the Old Testament his devotional reading reflects his melancholy moods through the medium of such books as Ecclesiastes and Jeremiah. To Pope Benedict this world is a vale of tears. He has expressed the idea himself by saying that on earth we are in exile from our native land, which is heaven.

Pope Benedict gives little encouragement to those who seek his advice regarding a "vocation." He tries to keep young people from becoming priests or nuns. He is fond of edifying the faithful with accounts of virtuous wives and mothers who led lives of such saintliness that it was possible for them to work miracles, and from these tales, set forth in a narrative often animated, the Pope infers that the sanctuary and the cloister are not necessarily the refuge of those who would obey the divine command to be perfect. Another theory of his is that there have been many more saints in the world than people have any

idea of, and for this reason he has encouraged beatifications and canonizations when the evidence in the case was convincing. Sometimes he has had to encounter a little opposition on such points from theologians wedded to tradition. His Holiness is a firm believer also in the power of prayer over sickness. An office of supreme importance in the church, he insists likewise, is that of the preacher who is at the same time a missionary. Such are the peculiarly religious interests which are found to concern the Pope, reports the *Tribuna*, whenever he emerges from his solitude, his shyness and his silence to address himself directly to the faithful.

The genius of the Pope is diplomatic, and in that field has been achieved the supreme triumph of this pontificate. His methods are those of that Cardinal Rampolla who so narrowly escaped election to the pontifical throne some sixteen years ago, and the Pope's ideal in ecclesiastical statesmanship, the *Débats* says, is Leo XIII. The means seem best summed up as a union of organization with information, the information being wonderfully comprehensive and accurate. The Vatican seems at this moment the greatest center of news and ideas in all that relates to international affairs, and its diplomatic establishment is the best equipped and—this fact is not so well known—the most extensive in the world. His Holiness takes a direct personal interest in its administration, being always in touch with the cardinal secretary of state. The diplomatic receptions at the Vatican are the most splendid in Europe and in the opinion of many newspapers abroad the most important. No nuncio leaves for his post without a final audience with Pope Benedict and no nuncio returns without reporting directly to him. The Vatican policy is not only determined by the sovereign pontiff, but administered by him with such careful attention to detail that, if we are to believe the Italian press, the staff of the secretariat of state is little more than a clerical force. As for the envoys of the Vatican in the different capitals, they are held to rigid standards of efficiency and the elimination of the unfit is stringent. The revival of the Vatican as a great power in diplomacy is the personal achievement of Benedict XV.



THE FACE IN THE WINDOW

By WILLIAM DUDLEY PELLEY

Illustrated by CHASE EMERSON

This strong dramatic story stands well at the top of the list of the best short stories of the year, as kept by the O. Henry Memorial Committee, instituted by the Society of Arts and Science to award prizes to the two best stories each year published in American periodicals by American authors. We reprint the story, with the illustrations by special permission of the RED BOOK MAGAZINE.

AT nine o'clock this morning Sheriff Crumpett entered our New England town post-office for his mail. From his box he extracted his monthly Grand Army paper and a letter in a long yellow envelope. This envelope bore the return-stamp of a prominent Boston lumber-company. The old man crossed the lobby to the writing-shelf under the Western Union clock, hooked black-rimmed glasses on a big nose and tore a generous inch from the end of the envelope.

The first inclosure which met his eyes was a check. It was heavy and pink and crisp, and was attached to the single sheet of letter-paper with a clip. Impressed into the fabric of the safety-paper were the indelible figures of a pro-tector: *Not Over Five Thousand (\$5000) Dollars.*

The sheriff read the name of the person to whom it was payable and gulped. His gnarled old hand trembled with excitement as he glanced over the clipped letter and then went through it again.

November 10, 1919.

MY DEAR SHERIFF:

Enclosed please find my personal check for five thousand dollars. It is made out to Mrs. McBride.

Never having known the lady personally, and because you have evidently represented her with the authorities, I am sending it to you for proper delivery. I feel, from your enthusiastic account of her recent experience, that it will give you pleasure to present it to her.

Under the circumstances I do not begrudge the money. When first advised of Ruggam's escape, it was hot-headed impulse which prompted me to offer a reward so large. The old clan-blood of the Wileys must have made me murder-mad that Ruggam should regain his freedom permanently after the hellish thing he did to my brother. The newspapers heard of it, and then I could not retract.

That, however, is a thing of the past. I always did detest a welcher, and if this money is going to a woman to whom it will be manna from heaven, —to use your words,—I am satisfied. Convey to her my personal congratulations, gratitude and best wishes.

Cordially yours,
C. V. D. WILEY.

"Good old Chris!" muttered the Sheriff. "He's rich because he's white." He thrust both check and letter back into the long envelope and headed for the office of our local daily paper at a smart pace.

The earning of five thousand dollars reward-money by Cora McBride made an epochal

news-item, and in that night's paper we headlined it accordingly—not omitting proper mention of the Sheriff and giving him credit.

Having so started the announcement permeating through the community, the old man employed the office phone and called the local livery-stable. He ordered a rig in which he might drive at once to the McBride house in the northern part of town.

"But half that money ought to be yours!" protested the proprietor of the stable as the Sheriff helped him "gear up the horse" a few minutes later.

"Under the circumstances, Joseph, can you see me takin' it? No; it ain't in me to horn in for no rake-off on one o' the Lord's miracles."

The old man climbed into the sleigh, took the reins from the liveryman and started the horse from the livery yard.

Two weeks ago—on Monday, the twenty-seventh of the past October—the telephone-bell rang sharply in our newspaper-office a few moments before the paper went to press. Now, the telephone-bell often rings in our newspaper-office a few moments before going to press. The confusion on this particular Monday afternoon, however, resulted from Albany calling on the long-distance. Albany—meaning the nearest office of the international press-association of which our paper is a member—called just so, out of a clear sky, on the day McKinley was assassinated, on the day the *Titanic* foundered and on the day Austria declared war on Serbia.

THE connection was made, and over the wire came the voice of young Stewart, crisp as lettuce.

"Special dispatch . . . Wyndgate, Vermont, October 27th. . . . Ready?"

The editor of our paper answered in the affirmative. The rest of us grouped anxiously around his chair. Stewart proceeded.

"Hapwell Ruggam, serving a life-sentence for the murder of Deputy Sheriff Martin Wiley at a Lost Nation kitchen-dance two years ago, killed Jacob Lambwell, his guard, and escaped from prison at noon today.

"Ruggam had been given some repair work to do near the outer prison-gate. It was opened to admit a tradesman's automobile. As Guard Lambwell turned to close the gate, Ruggam felled him with his shovel. He escaped to the adjacent railroad-yards, stole a corduroy coat and pair of blue overalls hanging in a switchman's shanty and caught the twelve-forty freight up Green River."

Stewart had paused. The editor scribbled frantically. In a few words aside he explained to us what Stewart was sending. Then he ordered the latter to proceed.

"Freight Number Eight was stopped by telegraph near Norwall. The fugitive, assum-

ing correctly that it was slowing down for search, was seen by a brakeman fleeing across a pasture between the tracks and the eastern edge of Haystack Mountain. Several posses have already started after him, and sheriffs are being notified.

"Christopher Wiley, lumber magnate and brother of Ruggam's former victim, on being told of the escape, has offered a reward of five thousand dollars for Ruggam's capture, dead or alive. Guard Lambwell was removed to a hospital, where he died at one-thirty' . . . All right?"

THE connection was broken, and the editor removed the headpiece. He began giving orders. We were twenty minutes behind usual time with the papers, but we made all the trains.

When the big Duplex was grinding out newsprint with a roar that shook the building, the boys and girls gathered around to discuss the thing which had happened.

The Higgins boy, saucer-eyed over the experience of being "on the inside" during the handling of the first sizable news-story since he had become our local reporter, voiced the interrogation on the faces of other office newcomers.

"Ruggam," the editor explained, "is a poor unfortunate who should have been sent to an asylum instead of the penitentiary. He killed Mart Wiley, a deputy sheriff, at a Lost Nation kitchen-dance two years ago."

"Where's the Lost Nation?"

"It's a term applied to most of the town of Partridgerville in the northern part of the county—an inaccessible district back in the mountains peopled with gone-to-seed stock and half-civilized illiterates who only get into the news when they load up with squirrel whisky and start a program of progressive hell. Ruggam was the local blacksmith."

"What's a kitchen-dance?"

"Ordinarily a kitchen-dance is harmless enough. But the Lost Nation folks use it as an excuse for a debauch. They gather in some sizable shack, set the stove out into the yard, soak themselves in aromatic spirits of deviltry and dance from Saturday night until Monday noon—"

"And this Ruggam killed a sheriff at one of them?"

"He got into a brawl with another chap about his wife. Someone passing saw the fight and sent for an officer. Mart Wiley was deputy, afraid of neither man, God nor devil. Martin had grown disgusted over the petty crime at these kitchen-dances and started out to clean up this one right. Hap Ruggam killed him. He must have had help, because he first got Mart tied to a tree in the yard.

Most of the crowd was pie-eyed by this time, anyhow, and would fight at the drop of a hat. After tying him securely, Ruggam caught up a billet of wood and—and killed him with that."

"Why didn't they electrocute him?" demanded young Higgins.

"Well, the murder wasn't exactly premeditated. Hap wasn't himself; he was drunk—not even able to run away when Sheriff Crumpeit arrived in the neighborhood to take him into custody. Then there was Hap's bringing up. All these made extenuating circumstances."

"There was something about Sheriff Wiley's pompadour," suggested our lady proofreader.

"Yes," returned the editor. "Mart had a queer head of hair. It was dark and stiff, and he brushed it straight back in a pompadour. When he was angry or excited, it actually rose on his scalp like wire. Hap's counsel made a great fuss over Mart's pompadour and the part it sort of played in egging Hap on. The sight of it, stiffening and rising the way it did, maddened Ruggam so that he beat it down hysterically in retaliation for the many grudges he fancied he owed the officer. No, it was all right to make the sentence life-imprisonment, only it should have been an asylum. Hap's not right. You'd know it without being told. I guess it's his eyes. They aren't mates. They light up weirdly when he's drunk or excited, and if you know what's healthy, you get out of the way."

BY eight o'clock that evening most of the valley's deer-hunters, all of the local adventurers who could buy, borrow or beg a rifle, and the usual quota of high-school sons of thoughtless parents were off on the man-hunt in the eastern mountains.

Among them was Sheriff Crumpeit's party. On reaching the timber-line they separated. It was agreed that if any of them found signs of Ruggam, the signal for assistance was five shots in quick succession "and keep shooting at intervals until the rest come up."

We newspaper folk awaited the capture with professional interest and pardonable excitement. . . .

In the northern part of our town, a mile out on the Wickford road, is the McBride place. It is a small white house with a red barn in the rear and a neat rail fence inclosing the whole. Six years ago Cora McBride was bookkeeper in the local garage. Her maiden name was Allen. The town called her "Tomboy Allen." She was the only daughter of old Zeb Allen, for many years our county game-warden. Cora, as we had always known—and called—her, was a full-blown, red-blooded, athletic girl who often drove cars for her employer in

the days when steering-wheels manipulated by women were offered as clinching proof that society was headed for the dogs.

Duncan McBride was chief mechanic in the garage repair-shop. He was an affable, sober, steady chap, popularly known as "Dunk the Dauntless" because of an uncanny ability to cope successfully with the ailments of ninety per cent of the internal-combustion hay-balers and refractory tin-Lizzies in the county when other mechanics had given them up in disgust.

When he married his employer's bookkeeper, Cora's folks gave her a wedding that carried old Zeb within half an hour of insolvency and ran to four columns in the local daily. Duncan and the Allen girl motored to Washington in a demonstration-car, and while Dunk was absent, the yard of the garage resembled the premises about a junkshop. On their return they bought the Johnson place, and Cora quickly demonstrated the same furious enthusiasm for homemaking and motherhood that she had for athletics and carburetors.

Three years passed, and two small boys crept about the yard behind the white rail fence. Then—when Duncan and his wife were "making a great go of matrimony" in typical Yankee fashion—came the tragedy that took all the vim out of Cora, stole the ruddy glow from her girlish features and made her middle-aged in a twelvemonth. In the infantile-paralysis epidemic which passed over New England three years ago the McBrides suffered the supreme sorrow—twice. Those small boys died within two weeks of each other.

Duncan of course kept on with his work at the garage. He was quieter and steadier than ever. But when we drove into the place to have a carburetor adjusted, we saw only too plainly that on his heart was a wound the scars of which would never heal. As for Cora, she was rarely seen in the village.

TROUBLES rarely come singly. One afternoon this past August, Duncan completed repairs on Doc Potter's runabout. Cranking the machine to run it from the workshop, the "dog" on the safety-clutch failed to hold. The acceleration of the engine threw the machine into high. Dunk was pinned in front while the roadster leaped ahead and rammed the delivery truck of the Red Front Grocery.

Duncan was taken to our memorial hospital with internal injuries and dislocation of his spine. He remained there many weeks. In fact, he had been home only a couple of days when the evening stage left in the McBride letter-box the daily paper containing the story of Ruggam's "break" and of the reward offered for his capture.

Cora returned to the kitchen after obtaining the paper and sank wearily into a wooden chair

beside the table with the red cloth. Spreading out the paper, she sought the usual mental distraction in the three- and four-line bits which make up our local columns.

As the headlines caught her eye, she picked up the paper and entered the bedroom where Duncan lay. There were tell-tale traces of tears on his unshaven face, and an ache in his discouraged heart that would not be assuaged; for it was becoming rumored about the village that Dunk the Dauntless might never operate on the vitals of an ailing tin-Lizzie again.

"Dunnie," cried his wife, "Hap Ruggam's escaped!" Sinking down beside the bedroom lamp, she read him the article aloud.

Her husband's name was mentioned therein; for when the Sheriff had commandeered an automobile from the local garage to convey him and his posse to Lost Nation and secure Ruggam, Duncan had been called forth to preside at the steering-wheel. He had thus assisted in the capture and later had been a witness at the trial.

The reading ended, the man rolled his head,

wasn't all. He had had some kind of crazy-spell during or after the killing and wasn't quite over it. We tied him and lifted him into the auto. His face was a sight. His eyes aren't mates, anyhow, and they were wild and unnatural. He kept shrieking something about a head of hair—black hair—sticks up like wire. He must have had an awful impression of Mart's face and that hair of his."

"I remember about Aunt Mary Crumpett's telling me of the trouble her husband had with his prisoner in the days before the trial," his wife replied. "He had those crazy-spells often, nights. He kept yelling that he saw Martin Wiley's head with its peculiar hair, and his face peering in at him through the cell window. Sometimes he became so bad that Sheriff Crumpett thought he'd have apoplexy. Finally he had to call Dr. Johnson to attend him."

"Five thousand dollars!" muttered Duncan. "Gawd! I'd hunt the devil *for nothing* if I only had a chance of getting out of this bed."

Cora smoothed her husband's rumpled bed, comforted him and laid her own tired head down beside his hand. When he had dozed off, she arose and left the room.

In the kitchen she resumed her former place beside the table with the cheap red cloth; and there, with her face in her hands, she stared into endless distance. "Five thousand dollars! Five thousand dollars!" Over and over she whispered the words, with no one to hear.

The green-birch fire snapped merrily in the range. The draft sang in the flue. Outside, a soft feathery snow was



"If I wasn't held here, I might go!" he said. "I might try for that five thousand myself!"

Cora was sympathetic enough, of course, but she was fast approaching the stage where she needed sympathy herself.

"We caught him over on the Purcell farm," mused Duncan. "Something ailed Ruggam. He was drunk and couldn't run. But that

falling, for winter came early in the uplands of Vermont this past year. To Cora McBride, however, the winter meant only hardship. Within another week she must go into town and secure work. Not that she minded the labor nor the trips through the vicious weather!

The anguish was leaving Duncan through those monotonous days before he should be up and around. Those dreary winter days! What might they not do to him—alone.

Five thousand dollars! Like many others in the valley that night she pictured with fluttering heart what it would mean to possess such a sum of money; but not once in her pitiful flight of fancy did she disregard the task which must be performed to gain that wealth.

It meant traveling upward in the great snow-bound reaches of Vermont mountain-country and tracking down a murderer who had killed a second time to gain his freedom and would stop at nothing again.

—And yet—*five thousand dollars*.

How much will a person do, how far will a normal human being travel, to earn five thousand dollars—if the need is sufficiently provocative?

As Cora McBride sat there in the homely little farmhouse kitchen and thought of the debts still existent, contracted to save the already stricken lives of two little lads forgotten now by all but herself and Duncan and Cod. of the chances of losing their home if Duncan could work no more and pay up the balance of their mortgage, of the days when Duncan must lie in the south bedroom alone and count the figures on the wall-paper—as she sat there and contemplated these things, into Cora McBride's heart crept determination.

At first it was only a faint challenge to her courage. As the minutes passed, however, her imagination ran riot, with five thousand dollars to help them in their predicament. The challenge grew. Multitudes of women down all the years had attempted wilder ventures for those who were dear to them. Legion in number had been those who set their hands and hearts to greater tasks, made more improbable sacrifices, taken greater chances.

Multitudes of them, too, had won—on little else than the courage of ignorance and the strength of desperation.

She had no fear of the great outdoors, for she had lived close to the mountains from childhood and much of her old physical resiliency and youthful daredeviltry remained. And the need was terrible; no one anywhere in the valley, not even her own people, knew how terrible.

Cora McBride, alone by her table in the kitchen, that night made her decision.

SHE took the kitchen lamp and went upstairs. Lifting the top of a leather trunk, she found her husband's revolver. With it was a belt and holster, the former filled with cartridges. In the storeroom over the back kitchen she unhooked Duncan's mackinaw and found her own toboggan-cap. From a corner behind some fishing-rods she salvaged a pair of summer-dried snow-shoes; they had facilitated many a previous hike in the winter woods with her man of a thousand adventures. She searched until she found the old army-haversack Duncan used as a game-bag. Its shoulder-straps were broken, but a length of rope sufficed to bind it about her shoulders, after she had filled it with provisions.

With this equipment she returned below-stairs. She drew on heavy woolen stockings and buckled on arctics. She entered the cold pantry and packed the knapsack with what supplies she could find at the hour. She did not forget a drinking-cup, a hunting-knife or matches. In her blouse she slipped a household flash-lamp.

Dressed finally for the adventure, from the kitchen she called softly to her husband. He did not answer. She was overwhelmed by a desire to go into the south bedroom and kiss him, so much might happen before she saw him again. But she restrained herself. She must not waken him.

She blew out the kerosene lamp, gave a last glance about her familiar kitchen and went out through the shed door, closing it softly behind her.

It was one of those close, quiet nights when the bark of a distant dog or whinny of a horse sounds very near at hand. The snow was falling feathery.

An hour later found her far to the eastward, following an old side road that led up to the Harrison lumber-job. She had meantime paid Dave Sheldon, a neighbor's boy, encountered by his gate, to stay with Duncan during her absence, which she explained with a white lie. But her conscience did not bother. Her conscience might be called upon to smother



much more before the adventure was ended.

Off in the depths of the snowing night she strode along, a weird figure against the eerie whiteness that illuminated the winter world. She felt a strange wild thrill in the infinite out-of-doors. The woodsman's blood of her father was having its little hour.

And she knew the woods. Intuitively she felt that if Ruggam was on Haystack Mountain making his way toward Lost Nation, he would strike for the shacks of the Green Mountain Club or the deserted logging-camps along the trail, secreting himself in them during his pauses for rest, for he had no food, and provisions were often left in these structures by hunters and mountain hikers. Her plan was simple. She would investigate each group of buildings. She had the advantage of starting on the northwest side of Haystack. She would be working toward Ruggam, while the rest of the posses were trailing him.

Mile after mile she covered. She decided it must be midnight when she reached the ghostly buildings of the Harrison tract, lying white and silent under the thickening snow. It was useless to search these cabins; they were too near civilization. Besides, if Ruggam had left the freight at Norwall on the eastern side of Haystack at noon, he had thirty miles to travel before reaching the territory from which she was starting. So she skirted the abandoned quiet of the clearing, laid the snowshoes properly down before her and bound the thongs securely about her ankles.

SHE had plenty of time to think of Ruggam as she padded along. He had no snowshoes to aid him, unless he had managed to secure a pair by burglary, which was improbable. So it was not difficult to calculate about where she should begin watching for him. She believed he would keep just off the main trail to avoid detection, yet take its general direction in order to secure shelter and possible food from the mountain buildings. When she reached the country in which she might hope to encounter him, she would zigzag across that main trail in order to pick up his foot-tracks if he had passed her undetected. In that event she would turn and follow. She knew that the snow was falling too heavily to continue in such volume indefinitely; it would stop as suddenly as it had started.

The hours of the night piled up. The silent, muffing snowfall continued. And Cora McBride began to sense an alarming weariness. It finally dawned upon her that her old-time vigor was missing. The strength of youth was hers no longer. Two experiences of motherhood and no more exercise than was afforded by the tasks of her household, had

softened her muscles. Their limitations were now disclosed.

The realization of those limitations was accompanied by panic. She was still many miles even from Blind Brook Cabin, and her limbs were afire from the unaccustomed effort. This would never do. After pauses for breath that were coming closer and closer together, she set her lips each time grimly. "Tomboy Allen" had not counted on succumbing to physical fatigue before she had climbed as far as Blind Brook. If she were weakening already, what of those many miles on the other side?

Tuesday the twenty-eighth of October passed with no tidings of Ruggam's capture. The Holmes boy was fatally shot by a rattleheaded searcher near Five-Mile Pond, and distraught parents began to take thought of their own lads missing from school. Adam MacQuarry broke his leg near the Hell Hollow schoolhouse and was sent back by friends on a borrowed bobsled. Several ne'er-do-wells, long on impulse and short on stickability, drifted back to more comfortable quarters during the day, contending that if Hap were captured, the officers would claim the reward anyhow—so what was the use bucking the System?

The snowfall stopped in the early morning. Sunrise disclosed the world trimmed from horizon to horizon in fairy fluff. Householders jocosely shoveled their walks; small children resurrected attic sleds; here and there a farmer appeared on Main Street during the forenoon in a pung-sleigh or cutter with jingling bells. The sun soared higher, and the day grew warmer. Eaves began dripping during the noon hour, to stop when the sun sank about four o'clock behind Bancroft's hill.

After the sunset came a perfect evening. The starlight was magic. Many people called in at the newspaper-office, after the movies, to learn if the man-hunt had brought results.

Between ten and eleven o'clock the lights on the valley floor blinked out; the town had gone to bed—that is, the lights blinked out in all homes excepting those on the eastern outskirts, where nervous people worried over the possibilities of a hungry, hunted convict's burglarizing their premises, or drawn-faced mothers lived mentally through a score of calamities befalling red-blooded sons who had now been absent twenty-four hours.

SOMETIMES between nine o'clock and midnight—she had no way of telling accurately—Cora McBride stumbled into the Lyons clearing. No one would have recognized in the staggering, bedraggled apparition that emerged from the silhouette of the timber the figure that had started so confidently from

the Harrison tract the previous evening.

For over an hour she had hobbled blindly. It was wholly by accident that she had stumbled into the clearing. And the capture of Ruggam had diminished in importance. Warm food, water that would not tear her raw throat, a place to lie and recoup her strength after the chilling winter night—these were the only things that counted now. Though she knew it not, in her eyes burned the faint light of fever. When a snag caught her snowshoe and tripped her, there was hysteria in her cry of resentment.

As she moved across from the timber-line her hair was revealed fallen down; she had lost a glove, and one hand and wrist were cruelly red where she had plunged them several times into the snow to save herself from falling upon her face. She made but a few yards before the icy thong of her right snow-shoe snapped. She did not bother to repair it. Carrying it beneath her arm, she hobbled brokenly toward the shelter of the buildings.

Her failure at the other cabins, the lack, thus far, of all signs of the fugitive, the vastness of the hunting-ground magnified by the loneliness of winter, had convinced her finally that her quest was futile. It was all a venture of madness. The idea that a woman, alone and single-handed, with no weapon but a revolver, could track down and subdue a desperate murderer in winter mountains where hardly a wild thing stirred, and make him return with her to the certain penalty—this proved how much mental mischief had again been caused by the lure of money. The glittering seduction of gold had deranged her. She realized it now, her mind normal in an exhausted body. So she gained the walls of the buildings and stumbled around them, thoughtless of any possible signs of the fugitive.

THE stars were out in myriads. The Milky Way was a spectacle to recall vividly the sentiment of the Nineteenth Psalm. The log-buildings of the clearing, every tree-trunk and bough in the woods beyond, the distant skyline of stump and hollow, all stood out sharply against the peculiar radiance of the snow. The night was as still as the spaces between the planets. Like some wild creature of those winter woods the woman stumbled around the main shack, seeking the door.

Finding it, she stopped; the snowshoe slipped from beneath her arm; one numb hand groped for the log door-casing in support; the other fumbled for the revolver.

Tracks led into that cabin!

A paralysis of fright gripped Cora McBride. Something told her intuitively that she stood face to face at last with what she had traveled



Creeping to the window, he peeped cautiously between casing and blanket.

all this mountain wilderness to find. Yet with sinking heart it also came to her that if Hap Ruggam had made these tracks and were still within, she must face him in her exhausted condition and at once make that tortuous return trip to civilization. There would be no one to help her.

She realized in that moment that she was facing the primal. And she was not primal. She was a normal woman, twice a mother and weakened to near-prostration by the trek of the past twenty-four hours. Was it not better to turn away while there was time?

She stood debating thus, the eternal silence blanketing forest-world and clearing. But she was allowed to make no decision.

A living body sprang suddenly upon her. Before she could cry out, she was borne down precipitously from behind.

She tried to turn the revolver against the Thing upon her, but the gun was twisted from her raw, red fingers. The snow into which she had been precipitated blinded her. She

smeared an arm across her eyes, but before clear sight was regained, talon fingers had gripped her shoulders. She was half-lifted, half-dragged through the doorway, and there she was dropped on the plank flooring. Her assailant, turning, made to close and bar the door.

When she could see clearly, she perceived a weak illumination in the cabin. On the rough bench-table, shaded by two slabs of bark, burned the stub of a tallow candle probably left by some hunting-party.

The windows were curtained with rotting blankets. Some rough furniture lay about; rusted cooking-utensils littered the tables, and at one end was a sheet-iron stove. The place had been equipped after a fashion by deer-hunters or mountain hikers, who brought additional furnishings to the place each year and left moldy provisions and unconsumed firewood behind.

THE man succeeded finally in closing the door. He turned upon her.

He was short and stocky. The stolen corduroy coat covered blacksmith's muscles now made doubly powerful by dementia. His hair was lifeless black and clipped close, prison-fashion. His low forehead hung over burning, maimed eyes. From her helplessness on the floor Cora McBride stared up at him.

He came closer.

"Get up!" he ordered. "Take that chair. And don't start no rough-house; whether you're a woman or not, I'll drill you!"

She groped to the indicated chair and raised herself, the single snowshoe still dragging from one foot. Again the man surveyed her. She saw his eyes and gave another inarticulate cry.

"Shut your mouth and keep it shut! You hear me?"

She obeyed.

The greenish light burned brighter in his maimed eyes, which gazed intently at the top of her head as though it held something unearthly.

"Take off your hat!" was his next command.

She pulled off the toque. Her hair fell in a mass on her snow-blotted shoulders. Her captor advanced upon her. He reached out and satisfied himself by touch that something was not there which he dreaded. In hypnotic fear she suffered that touch. It reassured him.

"Your hair now," he demanded; "it don't stand up, does it? No, o' course it don't. You ain't *him*, you're a woman. But if your hair comes up, I'll kill you—understand? If your hair comes up, *I'll kill you!*"

She understood. She understood only too well. She was not only housed with a mur-

derer; she was housed with a maniac. She sensed, also, why he had come to this mountain shack so boldly. In his dementia he knew no better. And she was alone with him, unarmed now.

"I'll keep it down," she whispered, watching his face out of fear-distended eyes.

The wind blew one of the rotten blankets inward. Thereby she knew that the window-aperture on the south wall contained no sash. He must have removed it to provide means of escape in case he were attacked from the east door. He must have climbed out that window when she came around the shack; that is how he had felled her from behind.

HE stepped backward now until he felt the edge of the bench touch his calves. Then he sank down, one arm stretched along the table's rim, the hand clutching the revolver.

"Who are you?" he demanded.

"I'm Cora McB—" She stopped—she recalled in a flash the part her husband had played in his former capture and trial. "I'm Cora Allen," she corrected. Then she waited, her wits in chaos. She was fighting desperately to bring order out of that chaos.

"What you doin' up here?"

"I started for Millington, over the mountain. I lost my way."

"Why didn't you go by the road?"

"It's further."

"That's a lie! It ain't! And don't lie to me, or I'll kill you!"

"Who are you?" she heard herself asking. "And why are you acting this way with me?"

The man leaned suddenly forward.

"You mean to tell me you don't know?"

"A lumberjack, maybe, who's lost his way like myself?"

His expression changed abruptly.

"What you luggin' this for?" He indicated the revolver.

"For protection."

"From what?"

"Wild things."

"There ain't no wild things in these mountains this time o' year; they're snowed up, and you know it."

"I just felt safer to have it along."

"To protect you from men-folks, maybe?"

"There are no men in these mountains I'm afraid of!" She made the declaration with pathetic bravado.

His eyes narrowed.

"I think I better kill you," he decided. "You've seen me; you'll tell you seen me. Why shouldn't I kill you? You'd only tell."

"Why? What have I done to you?" she managed to stammer. "Why should you object to being seen?"



"You aint him: you're a woman." She understood. She was not only housed with a murderer; she was housed with a maniac.

It was an unfortunate demand. He sprang up with a snarl. Pointing the revolver from his hip, he drew back the hammer.

"Don't!" she shrieked. "Are you crazy? Don't you know how to treat a woman—in distress?"

"Distress, hell! You know who I be. And I don't care whether you're a woman or not, I ain't goin' to be took—you understand?"

"Certainly I understand."

She said it in such a way that he eased the hammer back into place and lowered the gun. For the moment again she was safe. In response to her terrible need, some of her latent Yankee courage came now to aid her. "I don't see what you're making all this rumpus about," she told him in as indifferent a voice as she could command. "I don't see why you should want to kill a friend who might help you—if you're really in need of help."

"I want to get to Partridgeville," he muttered after a moment.

"You're not far from there. How long have you been on the road?"

"None of your business."

"Have you had any food?"

"No."

"If you'll put up that gun and let me get off this snowshoe and pack, I'll share with you some of the food I have."

"Never you mind what I do with this gun. Go ahead and fix your foot, and let's see what you got for grub." The man resumed his seat.

She twisted up her tangled hair, replaced her toque and untied the dangling snowshoe.

OUTSIDE a tree cracked in the frost. He started in hair-trigger fright. Creeping to the window, he peeped cautiously between casing and blanket. Convinced that it was nothing, he returned to his seat by the table.

"It's too bad we couldn't have a fire," suggested the woman then. "I'd make us something hot." The stove was there, rusted but still serviceable; available wood was scattered around. But the man shook his bullet head.

After a trying time unfastening the frosted knots of the ropes that had bound the knapsack upon her back, she emptied it onto the table. She kept her eye, however, on the gun. He had disposed of it by thrusting it into his belt. Plainly she would never recover it without a struggle. And she was in no condition for physical conflict.

"You're welcome to anything I have," she told him.

"Little you got to say about it! If you hadn't given it up, I'd took it away from you. So what's the difference?"

She shrugged her shoulders. She started around behind him but he sprang toward her.

"Don't try no monkey-shines with me!" he snarled. "You stay here it front where I can see you."

She obeyed, watching him make what poor meal he could from the contents of her bag.

She tried to reason out what the denouement of the situation was to be. He would not send her away peacefully, for she knew he dared not risk the story she would tell regardless of any promises of secrecy she might give him. If he left her bound in the cabin, she would freeze before help came—if it ever arrived.

No, either they were going to leave the place and journey forth together,—the Lord only knew where or with what outcome,—or the life of one of them was to end in this tragic place within a few minutes. For she realized she must use that gun with deadly effect if it were to come again into her possession.

The silence was broken only by the noises of his lips as he ate ravenously. Outside, not a thing stirred in that snowbound world. Not a sound of civilization reached them. They were a man and woman in the primal, in civilization and yet a million miles from it.

"The candle's going out," she announced. "Is there another?"

"There'll be light enough for what I got to do," he growled.

Despite her effort to appear indifferent, her great fear showed plainly in her eyes.

"Are we going to stay here all night?" she asked with a pathetic attempt at lightness.

"That's my business."

"Don't you want me to help you?"

"You've helped me all you can with the gun and food."

"If you're going to Partridgenville, I'd go along and show you the way."

He leaped up.

"Now I know you been lyin'!" he bellowed. "You said you was headed for Millington. And you ain't at all. You're watchin' your chance to get the drop on me and have me took—that's what you're doin'!"

"WAIT!" she pleaded desperately. "I was going to Millington. But I'd turn back and show you the way to Partridgenville to help you."

"What's it to you?" He had drawn the gun from his belt and now was fingering it nervously.

"You're lost up here in the mountains, aren't you?" she said. "I couldn't let you stay lost if it was possible for me to direct you on your way."

"You said you was lost yourself."

"I was lost—until I stumbled into this clearing. That gave me my location."

"Smart, ain't you? Damn' smart, but not too smart for me, you woman!" The flare fanned up again in his crooked eyes. "You know who I be, all right. You know what I'm aimin' to do. And you're stallin' for time till you can put one over. But you can't—

see? I'll have this business done with! I'll end this business!"

SHE felt herself sinking to her knees. He advanced and gripped her left wrist. The crunch of his iron fingers sent an arrow of pain through her arm. It bore her down.

"For God's sake—*don't!*" she whispered hoarsely, overwhelmed with horror. For the cold, sharp nose of the revolver suddenly punched her neck.

"I ain't leavin' no traces behind. Might as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb. Never mind if I do—"

"Look!" she cried wildly. "Look, look, look!" And with her free hand she pointed behind him.

It was an old trick. There was nothing behind him. But in that instant of desperation instinct had guided her.

Involuntarily he turned.

With a scream of pain she twisted from his grasp and blotted out the candle.

A long, livid pencil of orange flame spurted from the gunpoint. She sensed the powder-flare in her face. He had missed.

She scrambled for shelter beneath the table. The cabin was now in inky blackness. Across that black four more threads of scarlet light were laced. The man stumbled about seeking her, cursing with blood-curdling blasphemy.

Suddenly he tripped and went sprawling. The gun clattered from his bruised fingers; it struck the woman's knee.

Swiftly her hand closed upon it. The hot barrel burned her palm.

She was on her feet in an instant. Her left hand fumbled in her blouse, and she found what had been there all along—the flash-lamp.

With her back against the door, she pulled it forth. With the gun thrust forward for action she pressed the button.

"I've got the gun—*get up!*" she ordered. "Don't come too near me, or I'll shoot. Back up against that wall."

The bull's-eye of radiance blinded him. When his eyes became accustomed to the light, he saw its reflection on the barrel of the revolver. He obeyed.

"Put up your hands. Put 'em up *high!*"

"Suppose I won't?"

"I'll kill you."

"What'll you gain by that?"

"Five thousand dollars."

"Then you know who I be?"

"Yes."

"You was huntin' me?"

"Yes."

"And was aimin' to take me in?"

"Yes."

"How you goin' to do that if I won't go?"

"You're goin' to find out."

"You won't get no money shootin' me."

"Yes, I will—just as much—dead as alive."

With his hands raised a little way above the level of his shoulders, he stood rigidly at bay in the circle of light.

"Well," he croaked at last, "go ahead and shoot. I ain't aimin' to be took—not by no woman. Shoot, damn you, and have it done with. I'm waitin'!"

"Keep up those hands!"

"I won't!" He lowered them defiantly. "I w-wanted to m-make Partridgeville and see the old lady. She'd 'a' helped me. But anything's better'n goin' back to that hell where I been the last two years. Go on! Why don't you shoot?"

"You wanted to make Partridgeville and see—who?"

"My mother—and my wife."

"Have you got a mother. Have you got a—wife?"

"Yes, and three kids. Why don't you shoot?"

IT seemed an eon that they stood so. The McBride woman was trying to find the nerve to fire. She could not. In that instant she made a discovery that many luckless souls make too late: *to kill a man* is easy to talk about, easy to write about. But to stand deliberately face to face with a fellow-human,—alive, pulsing, breathing, fearing, hoping, loving, living,—point a weapon at him that would take his life, blot him from the earth, negate twenty or thirty years of childhood, youth, maturity, and make of him in an instant—nothing!—that is quite another matter.

He was helpless before her now. Perhaps the expression on his face had something to do with the sudden revulsion that halted her finger. Facing certain death, some of the evil in those crooked eyes seemed to die out, and the terrible personality of the man to fade. Regardless of her danger, regardless of what he would have done to her if luck had not turned the tables, Cora McBride saw before her only a lone man with all society's hand against him, realizing he had played a bad game to the limit and lost, two big tears creeping down his unshaved face, waiting for the end.

"Three children!" she whispered faintly.

"Yes."

"You're going back to see them?"

"Yes, and my mother. Mother'd help me get to Canada—somehow."

Cora McBride had forgotten all about the five thousand dollars. She was stunned by the announcement that this man had relatives

—a mother, a wife, *three* babies. The human factor had not before occurred to her. Murderers! They have no license to let their eyes well with tears, to have wives and babies, to possess mothers who will help them get to Canada regardless of what their earthly indiscretions may have been.

At this revelation the gun-point wavered. The sight of those tears on his face sapped her will-power even as a wound in her breast might have drained her life-blood.

Her great moment had been given her. She was letting it slip away. She had her reward in her hand for the mere pulling of a trigger and no incrimination for the result. For a bit of human sentiment she was bungling the situation unpardonably, fatally.

WHY did she not shoot? Because she was a woman. Because it is the God-given purpose of womanhood to give life, not take it.

The gun sank, sank—down out of the light, down out of sight.

And the next instant he was upon her.

The flash-lamp was knocked from her hand and blinked out. It struck the stove and she heard the tinkle of the broken lens. The woman's hand caught at the sacking before the window at her left shoulder. Gripping it wildly to save herself from that onslaught, she tore it away. For the second time the revolver was twisted from her raw fingers.

The man reared upward, over her.

"Where are you?" he roared again and again. "I'll show you! Lemme at you!"

Outside the great yellow moon of early winter, arising late, was coming up over the silhouetted line of purple mountains to the eastward. It illumined the cabin with a faint radiance, disclosing the woman crouching beneath the table.

The man saw her, pointed his weapon point-blank at her face and fired.

To Cora McBride, prostrate there in her terror, the impact of the bullet felt like the blow of a stick upon her cheek-bone, rocking her head. Her cheek felt warmly numb. She pressed a quick hand involuntarily against it, and drew it away sticky with blood.

Click! Click! Click!

Three times the revolver mechanism was worked to accomplish her destruction. But there was no further report. The cylinder was empty.

"Oh, God!" the woman moaned. "I fed you and offered to help you. I refused to shoot you because of your mother—your wife—your babies. And yet you——"

"Where's your cartridges?" he cried wildly. "You got more; gimme that belt!"

She felt his touch upon her. His crazy

fingers tried to unbutton the clasp of the belt and holster. But he could secure neither while she fought him. He pinioned her at length with his knee. His fingers secured a fistful of the cylinders from her girdle, and he opened the chamber of the revolver.

She realized the end was but a matter of moments. Nothing but a miracle could save her now.

Convulsively she groped about for something with which to strike. Nothing lay within reach of her bleeding fingers, however, but a little piece of dried sapling. She tried to struggle loose, but the lunatic held her mercilessly. He continued the mechanical loading of the revolver.

The semi-darkness of the hut, the outline of the moon afar through the uncurtained window—these swam before her. . . . Suddenly her eyes riveted on that curtainless window and she uttered a terrifying cry.

Ruggam turned.

Outlined in the window aperture against the low-hung moon, *Martin Wiley, the murdered deputy, was staring into the cabin!*

FROM the fugitive's throat came a gurgle. Some of the cartridges he held spilled to the flooring. Above her his figure became rigid. There was no mistaking the identity of the apparition. They saw the man's hatless head and some of his neck. They saw his dark pompadour and the outline of his skull. As that horrible silhouette remained there, Wiley's pompadour lifted slightly as it had done in life.

The cry in the convict's throat broke forth into words.

"Mart Wiley!" he cried, "Mart Wiley! Mart—Wiley!"

Clear, sharp, distinct was the shape of that never-to-be-forgotten pompadour against the disk of the winter moon. His features could not be discerned, for the source of light was behind him, but the silhouette was sufficient. It was Martin Wiley; he was alive. His head and his wirelike hair were moving—rising, falling.

Ruggam, his eyes riveted upon the phantom, recoiled mechanically to the western wall. He finished loading the revolver by the sense of touch. Then:

Spurt after spurt of fire lanced the darkness, directed at the Thing in the window. While the air of the hut reeked with the acrid smoke, the echo of the volley sounded through the silent forest-world miles away.

But the silhouette in the window remained.

Once or twice it moved slightly as though in surprise; that was all. The pompadour rose in bellicose retaliation—the gesture that had always ensued when Wiley was angered or excited. But to bullets fired from an earthly gun the silhouette of the murdered deputy's ghost, arisen in these winter woods to prevent another slaughter, was impervious.

Ruggam saw; he shrieked. He broke the gun and spilled out the empty shells. He fumbled in more cartridges, locked the barrel and fired again and again, until once more it was empty.

Still the apparition remained.

The man in his dementia hurled the weapon; it struck the sash and caromed off, hitting the stove. Then Hap Ruggam collapsed upon the floor.

The woman sprang up. She found the rope thongs which had bound her pack to her shoulders. With steel-taut nerves, she rolled the insensible Ruggam over.

She tied his hands; she tied his ankles. With her last bit of rope she connected the two bindings tightly behind him so that if he recovered, he would be at her mercy. Her task accomplished, on her knees beside his prone figure, she thought to glance up at the window.

Wiley's ghost had disappeared.

SHHERIFF CRUMPETT and his party broke into the Lyons clearing within an hour. They had arrived in answer to five successive shots given a few moments apart, the signal agreed upon. The mystery to them, however, was that those five shots had been fired by some one not of their party.

The Sheriff and his men found the McBride woman, her clothing half torn from her body, her features powder-marked and blood-stained; but she was game to the last, woman-fashion weeping only now that all was over. They found, too, the man they had combed the country to find—struggling fruitlessly in his bonds, her prisoner.

And they likewise found the miracle.

On the snow outside under the window they came upon a black porcupine about the size of a man's head which, scenting food within the cabin, had climbed to the sill, and after the habit of these little animals whose number is legion all over the Green Mountains, had required fifteen bullets pumped into its carcass before it would release its hold.

Even in death its quills were raised in uncanny duplication of Mart Wiley's pompadour.



"THE SKIN GAME"—GALSWORTHY'S NEW TRAGI-COMEDY OF WARRING SOCIAL FORCES.

TAKING as a motto "who touches pitch shall be defiled," John Galsworthy has written, in "The Skin Game," a tragi-comedy of English "countryside" life which, with a successful run behind it in London, has been brought overseas by William A. Brady to challenge the attention, if not the full and sympathetic understanding, of Broadway playgoers. The play is published in this country by the Scribner's. It is frankly a study in social contrasts, between an old and new order of gentry and gentility. Hillcrist is a country gentleman to the English manor born, who is more or less dominated by his wife, Amy, and is championed by their "upstanding, pretty, manly-faced" daughter, Jill. Her pet name for him is Dodo. Like so many flies in the ointment of the ancient, honorable, conservative Hillcrist family in Deepwater village are the Hornblowers, father, sons and a daughter-in-law, Chloe, who is regarded by Amy Hillcrist as beyond the pale. Hornblower senior, who, during a residence of seven

years in Deepwater, has amassed a fortune in the manufacture of pottery, resents this deeply and is resolved either to compel social recognition for his daughter-in-law or to punish the Hillcrists. Jill Hillcrist and her father, a gout victim, are discussing the Hornblowers in Hillcrist's study when the curtain rises. The liberal-minded and frank-spoken girl is curious to know the reason for "this attitude to the Hornblowers."

HILLCRIST: It takes generations to learn to live and let live, Jill. People like that take an ell when you give them an inch.

JILL: But if you gave them the ell, they wouldn't want the inch. Why should it all be such a skin game?

HILLCRIST: Skin game? Where do you get your lingo?

JILL: Keep to the point, Dodo.

HILLCRIST: Well, Jill, all life's a struggle between people at different stages of development, in different positions, with different amounts of social influence and property. And the only thing is to have rules of the game and keep them. New people like the Hornblowers haven't learnt those rules; their only rule is to get all they can.

JILL: Darling, don't prose. They're not half as bad as you think.

HILLCRIST: Well, when I sold Hornblower Longmeadow and the cottages, I certainly found him all right. All the same, he's got the cloven hoof. (*Warming up.*) His influence in Deepwater is thoroughly bad; those potteries of his are demoralizing—the whole atmosphere of the place is changing. It was a thousand pities he ever came here and discovered that clay. He's brought in the modern cutthroat spirit.

JILL: Cut our throat spirit, you mean. What's your definition of a gentleman, Dodo?

HILLCRIST (*Uneasily*): Can't describe—only feel it.

JILL: Oh! Try!

HILLCRIST: Well—er—I suppose you might say—a man who keeps his form and doesn't let life scupper him out of his standards.

JILL: But suppose his standards are low?

HILLCRIST (*With some earnestness*): I assume, of course, that he's honest and tolerant, gentle to the weak, and not self-seeking.

JILL: Ah! self-seeking! But aren't we all? Dodo? I am.



HE AGAIN CHALLENGES THE ATTENTION OF BROADWAY PLAYERS

John Galsworthy in his new play, makes a searching analysis of social gentility.

HILLCRIST (*With a smile*): You!

JILL (*Scornfully*): Oh! yes—too young to know.

HILLCRIST: Nobody knows till they're under pretty heavy fire, Jill.

Jill persists in arguing that her mother should 'at least call on the Hornblowers, when a Mr. and Mrs. Jackman are announced. They are Hornblower tenants of thirty years' standing in the community, inherited by Hornblower when he purchased a property known as Longmeadow from Hillcrist. The Jackmans make the disquieting announcement that Hornblower has given them notice to vacate their cottage home.

HILLCRIST: H'm! (*He rises and limps across to the fireplace on his stick. To himself.*) The cloven hoof. By George! this is a breach of faith. I'll write to him, Jackman. Confound it! I'd certainly never sold if I'd known he was going to do this.

MRS. JACKMAN: No, sir, I'm sure, sir. They do say it's to do with the potteries. He wants the cottages for his workmen.

HILLCRIST (*Sharply*): That's all very well, but he shouldn't have led me to suppose that he would make no change.

JACKMAN (*Heavily*): They talk about his havin' bought the Centry to put up more chimneys there, and that's why he wants the cottages.

HILLCRIST: The Centry! Impossible!

MRS. JACKMAN: Yes, sir; it's such a pretty spot—looks beautiful from here. (*She looks out through the window.*) Loveliest pot in all Deepwater, I always say. And your father owned it, and his father before 'im. It's a pity they ever sold it, sir, beggin' your pardon.

HILLCRIST: The Centry!

Hillcrist reassures the Jackmans who depart with his promise to take the matter up with Hornblower. Mrs. Hillcrist enters and is told the news. Also:

HILLCRIST (*Suddenly*): The Jackmans talk of his having bought the Centry to put up more chimneys.

MRS. HILLCRIST (*At the window, looking out*): Impossible! It would ruin the place utterly, besides cutting us off from the Duke's. Oh, no! Miss Mullins would never sell behind our backs.

HILLCRIST: Anyway I must stop his turning these people out.

MRS. HILLCRIST (*With a little smile, almost contemptuous*): You might have known he'd

do something of the sort. You will imagine people are like yourself, Jack. You always ought to make Dawker [the Hillcrist business agent] have things in black and white.

HILLCRIST: I said quite distinctly: "Of course you won't want to disturb the tenancies; there's a great shortage of cottages. Hornblower told me as distinctly that he wouldn't. What more do you want?

MRS. HILLCRIST: A man like that thinks of nothing but the short cut to his own way. (*Looking out of the window towards the rise.*) If he buys the Centry and puts up chimneys, we simply couldn't stop here.

HILLCRIST: My father would turn in his grave.

MRS. HILLCRIST: It would have been more useful if he'd not dipped the estate, and sold the Centry. This Hornblower hates us; he thinks we turn up our noses at him.

HILLCRIST: As we do, Amy.

MRS. HILLCRIST: Who wouldn't? A man without traditions, who believes in nothing but money and push.

Dawker, sent for, arrives and is quietly dispatched on a mission to the owner of the Centry. Hornblower enters—a man of medium height, thoroly broadened, blown out, as it were, by success. He has grizzled hair, bushy eyebrows, a wide mouth. He carries a hat which one suspects will look too small on his head. Hillcrist has a twinge in his gouty foot which elicits from Hornblower the remark that, having had no ancestors, he has had but to answer for his own drinking and has escaped the gout.

HILLCRIST: You're lucky.

HORNBLOWER: I wonder if Mrs. Hillcrist thinks that! Am I lucky to have no past, ma'am? Just the future?

MRS. HILLCRIST: You're sure you have the future, Mr. Hornblower?

HORNBLOWER (*With a laugh*): That's your aristocratic rapier thrust. You aristocrats are very hard people underneath your manners. Ye love to lay a body out. But I've got the future all right.

HILLCRIST (*Meaningly*): I've had the Jackmans here, Mr. Hornblower.

HORNBLOWER: Who are they—man with a little spitfire wife?

HILLCRIST: They're very excellent, good people, and they've been in that cottage quietly thirty years.

HORNBLOWER (*Throwing out his forefinger—a favorite gesture*): Ah! ye've wanted me to stir ye up a bit. Deepwater needs a bit o' go put into it. There's generally some go where I

am. I daresay you wish there'd been no "come." (He laughs.)

MRS. HILLCRIST: We certainly like people to keep their word, Mr. Hornblower.

HILLCRIST: Amy!

HORNBLOWER: Never mind, Hillcrist; takes more than that to upset me.

HILLCRIST: You promised me, you know, not to change the tenancies.

HORNBLOWER: Well, I've come to tell ye that I have. I wasn't expecting to have the need when I bought. Thought the Duke would sell me a bit down there; but devil a bit he will; and now I must have those cottages for my workmen. I've got important works, ye know.

HILLCRIST (*Getting heated*): The Jackmans have their importance too, sir. Their heart's in that cottage.

HORNBLOWER: Have a sense of proportion, man. My works supply thousands of people, and my heart's in them. What's more, they make my fortune. I've got ambitions—I'm a serious man. Suppose I were to consider this and that, and every little petty objection—where should I get to? Nowhere!

HILLCRIST: All the same, this sort of thing isn't done, you know.

HORNBLOWER: Not by you because ye've got no need to do it. Here ye are, quite content on what your fathers made for ye. Ye've no ambitions; and ye want other people to have none. How d'ye think your fathers got your land?

HILLCRIST (*Who has risen*): Not by breaking their word.

HORNBLOWER (*Throwing out his finger*): Don't ye believe it. They got it by breaking their word and turnin' out Jackmans, if that's their name, all over the place.

The upshot is, as Hornblower says, "Ye want the village run your old-fashioned



"YOU ARISTOCRATS ARE HARD PEOPLE TO UNDERSTAND"

So declares the parvenu, Hornblower, to the aristocrat, Hillcrist, in the new Galsworthy play.

way, and I want it run mine. I fancy there's not room for the two of us here." He admits wanting to buy the Centry property, and declares that his son "is buyin' it this very minute." He goes on;

HORNBLOWER: Ye're an obstruction—the like of you—ye're in my path. And anyone in my path doesn't stay there long; or, if he does, he stays there on my terms. And my terms are chimneys in the Centry where I need 'em. It'll do ye a power of good, too, to know that ye're not almighty.

HILLCRIST: And that's being neighborly!

HORNBLOWER: And how have ye tried bein' neighborly to me? If I haven't a wife, I've got a daughter-in-law. Have ye called on her, ma'am? I'm new, and ye're an old family. Ye don't like me, ye think I'm a pushin' man. I go to chapel, an' ye don't like that. I make things and I sell them, and ye don't like that. I buy land, and ye don't like that. It threatens the view from your windies. Well, I don't like you, and I'm not goin' to put up with your attitude. Ye've had things your own way too long, and now ye're not going to have them any longer.

HILLCRIST: Will you hold to your word over those cottages?

HORNBLOWER: I'm goin' to have the cottages. I need them, and more besides, now I'm to put up me new works.

HILLCRIST: That's a declaration of war.

HORNBLOWER: Ye never said a truer word. It's one or the other of us, and I rather think it's goin' to be me. I'm the risin' and you're the settin' sun, as the poet says.

They are interrupted by the arrival of Hornblower's sons, Rolf and Charles, and the latter's wife, Chloe, escorted by Miss Jill Hillcrist. To Hornblower's chagrin, Charles reports his failure to buy the Centry, owing to what he terms "Dawker's meddling," and that the property is to be sold at public auction. Further tinder is thrown on the fire by Mrs. Hillcrist studiously refusing to recognize Chloe.

The second act discloses the billiard room in the village inn during the auctioning of the Centry. Both Hillcrist and Hornblower are determined to buy the property and their bidding is done largely through dummy agents. As a climax to a dramatic scene the property is sold for twice its real value to a representative, as Hillcrist supposes, of a neighboring Duke. But:

HORNBLOWER: Ye ran me up a pretty price. Ye bid very pluckily, Hillcrist. But ye didn't quite get my measure.

HILLCRIST: Oh! It was my nine thousand the Duke capped. Thank God, the Centry's gone to a gentleman!

HORNBLOWER: The Duke? (He laughs.) No, the Centry's not gone to a gentleman, nor to a fool. It's gone to me.

HILLCRIST: What!

HORNBLOWER: I'm sorry for ye; ye're not fit to manage these things. Well, it's a monstrous price, and I've had to pay it because of your obstinacy. I sha'n't forget that when I come to build.

HILLCRIST: D'you mean to say that bid was for you?

HORNBLOWER: Of course I do. I told ye I was a bad man to be up against. Perhaps ye'll believe me now.

HILLCRIST: A dastardly trick!

HORNBLOWER (*With venom*): What did ye call it—a skin game? Remember we're playin' a skin game, Hillcrist.

HILLCRIST (*Clenching his fists*): If we were younger men—

HORNBLOWER: Ay! Twouldn't look pretty for us to be at fisticuffs. We'll leave the fightin' to the young ones. (*He glances at ROLF and JILL; suddenly throwing out his finger at ROLF.*) No makin' up to that young woman! I've watched ye. And as for you, missy, you leave my boy alone.

JILL (*With suppressed passion*): Dodo, may I spit in his eye or something?

HILLCRIST: Sit down. (*JILL sits down. He stands between her and HORNBLOWER.*) You've won this round, sir, by a foul blow. We shall see whether you can take any advantage of it. I believe the law can stop you ruining my property.

HORNBLOWER: Make your mind easy; it can't. I've got ye in a noose, and I'm goin' to hang ye.

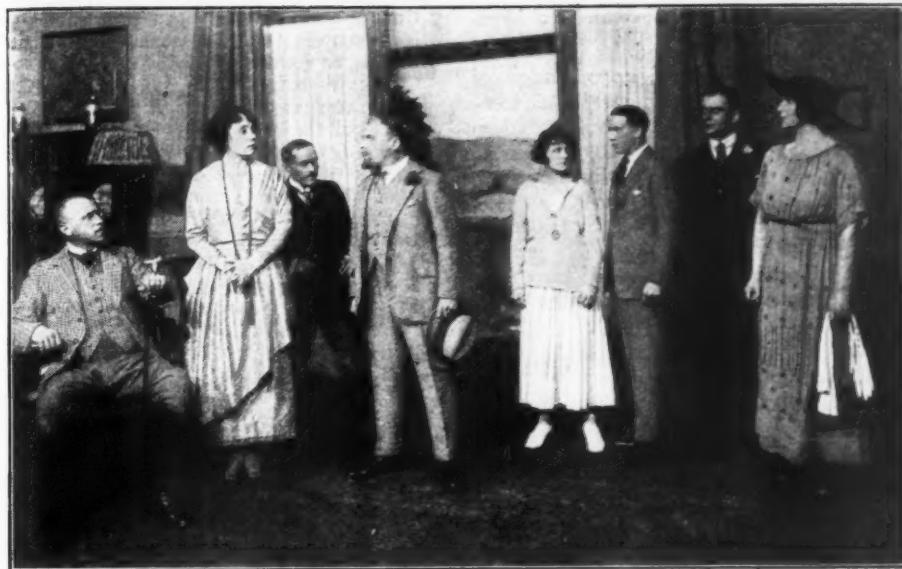
MRS. HILLCRIST (*Suddenly*): Mr. Hornblower, as you fight foul—so shall we.

HILLCRIST: Amy!

MRS. HILLCRIST (*Paying no attention*): And it will not be foul play towards you and yours. You are outside the pale.

As the Hornblowers triumphantly are leaving the room, Chloe becomes intensely agitated at sight of Dawker accompanied by two Strangers who have attended the auction. With a great effort she controls her emotion which, it develops, is occasioned by the knowledge that the Strangers recognize her as "a woman with a past" and have conveyed the information to Dawker and Mrs. Hillcrist. The latter, armed with this unexpected weapon, is resolved to use it remorselessly in fighting Hornblower. But Hillcrist has scruples, and with difficulty is prevailed upon to let the knowledge be used on the senior Hornblower alone. Whereupon, that evening, Mrs. Hillcrist writes a note to Hornblower who, with the letter in hand, seeks out his daughter-in-law in her boudoir:

HORNBLOWER: Can ye attend a moment? I've had a note from that woman. (*CHLOE sits up.*)



THEY ARE ALL PLAYERS OF "THE SKIN GAME"

By "skin game" is meant the violation of the strict code of gentlemen and gentlewomen. Reading from left to right, as impersonated in the London production of the new tragicomedy by John Galsworthy, are Hillcrest, his wife, Dawker, Hornblower, Jill Hillcrest, Rolf and Charles Hornblower and Chloe.

HORNBLOWER (*Reading*) "I have something of the utmost importance to tell you in regard to your daughter-in-law. I shall be waiting to see you at eleven o'clock to-morrow morning. The matter is so utterly vital to the happiness of all your family, that I cannot imagine you will fail to come." Now what's the meaning of it? Is it sheer impudence, or lunacy, or what?

CHLOE: I don't know.

HORNBLOWER (*Not unkindly*): Chloe, if there's anything—ye'd better tell me. Forewarned's forearmed.

CHLOE: There's nothing; unless it's—(*With a quick look at him.*)—Unless it's that my father was a—bankrupt.

HORNBLOWER: Hech! Many a man's been that. Ye've never told us much about your family.

CHLOE: I wasn't very proud of him.

HORNBLOWER: Well, ye're not responsible for your father. If that's all, it's a relief. The bitter snobs! I'll remember it in the account I've got with them.

CHLOE: Father, please don't say anything to Charlie; it'll only have the effect of worrying him for nothing.

HORNBLOWER: No, no, I'll not. If I went bankrupt, it'd upset Charlie, I've not a doubt. (*He laughs. Looking at her shrewdly.*) There's

nothing else, before I answer her? (CHLOE shakes her head.) Ye're sure?

CHLOE (*With an effort*): She may invent things, of course.

HORNBLOWER (*Lost in his feud feeling*): Ah! but there's such a thing as the laws o' slander. If they plan pranks, I'll have them up for it.

CHLOE (*Timidly*): Couldn't you stop this quarrel, father? You said it was on my account. But I don't want to know them. And they do love their old home. I like the girl. You don't really need to build just there, do you? Couldn't you stop it? Do!

HORNBLOWER: Stop it? Now I've bought? Na, no! The snobs defied me, and I'm going to show them. I hate the lot of them, and I hate that little Dawker worst of all.

CHLOE: He's only their agent.

HORNBLOWER: He's a part of the whole dog-in-the-manger system that stands in my way. Ye're a woman, and ye don't understand these things. Ye wouldn't believe the struggle I've had to make my money and get my position. These county folk talk soft sawder, but to get anything from them's like gettin' butter out of a dog's mouth. If they could drive me out of here by fair means or foul, would they hesitate a moment? Not they! See what they've made me pay; and

look at this letter. Selfish, mean lot o' hypocrites!

Chloe, desperate with apprehension of impending calamity, arranges a clandestine meeting with Dawker, but finds him inexorable. There is an affecting scene between the woman and her unsuspecting husband, Charles Hornblower. In the final act, which takes place in Hillcrist's study the next morning, there are present Mrs. Hillcrist, Dawker and later the Strangers who dramatically confront Hornblower:

MRS. HILLCRIST: Are you familiar with the law of divorce, Mr. Hornblower?

HORNBLOWER (*Taken aback*): No, I'm not. That is—

MRS. HILLCRIST: Well, you know that misconduct is required. And I suppose you've heard that cases are arranged.

HORNBLOWER: I know it's all very shocking—what about it?

MRS. HILLCRIST: When cases are arranged, Mr. Hornblower, the man who is to be divorced often visits a hotel with a strange woman. I am extremely sorry to say that your daughter-in-law, before her marriage, was in the habit of being employed as such a woman.

HORNBLOWER: Ye dreadful creature!

DAWKER (*Quickly*): All proved, up to the hilt!

HORNBLOWER: I don't believe a word of it. Ye're lyin' to save your skins. How dare ye tell me such monstrosities? Dawker, I'll have ye in a criminal court.

DAWKER: Rats! You saw a gent with me yesterday? Well, he's employed her.

HORNBLOWER: A put-up job! Conspiracy!

MRS. HILLCRIST: Go and get your daughter-in-law.

HORNBLOWER (*With the first sensation of being in a net*): It's a foul shame—a lying slander!

MRS. HILLCRIST: If so, it's easily disproved. Go and fetch her.

HORNBLOWER (*Seeing them unmoved*): I will. I don't believe a word of it.

MRS. HILLCRIST: I hope you are right. (HORNBLOWER goes out by the French window, DAWKER slips to the door, opens it, and speaks to those within. MRS. HILLCRIST stands moistening her lips, and passing her handkerchief over them. HORNBLOWER returns, preceding CHLOE, strung up to hardness and defiance.)

HORNBLOWER: Now then, let's have this impudent story torn to rags.

CHLOE: What story?

HORNBLOWER: That you, my dear, were a woman—it's too shockin'—I don't know how to tell ye—

CHLOE: Go on!

HORNBLOWER: Were a woman that went with men, to get them their divorce.

CHLOE: Who says that?

HORNBLOWER: That lady (*sneering*) there, and her bull-terrier here.

CHLOE (*Facing MRS. HILLCRIST*): That's a charitable thing to say, isn't it?

MRS. HILLCRIST: Is it true?

CHLOE: No.

HORNBLOWER (*Furiously*): There! I'll have ye both on your knees to her!

DAWKER (*Opening the door*): Come in. (*The FIRST STRANGER comes in. CHLOE, with a visible effort, turns to face him.*)

FIRST STRANGER: How do you do, Mrs. Vane?

CHLOE: I don't know you.

FIRST STRANGER: Your memory is bad, ma'am. You knew me yesterday well enough. One day is not a long time, nor are three years.

CHLOE: Who are you?

FIRST STRANGER: Come, ma'am, come! The Custer case.

CHLOE: I don't know you, I say. (*To MRS. HILLCRIST*): How can you be so vile?

FIRST STRANGER: Let me refresh your memory, ma'am. (*Producing a notebook.*) Just on three years ago: "Oct. 3. To fee and expenses Mrs. Vane with Mr. C.—, Hotel Beaulieu, Twenty pounds. Oct. 10, Do., Twenty pounds." (*To HORNBLOWER*): Would you like to glance at this book, sir? You'll see they're genuine entries. (*HORNBLOWER makes a motion to do so, but checks himself and looks at CHLOE.*)

CHLOE (*Hysterically*): It's all lies—lies!

FIRST STRANGER: Come, ma'am, we wish you no harm.

CHLOE: Take me away. I won't be treated like this.

MRS. HILLCRIST (*In a low voice*): Confess.

CHLOE: Lies!

HORNBLOWER: Were ye ever called Vane?

CHLOE: No, never. (*She makes a movement towards the window, but DAWKER is in the way, and she halts.*)

FIRST STRANGER (*Opening the door*): Henry. (*The SECOND STRANGER comes in quickly. At sight of him CHLOE throws up her hands; gasps, breaks down, and stands covering her face with her hands. It is so complete a confession that HORNBLOWER stands staggered; and, taking out a colored handkerchief, wipes his brow.*)

DAWKER: Are you convinced?

HORNBLOWER: Take those men away.

DAWKER: If you're not satisfied, we can get other evidence; plenty.

HORNBLOWER (*Looking at CHLOE*): That's enough. Take them out. Leave me alone with her. (*DAWKER takes them out.*) (*MRS.*

HILLCRIST passes HORNBLOWER and goes out at the window. HORNBLOWER moves down a step or two towards CHLOE.)

HORNBLOWER: My God!

CHLOE: (With an outburst): Don't tell Charlie! Don't tell Charlie!

HORNBLOWER: Charlie! So that was your manner of life. (CHLOE utters a moaning sound.) So that's what ye got out of by marryin' into my family! Shame on ye, ye Godless thing!

CHLOE: Don't tell Charlie!

HORNBLOWER: And that's all ye can say for the wreck ye've wrought. My family, my works, my future! How dared ye!

CHLOE: If you'd been me!

HORNBLOWER: An' these Hillcrists. The skin game of it!

As the price of keeping the matter a secret, Mrs. Hillcrist demands that Hornblower sell her husband all his property, including the Centry, at a figure that will mean a \$30,000 loss to him. With no alternative, he capitulates. That evening Chloe Hornblower visits the Hillcrist home and meeting Hillcrist and Jill, beseeches the former to keep her husband in ignorance of her past. Hillcrist assures her that Charles Hornblower sha'n't be told. Whereupon:

CHLOE (Appealing): Oh! that's not enough. Can't you tell him something to put him back to thinking it's all right? I've done him such a wrong. I didn't realize till after—I thought meeting him was just a piece of wonderful good luck, after what I'd been through. I'm not such a bad lot—not really. (She stops from the over-quivering of her lips. JILL, standing beside the chair, strokes her shoulder. HILLCRIST stands very still, painfully biting at a finger. You see, my father went bankrupt, and I was in a shop till—)

HILLCRIST (Soothingly, and to prevent disclosures): Yes, yes; yes, yes!

CHLOE: I never gave a man away or did anything I was ashamed of—at least—I mean, I had to make my living in all sort of ways, and then I met Charlie.

JILL: It's all right.

CHLOE: He thought I was respectable, and that was such a relief, you can't think, so—so I let him.

JILL: Dodo! It's awful!

HILLCRIST: It is!

CHLOE: And after I married him, you see, I fell in love. If I had before, perhaps I wouldn't have dared—only, I don't know—you never know, do you? When there's a straw going, you catch at it.

JILL: Of course you do.

CHLOE: And now, you see, I'm going to have a child.

JILL (Aghast): Oh! Are you?



THEY PLAYED FOR HIGH STAKES AND CHLOE HORNBLOWER LOST—ALL BUT HER LIFE
In the effective climax to Mr. Galsworthy's play, in which "the woman pays," Charles Hornblower and Hillcrist bear in the unconscious body of Chloe who has attempted suicide.

HILLCRIST: Good God!

CHLOE (*Dully*): I've been on hot bricks all this month, ever since—that day here. I knew it was in the wind. What gets in the wind never gets out. (*She rises and throws out her arms*). Never! It just blows here and there (*desolately*) and then blows home. (*Her voice changes to resentment*.) But I've paid for being a fool—'tisn't fun, that sort of life, I can tell you. I'm not ashamed and repentant, and all that. If it wasn't for him! I'm afraid he'll never forgive me; it's such a disgrace for him—and then, to have his child! Being fond of him, I feel it much worse than anything I ever felt, and that's saying a good bit. It is.

Hillcrist agrees to tell a lie to shield the woman—to inform her husband that she had once been a clerk and had been discharged for dishonesty. At this juncture Charles Hornblower is announced and Chloe runs to the window and slips behind the curtain. Hillcrist, abetted by Jill, utters the falsehood but it doesn't carry conviction:

CHARLES (*Passionately*): Liars! (*He makes a rush for the door*.)

HILLCRIST (*Starting*): What did you say?

JILL (*Catching his arm*): Dodo! (*Sotto voce*.) We are, you know.

CHARLES (*Turning back to them*): Why do you tell me that lie, when I've just had the truth out of that little scoundrel! My wife's been here; she put you up to it. (*The face of CHLOE is seen transfixed between the curtains, parted by her hands*.) She—she put you up to it. Liar that she is—a living lie. For three years a living lie! (*HILLCRIST, whose face alone is turned towards the curtains, sees that listening face. His hand goes up from uncontrollable emotion*.) And hasn't now the pluck to tell me. I've done with her. I won't own a child by such a woman. (*With a little sighing sound CHLOE drops the curtain and vanishes*.)

HILLCRIST: For God's sake, man, think of what you're saying. She's in great distress.

CHARLES: And what am I?

JILL: She loves you, you know.

CHARLES: Pretty love! That scoundrel Dawker told me—told me—Horrible!—Horrible!

HILLCRIST: I deeply regret that our quarrel should have brought this about.

CHARLES (*With intense bitterness*): Yes, you've smashed my life. (*Unseen by them, MRS. HILLCRIST has entered and stands by the door*.)

MRS. HILLCRIST: Would you have wished to live on in ignorance? (*They all turn and look at her*.)

CHARLES (*With a writhing movement*): I don't know. But—you—you did it.

MRS. HILLCRIST: You shouldn't have attacked us.

CHARLES: What did we do to you—compared with this?

MRS. HILLCRIST: All you could.

HILLCRIST: Enough, enough! What can we do to help you?

CHARLES: Tell me where my wife is. (*JILL draws the curtains apart—the window is open—JILL looks out. They wait in silence*.)

JILL: We don't know.

CHARLES: Then she was here?

HILLCRIST: Yes, sir; and she heard you.

CHARLES: All the better if she did. She knows how I feel.

HILLCRIST: Brace up, be gentle with her.

CHARLES: Gentle? A woman who—who—

HILLCRIST: A most unhappy creature. Come!

CHARLES: Damn your sympathy! (*He goes out into the moonlight, passing away*.)

In the end Chloe attempts suicide, but is rescued by her husband. Hornblower senior reappears, defeated but vowed vengeance; and Hillcrist makes the concluding speech, "When we began this fight, we had clean hands—are they clean now? What's gentility worth if it can't stand fire?"

MUSIC, AS AN ART, IS DAWNING IN AMERICA AND DYING IN EUROPE

IN nothing more than in music is the devastating effect of war being shown in Europe, in curious contrast to which many eminent musicians see a new musical art dawning in this country. Eva Gautier, the "high priestess" of modern vocal com-

position, comes to America from Paris profoundly impressed by the atmosphere of degeneracy that pervades art and life in the French capital where the music hall shows have reached to "limits of immodesty" and "women appear on the stage



Courtesy of *Musical America*.

MME. EVA GAUTIER DEPLORES THE DOLDRUMS OF ART IN EUROPE

She reports that French music hall shows have reached the limits of immodesty and that the outlook of all the arts on the Continent is black.

frankly naked." Even at the Erick Satie Festival she was amazed at the queer types that composed the audience, tho "Satie himself is the most normal and natural sort of person." Everywhere, we are told, is the feeling of illimitable weariness. People are sad and tired and nothing appears to assuage or give them refreshment. Their outlook is black. She adds, in *Musical America*:

"The diseased spiritual condition arising from these accumulated miseries has reacted on art. Those who expected an elevation and a rebirth as a result of the war thus far have been disappointed. Excess and eccentricity are rampant, along the pre-war lines and to an even greater degree. That does not mean that much of surpassing interest may not be found. . . . The standards prevalent in Paris to-day are astoundingly low. In singing this is especially true. I heard singers who would not have the slightest chance of surviving a single

hearing in America. Yet the notion still seems to prevail that anything will do for America, that any kind of artists can be sent there with impunity. On hearing singers abroad I was impressed afresh with the enormously high critical standards existing in this country. Many a time I warned them that disaster would follow any attempt to send us anything but the best."

As to the reported feeling against foreigners in France, we are assured that it is not confined to Americans. At the Opéra Comique, for example, there exists the liveliest feeling against the performances of so many Italian works and it has been necessary to limit the number of "Bohèmes" and "Butterflies."

The same note is struck by Guy Maier, the pianist, who, with Lee Pattison, has been the recipient of unusual honors in England and on the Continent. London he found "astir with musical atmosphere,"

but France is "the most tragic place in the world, and the sad thing is that the real artists realize the truth of the situation and yet are powerless to do anything" because "the France we have loved and considered the patron of all art is becoming exceedingly provincial and not a little Chauvinistic in her attitude." Few of the Paris papers maintain critics on their staffs and these show little interest in anything but performances at the opéra.

As a relief to this picture, we find, also in *Musical America*, such French artists as Alfred Cortot, the pianist; Pierre Monteux, conductor of the Boston Symphony, and Robert Schmitz, extolling America in a Paris interview. M. Cortot thinks that there is no public so athirst for new beauty as the American:

"I do not think there is a public more eager for new beauty than that which frequents dutifully and in an almost religious spirit the concert halls of America. If sometimes one may regret that a sentimental or rhythmic banality is to be found side by side with a great

work of musical literature on a recital program, you can be certain, on the other hand, that the public is not responsible for it. In a very short time such errors will no longer be tolerated, so certain is it that American artistic ideals are being elevated and purified. The public's love of music will soon exceed its taste for virtuosity or for the virtuoso—last trace of a heritage bequeathed by the America of yesterday, of which the Americans of to-morrow are hastening to free themselves."

America seems, to Robert Schmitz, destined to play an extremely important part in the development and evolution of musical art. By means of its genius for invention and adaptation he looks to the United States to build musical instruments of a superior sonority and to realize the gradation of sounds remote and near, thanks to the synthesis of sounds already obtained by experiment. In any case, "the future of art is full of promise in the United States. Its genius is henceforth intimately bound to the development of music."

BERNARD SHAW ADMITS BEING A CLASSIC AND ASSAILS "ILLITERATE" DETRACTORS

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW, with characteristic modesty, admits that he is a classic but vehemently denies that he is a Shakespeare thief. "I," he says, "play the old game in the old way, on the old chessboard, with the old pieces, just as Shakespeare did. And the amazing fact that I have ever been mistaken for anything else but a classic is due solely to the ignorance of literature prevalent among journalists who have no time for reading, and, indeed, no taste for it: an ignorance which enables managers to mutilate, travesty, and misrepresent Shakespeare without detection or rebuke, and to impose 'The Chocolate Soldier,' in which all the young men are cads and cowards, all the old men *vieux marcheurs*, and all the women prostitutes and nymphomaniacs, on the press as a musical version of 'Arms and the Man,' tho' it has not one line or character to which I could have put my hand."

There are times, G. B. S. goes on to complain in *Hearst's*, when journalistic com-

monplace about famous authors becomes so absurd through the journalists never reading their works, and hiding their unacquaintance by a pretense of idolatry, that it becomes necessary to throw in the public face the inevitable and enormous deficiencies of all creators of imaginary worlds, whether they dramatize mere reflections in a mirror held up to nature or offer an interpretation of the purpose behind evolution. When critics, he continues, assume that the differences between Giotto and Velasquez, Cimabue and Rembrandt, Shakespeare and Ibsen, Walter Scott and Conrad, Dickens and Strindberg, Molière and Balzac, Händel and Hugo Wolf, are all superiorities for the seniors, it is time to remind the public that in some respects the work of the juniors makes the work of the seniors childish by comparison.

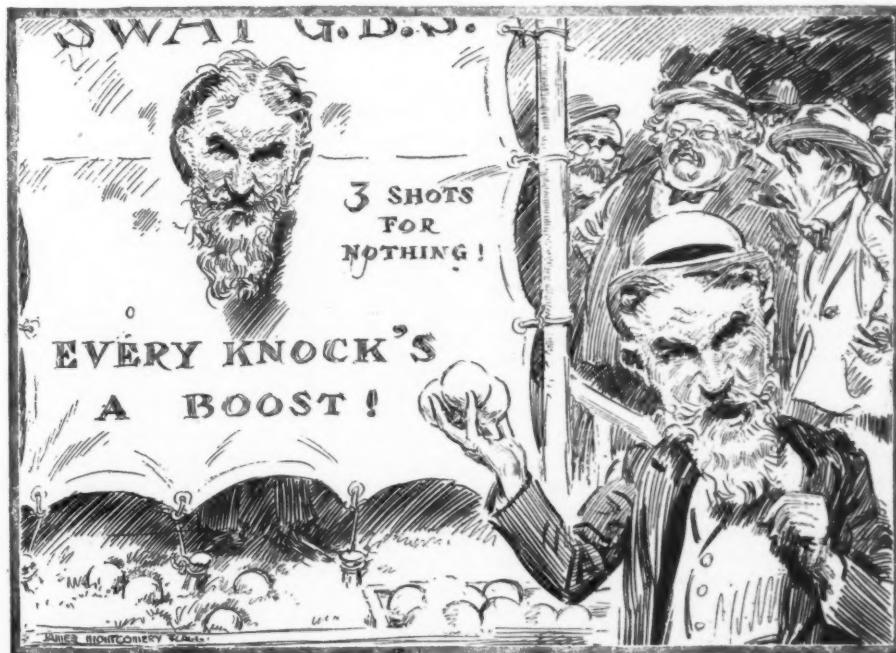
Mr. Shaw's outburst is occasioned by an article from the pen of one C. G. L. Du Cann, in the London *Arts Gazette*, entitled

"Bernard Shaw As Shakespeare Thief." Mr. Shaw rises to retort, in *Hearst's*, that it was he himself who first called attention to the fact that the so-called Shaw heroine is equally the Shakespeare heroine and, with an eye on this assailant in particular and on dramatic critics in general, he goes on to say, in extenuation of his being a classic:

"The difference between comedy and pornography, between tragedy and butchery blank verse bugaboo, does not exist for popular criticism. And the funny consequence is that when, bored by the artificial 'constructions' which supplanted genuine classic drama on the Parisian stage in the nineteenth century, I turned from the cats' cradles in which some pitiful 'situation' was nursed into the semblance of a whole play by the industrious apprentices of Scribe, and went back to Shakespeare, and finally even to the Athenian theater with its unities of time and place, the journalists, never having seen anything of the kind before, nor read a line of Shakespeare or Sophocles, classed me, first, as a Fabian who (of course) did not know a play from a pamphlet, and was totally ignorant of stagecraft, and then, when that did not work, as an innovator, an ultramodernist, a scorner of all rules and conventions, and a

revolutionary practitioner of methods hitherto unheard of in the theater. Not until the younger generation, Shavians to a man, demonstrated their Shavianity by scoffing at me as a Back Number (that being the up-to-date way to *épater le bourgeois* in the theater) and even calling me Roebuck Ramsden, did my own contemporaries come to the conclusion, after taking a full quarter-century to consider it, that 'Arms and the Man' is a classic, tho they desire it to be distinctly understood that all my later works are Futurist extravaganzas."

To the ironical assertion of the *Arts Gazette* writer that "idolaters of Shakespeare and idolaters of Shaw (including the god himself) will be equally amazed to hear that there is a good deal of Shakespeare in Bernard Shaw's plays," Shaw admits the impeachment but denies any personal amazement. As a playwright, he has simply, he says, "entered into a great inheritance from the Athenians, from Shakespeare and Molière, from Goethe, Mozart, and Wagner, and from the great novelists who came to the rescue when the stage had fallen into contempt, not to mention later legacies from Ibsen and the Russians; and I have spent this magnificent fortune prodig-



Courtesy of *Hearst's Magazine*

gally in the face of the world. Where and when have I professe'd to be the most ridiculous of frauds, a Self-made Man, that Mr. Du Cann should imagine that his

communication must amaze me? I can only pay him the ironical Irish compliment, 'You would guess eggs if you saw the shells.'

ATTEMPT TO CREATE A STAGELESS THEATER

O all the revolutions which have struck the modern theater, and all the counter-revolutions they have engendered, perhaps none is more daring than that now being instituted in Germany under the leadership of the new art movement which names itself Expressionism. The Expressionists aim to abolish the stage itself. It is difficult to imagine a theater without a stage, but that is what it comes to. The Tribune Theater in Berlin recently staged Oscar Wilde's "The Importance of Being Ernest," under the title of "Bunbury." One adverse critic speaks of this new method as an "aid to poverty-stricken managers, by means of which four chairs and a tea-table are all that is necessary to convey the impression of a drawing-room." But coming direct from a study of the theaters of Central Europe, Huntly Carter rises to the defense of the new stageless theaters in the London *Observer*:

The old dividing line between the auditorium and the stage itself, in ordinary theaters determined by the proscenium arch, is being abolished in these theaters of new times and new ideals. The actor is coming into the audience. He is becoming the center of interest instead of the setting. Everywhere in Germany, in theory and practice, Mr. Carter found "Expressionismus." To him it appeared one of the most vital and transforming movements Germany has ever experienced. The Tribune Theater in Berlin and Max Reinhardt's Grosse Schauspielhaus are but different phases of this movement. At the Vienna Burgtheater, the Residenz and Schauspielhaus in Munich, the Altes Theater in Leipzig, he found Shakespeare being reinterpreted by new expressionist methods designed to bring out the true sense, meaning and significance of each play. Mr. Carter is sure that this new staging will bear fruit in England and America. He explains more fully how plays may be acted without rely-

ing upon the conventional scenery and the traditional stage:

"To the significant German author and producer it is no longer a question whether the stage should mold the play, or the play mold the stage. To them the stage is no longer a stage but the world. Man is no longer reflected in the phenomenal world, but the phenomenal world is man himself, if I may put it that way. Man comprises everything within himself. Hence man must take the center of the stage without accompaniments of any sort. In other words, it is the business of the author, producer and actor to express the new man-of-meaning. Obviously this points to the rise of the actor and the decline of decoration—in Germany at any rate."

The leading dramatist of the Expressionist movement is Karl Schönheer. He is a Tyrolean and one of the leading Austrian writers of the day. He possesses a strong theatrical instinct. Usually in his plays there are two combating parties who fight each other with vigor, vehemence and lack of consideration to the bitter end. Says the Vienna correspondent of the London *Observer*:

"Many consider his extraordinarily successful tragedy, 'Faith and Home,' his strongest work. It depicts the struggle between the Reformation and Counter-Reformation in the Tyrol of the sixteenth century, while his modern peasant-comedy, 'The Soil,' seems the finest and most characteristic. Of late Schönheer has turned to sex problems, and scored a great success with 'The Devil Woman,' a rather crude but interesting five-act love drama with only three persons. Also his latest production, 'Children's Tragedy,' has only three persons: two young brothers and their still younger sister, who find out that their mother has a lover. The tragedy of the barren married woman is portrayed in 'Frau Suitner.' Because of his outspokenness, Schönheer is bitterly attacked by the Catholic clergy and in Germany, at Munich and Cologne, which are Catholic centers, the performances of his 'Devil Woman,' causing nasty controversies and scandals."

FREAKS OF FASHION AMONG PHYSICIANS AND PATIENTS

ADENOIDS are still cut out of children with the idea that the operation will make them "smarter" but there is not such a craze as there was for taking the appendix away. Tonsils are still cut all over the Anglo-Saxon world and there has developed a sort of craze for sticking needles into people so that they may not get this disease or that. Vaccine therapy seems likely to develop the next medical craze. Baths of one sort or another comprised most of the medical crazes of the ancients. They even dipped smallpox patients into milk. In the middle ages the medical craze was for dancing, twisting, leaping and running. These practices were supposed to put an end to all kinds of human ills, leprosy included. These things were long ago, just as they are now, freaks of fashion among physicians and patients. In the words of the London *Lancet*:

"The medical profession is no more immune than any other section of the population to the influence of fashion, and this is to be expected, for medicine is not an exact science, while every trial along unexplored paths may lead to fortunate issue. If a path looks promising, as long as medical art cannot provide relief for all the ills that flesh inherits, many will go down it. When a therapeutic measure is employed for a series of years, and then is dropped suddenly, the explanation is that at last, and by common consent, it is recognized that that particular path is leading nowhere. The application of hot oil to the stump after amputation was employed for generations because surgeons had appreciated that heat was the right way in some circumstances to prevent severe septic complications; then Ambroise Paré succeeded in proving, almost against his own opinion, that many patients did much better to whom this heroic treatment had not been applied. As a routine treatment hot oil was dropped, but the value of the cauterity in some cases is still acknowledged. Venesection had endured for more than 2000 years as the only, or at least the best, method of dealing with inflammatory processes, until the failure of bleeding in the case of some epidemics became demonstrable, and even then the first idea to occur to the conservative mind was that there had been a change in the constitution of the populace."

This practice of cutting veins open persisted among physicians and patients. It was the "thing." Within the memory of some of our fathers most hospitals used to have a "cupper" who came daily to carry out the instructions which had been left by the physicians or surgeons. As recently as sixty years ago some hospital calendars contained the name of the copper. At last the tide of fashion turned. Intelligent experience of pneumonia put an end to the practice of "venesection" for inflammatory conditions. Pierre Louis showed statistically nearly a hundred years ago that the results obtained by less heroic methods surpassed those afforded by bloodletting. The pendulum has swung back too far in the opinion of the great London organ of the medical profession. There is little doubt that the therapeutic value of venesection is underestimated. In the use of leeches there has likewise been a wondrous change of fashion. In the early part of the last century over twenty thousand leeches were used in one hospital alone. Nowadays there are comparatively few left in the hospitals altho there are wise physicians who employ them to control inflammation.

"The popularity of drugs with the members of the medical profession also varies greatly; it is due to the blind following of fashion that the use of drugs fell into disrepute, whence the efforts of learned pharmacologists like the late Thomas Fraser have begun to rescue it. Sarsaparilla, especially in the form of the compound decoction, at one time had an enormous reputation; no small number of surgeons considered that it was as valuable in the treatment of syphilis as mercury itself. Sarsaparilla is now more appreciated by the customers of the herbalist than by anyone else. Yet the drug can not be utterly without therapeutic value, even if it was formerly rated too high. Being quite unable to live up to its entire claims, it has lost credit completely, and its neglect may be an error. Arsenic, one of our most valuable pharmaceutical weapons, has been affected strangely by the passage of time, for while its real uses escaped knowledge, its possible uses were grossly exaggerated by repetition and laudation. It was well known in some of its forms to ancient medicine, and we find it ex-

tensively employed in the Middle Ages. In the latter half of the eighteenth century it was in great repute for the treatment of malaria. Early in the nineteenth century it began to be used widely for the treatment of skin diseases, and the idea has been firmly implanted in the public mind that there are two infallible drugs for the treatment of affections of the skin, sulphur externally and arsenic internally. A reaction has long since set in, and the use of arsenic by dermatologists has diminished. In *The Lancet* recently we reported a meeting of

the Therapeutic Society of Paris in which the claims of arsenic for skin affections were declared to be absolutely without foundation, and this belief is shared by many authorities in this country. But there remain, perhaps, as many who, having had great experience in this department of practice, value the drug highly, and maintain that it is of excellent result if properly given. While the medicinal preparations of arsenic are thus losing hold, the organic arsenic compounds are becoming our routine weapon against syphilis."

THE ADVENTUROUS SIDE OF THE ZOOLOGIST'S LIFE

A ZOOLOGIST is an interpreter of the known facts about animals, and while much of his work is in the library, the most important part of it may be done in the open. He must, if necessary, risk his life in the haunts of the lion and the tiger, the elephant and the hippopotamus. On its practical side the life of the zoologist may seem to have no more dignity than that of a menagerie man. That is when we find him traveling through the wilds of Asia and Africa with young elephants, giraffs, hippopotami and tigers, to say nothing of crocodiles and reptiles. This is science most fantastically garbed. Traveling mostly by night the caravan is the twentieth century version of Noah's ark and it costs much more in money. It may have been out on its expedition for nearly two years. The zoologist in charge must be practical and theoretical and ever on his guard against catastrophe resulting from ignorance of the habits of his charges. Against flood and fire no remedy avails. A flood overwhelmed a huge caravan of wild animals of all kinds recently in Turkestan and the fruits of many weary months of labor were destroyed in a half hour. The pursuit of zoology is far from being a money-making pursuit. But it has its compensations. Professor A. S. Pearse, of the University of Wisconsin, speaks of these in *School and Society*.

"What a scientist, and particularly a zoologist, has as a reward for choosing poverty is freedom—for gaining a place among his own kind, for thought, for spreading ideas, for new

discoveries. To those with scientific instincts, nothing could pay for the loss of this. The minister has the satisfaction of doing good, but is a slave to his creed; a lawyer may be great and good, but in the last analysis makes his living from the troubles of his fellows; the physician does good and makes money, but leads a harassed life at the beck and call of his patients; the banker has easy hours, may do good and become wealthy, but must lead a mean, penny-pinching, sordid existence at best. To those who prize free minds—Ho for the life of the scientist! Poverty be-withstood!"

The men who take to this field of applied science, observes a writer in *Chamber's Journal*, must have the instincts of the naturalist and those of the zoologist blended, they must know how to make accurate observations under the greatest difficulties, they must know how to preserve specimens of rare animals which are rapidly being exterminated. The zoologist must invade the jungle and the desert, encounter many difficulties and suffer many disappointments. Giraffs are peculiarly difficult to obtain. They are rare, and are becoming more so year by year. They are also exceedingly timid and swift-footed. It can scarcely be said that there is any fixed method of capturing giraffs. Almost every possible way has been attempted—usually in vain. The most successful method is by using a long cord, at each end of which is a round weight. When the hunter has succeeded in getting sufficiently near his game he throws the cord in such a manner that it winds round

the beast's legs, rendering him incapable of escaping before he can be otherwise restrained. It is a difficult feat to accomplish, even when the giraf allows the hunter to approach comparatively close; and the transport difficulty is also a serious one. Most girafs seen in captivity have been caught by chance when quite young.

In the case of big beasts, with hardly an exception, the young are taken. A large wild beast is difficult to hold, to say nothing of transporting it. No zoologist has ever recruited an adult hippopotamus, and the probability is that if a zoologist ever accomplished the feat he would be sorry for it soon. Hippopotamus calves are difficult enough to deal with when they are in their infancy:

"Pitfalls are dug for the hippopotamus, which has the habit of allowing its young to trot along in front of it instead of behind, so that it can have its eye open to any danger to its offspring. The young creature appears to vanish into the earth, through the branches which cover the pit, and the terrified mother turns and bolts. Then, always supposing that he can annex his prize before a lion or a leopard strips its bones, the hunter has his

work cut out to get the weighty youngster out of the pit. A noose is passed over the neck and the forelegs, and the legs are bound securely together. Then a sloping pathway is dug out of the pit, and the baby hippo, a weight of about half a ton, is hauled upon a stout litter through the bush to the nearest river, where it continues its journey on a native barge. The hippopotamus is malicious and dangerous from the day of its birth, and becomes reconciled to captivity only after many months."

The growing scarcity of the specimens in every department of zoology has led to the formation of large preserves in the wilds of Africa in charge of experts. There is no wild animal which it is not possible to tame partially and bring into captivity if it be given grazing ground and water in plenty. The practical zoologist in charge has his assistants who venture into the enclosures and stroll among the animals until they have become accustomed to the sight of human beings. As soon as the natural shyness of the beasts has been overcome they are herded into smaller paddocks, where any peculiarities they have are noted. In this way the zoological gardens are assured of receiving healthy specimens. Never before have these beasts been



Photograph from Brown Brothers.

A DEMONSTRATION OF THE NEW ZOOLOGY

The elephant does not know that he has been the object of the closest scrutiny not only by the man who paid six thousand dollars for him but by the rough-looking but learned zoologist who in this crowd is indistinguishable from the undistinguished mob—altho when he publishes his studies he will be degreed by the universities and called "Doctor" and "Professor." The elephant will be called Rajah or Jumbo.

in such demand. Every "zoo" is crying out for animals. They had had no new stock for years and many valuable beasts have been lost through lack of zoological data on the subject of their habits and their food.

A zoologist who engages in the capture of animals must have muscles of iron, the training as a scientist, a heart of oak and the digestion of an ostrich. He must be a man worthy to rank among the renowned explorers of old. In the language of Pro-

fessor Pearse, "A zoologist must train for his work by keeping himself in 'condition'—mentally and physically. The milestones on the road to success are marked 'Sacrifice' and 'Hard Work.' Toward the end of the way often 'Poverty' and sometimes 'Satisfaction,' or even 'Success,' may appear. One who does not have some of the enthusiasm of the crusader, the pirate, and the explorer should not become a zoologist."

PLANTS ARE NOT AS LAZY AS THEY SEEM

NEARLY all the delusions on the subject of plant life are established in the popular mind by the poets—especially the great poets. Shakespeare is one instance. He speaks of the fat weed that roots itself at ease on Lethe wharf, altho the weed leads a most active and energetic life. This explains why the weed ousts so many other plants from our fields. It is a most energetic pest, as gardeners know. It will have to be admitted, concedes Professor J. Arthur Thomson in *The New Statesman* (London), that, compared with most animals, plants do seem to lead a very sleepy life. They do a great deal of work, especially in the manufacture of chemical explosives and in raising a mass of foliage against gravity, but it is done in a sleepy sort of way. So it seems at least. Nevertheless, we can only guess at the inner life of plants. We do not know yet how to get into touch with them. Perhaps it may be said that we know more about the chemistry and physics of plants than we know about their biology, while of their psychology we know just nothing at all, altho we can make guesses and draw inferences.

This being so, it is of great interest to study plants when they awaken a little to agency, when they bestir themselves to answer back in visible movement.

"How often we have sat on the dry hillside where the rock-roses (*Helianthemum*) spread out their flowers in the blaze of the sunshine, closing up when a cloud comes, and touched the central crowd of stamens with the tip of our little finger to see them all bend outwards to the periphery. There is something pleasant

in knowing that this movement takes place naturally when the stamens are stimulated by the legs of the appropriate insect-visitor, and that dusting with pollen is thereby effected. But there is another pleasure in following the deliberate outward movement, which occurs only in the warmth of the sun. It brings the plant nearer to us, this answer-back. The same sort of wakening up is seen when we touch with a bristle the inner side of the base of the stamens of the barberry in the hedge or the related *Mahonia* in the garden—there is a movement inwards to the pistil. How often we have lingered by the side of the stream to touch with a hair the bilobed stigma of the golden *Mimulus*, to see it close its lips. There is something pleasant in the fitness of the movement, for in natural conditions it serves to make sure of the pollen grain which has landed between the lips; but there is here also another pleasure, a glimpse of the unity of life, the touch of Nature that makes the whole world kin."

The margins of the glistening leaves of the butterwort curl in a little on the captured insects, and a similar response reaches a very high degree of perfection in the well-known Venus's fly-trap of the peat bogs of North Carolina. The blade of the leaf bears on each half three sensitive jointed bristles which stand up vertically. When these are touched—the trigger has usually to be pulled twice—the two halves of the leaf fold quickly together, and the marginal teeth interlock like those of a rat-trap. Then follow the processes of secretion, digestion and absorption that make this fly-trap so much like an animal's stomach. There are many suggestive details such as Sir John Burdon

Sanderson's discovery that the closing movement of the leaf is accompanied by an electrical change similar to that associated with the contraction of one of our muscles. There is an even subtler suggestion in the fact that if the fly-trap is cheated several times in succession with useless touches—for example, of pieces of paper which bring no booty—it refuses for a brief period to answer back:

"This looks like the dawn of memory, and, if it is, it matters little that the flytraps' memory should be a very short one. We do not need to go to Carolina to get a striking example of a plant's power of answering back, for the sundew on the bog-moss carpet is all that we could wish. Its leaves are covered with 'tentacles,' each with a viscid drop on its tip. When an insect gets a leg entangled in the secretion and begins to struggle, other tentacles are stimulated and more juice is exuded. As the news travels through the leaf all the tentacles curve inwards and close down upon the

victim. Secretion of a peptonizing ferment follows and then digestion and then absorption; after a while the leaf returns to the normal state of expectancy. We have repeated Darwin's experiments showing how exquisitely sensitive the tentacles are to the least trace of a nitrogenous salt in a drop of water.

"One of the reasons for the relative sluggishness of plants is that the protoplast of the vegetable cell is encysted by its cell-wall of cellulose. Like the medieval knight, as has been aptly said, its movements are checked by its protective armor. And yet, in addition to the cases we have referred to, how much mobility there is, especially in young and actively growing parts. As Darwin first noted, the tip of the growing seedling moves slowly round, bending and bowing to the different points of the compass, and roots move as well as shoots. Leaves rise and fall, flowers open and close, with the waxing and waning light of day, and tendrils are exquisitely sensitive to the touch of the support round which they coil themselves. When we add everything up, plants are much less stationary than they seem."

THE TRAGEDY OF THE DRONE AND WHY HE MUST SUBMIT TO IT

THAT well known entomologist, Doctor Canning Williams, was once lecturing to some wounded soldiers on the subject of the honey bee and in the course of his remarks he invited them to guess how many worker bees it would take to weigh an ounce. "Ten," said one. "Twenty," cried another. Then a bold spirit ventured to shout "fifty." All laughed derisively. "If you were to multiply the last guess by six," observed Doctor Williams, "you would not be far wrong." In fact, an ounce of worker bees consists of about three hundred, and the same weight of drones about a hundred. In other words, the male bee weighs three times as much as his sister.

He who examines a strong colony of bees in the height of the summer season will find a countless number of workers, a few hundreds or thousands of drones and a queen. If the same person were so unwise as to look into the same hive in the winter, he would see the countless workers and the queen, but he would search in vain for the drones. What has become of the males?

Before answering this question, Doctor Williams, writing in *Chambers's Journal*, thinks it would clarify matters to state a few facts connected with the economy of the hive:

"As the days begin to lengthen, the queen-bee deposits worker-eggs in some of the cells of the central combs, and as the weather grows warmer, and flowers shyly peep above the sod, nectar and pollen are brought into the busy domicile in ever-increasing quantities. This stimulates the queen to greater egg-production, until, by the end of April, her output (given favorable weather conditions) may reach between two and three thousand in the course of twenty-four hours. In spite of the high mortality among the workers at this season, the population of the hive goes up at a great rate. The queen, who has hitherto neglected the drone-cells (which are usually constructed at the bottom of the combs), now places eggs in some of them, and in about twenty-four days from the time of her doing so each of the baby-drones gnaws away the capping of its prison, and, pale in color and weak in leg, struggles out and joins the bustling throng.

"The male inhabitants of the hive are quite

harmless, for they have no sting or other weapon of defence or offence; neither are they provided with apparatus for secreting wax or gathering nectar. But they are possessed of great strength, large appetites, a wonderful power of flight, and marvelous eyes. It has been calculated that the eyes of a worker contain 12,000 hexagonal lenses or facets, and those of a drone 26,000. It is impossible for the human mind to conceive the power of sight which such an amazing complexity of vision confers upon this lowly creature."

About a fortnight after his birth the drone ventures into the light of day and tries his wings near the hive, at the same time making a mental note of its exact position. Gradually he gains confidence, until the radius of his excursions may extend to several miles. He is a born aristocrat. When the weather is dull or cold he stays at home, helping himself freely to the sweets his toiling sisters have won. On warm days he sallies forth, his trumpet hum drowning the weaker voices of the working throng. He scours the air, those magnificent eyes of his, which can see in all directions, scanning the azure fields within his ken. He is a lover seeking his lass, a king who would marry and confer upon his consort the dignity of queen and motherhood. But for every princess bee who wants a mate, there are hundreds—even thousands—of suitors and little does the drone dream of the price he must pay if he secures his mate. But we must hark back to the hive for a moment. It has by this time become so full of bees, brood, honey and pollen, that the queen can scarcely find an empty cell to receive an egg. Her thwarted mother instinct produces in her a condition of excitement, aggravated by the fact that several young queens are being reared, one of which is destined to take her place:

"The workers, too, have also got into a feverish state, for they have difficulty in finding places in which to store their hard-won booty. At last matters reach a climax. The congested condition of the colony can be cured in only one way—by wholesale emigration. So, in the middle of a bright, warm day, the workers, throwing off for once all sense of responsibility, pour out of the hive in a living stream, until the air seems filled with bees, and one wonders how wing-room can be found for so great a crowd. Presently the queen comes out, and, having no desire for aerial capering, alights upon some

object near by—the branch of a tree, for instance—and soon a number of her subjects gather round her. The cluster rapidly grows, until a solid mass of bees, perhaps 20,000 strong, depends from the bough. It is a 'swarm'—the gathering of the emigrants prior to taking wing for a new home; but before they set out on their journey the apiarist appears upon the scene and captures them."

Very few drones accompany a swarm. Their instinct leads them to remain in the parent hive where the young queens are being reared. A few days after the mighty exodus, the first princess emerges from her specially constructed cell.

"If the bees have no intention of throwing off a second swarm, they allow her to wreak her murderous will upon her sisters; the cells are torn open by the jealous creature, and their hapless inmates stung to death. For a few days the virgin queen explores the combs, rubbing shoulders with the workers and the drones, who appear to ignore her presence absolutely; and then, enticed by the sunlight and impelled by strange stirrings within her, she takes from the portals of the hive a timid view of the outside world. Presently she rises gracefully on her wings, but after a short flight returns to safety. Half-an-hour later she may essay another trip, venturing a little farther abroad. She repeats these experimental flights for a day or two, each time increasing the distance of her excursions; and then, when about a week old, and provided that the weather is propitious, she embarks upon the greatest adventure of her existence—her nuptial flight."

Away she goes, in ever widening spirals, until she disappears from human view, but not from the view of the drones, which from all directions go in search of the damsel. Twenty, fifty, possibly a thousand competitors enter the race, the strongest and fleetest soon drawing away from the others until perhaps not more than a dozen are in close pursuit. The princess must not exhaust her energy because she has to return home. Suddenly turning, she yields herself to one of the foremost suitors. Almost the next instant the drone having fulfilled the object of his existence, falls dying to the ground:

"One moment full of life, of ardor, of eager expectancy, the next suffering the agony of a mortal wound! The kiss of love followed by the sting of death!

"If in the course of her wedding-flight the queen has circled back to near her starting-place, it sometimes happens that the expiring drone is just able to struggle home, as is proved by the fact that his ruptured body is occasionally discovered near the hive he left. (I have myself picked up a dead drone in this condition.) A few bee-keepers have actually seen the mating of a queen and the death of the drone, and in 'The A B C and X Y Z of Bee-Culture'—an American book—several accounts of it are given by eye-witnesses whose credibility is undisputed.

"While the queen is away on her wedding-trip (in my experience, it usually occupies about twenty minutes) the workers show some anxiety, and when the bride-widow returns she is met by a number of them, who immediately follow her into the hive, manifesting in their behavior indications of delight. The one act of fertilization suffices for the queen's life, in the course of which she may lay, at a very moderate estimate, more than half-a-million eggs."

Why are so many drones brought into existence? Why has nature meted out so cruel a fate to the one that fertilizes the queen? A famous bee student, Huber, answers the first question: "As fecundation cannot be accomplished within the hive, and as the queen is obliged to traverse

the expanse of the atmosphere, it is requisite that the males should be numerous that she may have the chance of meeting some one of them in her flight. Were only two or three in each hive, there would be little probability of their departure at the same instant with the queen, or that they would meet her in her excursions; and most of the females might thus remain sterile."

To the second question there is also a satisfying answer according to Doctor Williams, and it is this: "It is essential for the safety of the queen, and therefore for the prosperity of the commonwealth over which she is to reign, that her stay in the air should not be delayed. She might be blown out of her course by a sudden wind, or beaten to earth, wet-winged and chilled, by a storm of rain, or possibly fall a prey to a passing bird. The long chase of the queen, in which drones from several hives usually take part, renders in-breeding unlikely, and also tests the stamina of the competitors. These objects attained, and in view of the dangers I have mentioned, it is clearly a wise provision of nature that the process of sterilization should be as brief as possible."

THE "WEAK WILL" FALLACY IN TREATING THE DRUG ADDICT

In their desperation and ignorance, the vast majority of drug addicts have repeatedly exercised will-power in self-denial of their drug to the limits of their physical endurance. They knew the futility and suffering of attempts based solely upon the exercise of will-power. Such is the matured opinion of the well-known expert on the narcotic problem, Doctor Ernest S. Bishop, who has studied habit-forming drugs and their victims for years.* Experience, he declares, has taught drug addicts actual facts concerning the physical action and the results of insufficient supply of narcotic drugs. The addict knows he does not take a drug because he enjoys it. He knows that he experiences no sensuous gratification or other pleasure from its

administration. He knows that he uses a narcotic drug simply to escape incompetence and physical agony.

Almost without exception, the narcotic addict has proceeded of his own accord or under the direction and advice of others, upon the theory of exercising will-power and resisting temptation. With the few exceptions of those made in a very early stage such efforts have been useless. This, Dr. Bishop admits, is not the popular conception and may be by some regarded as heresy.

The hopelessness of the "drug addict" situation—and it grows more hopeless instead of less so—is due to the failure of legislators and sociologists to understand that the addict does not want his drug for his satisfaction, for the indulgence of a vicious propensity, but because, through

*THE NARCOTIC DRUG PROBLEM. By Ernest S. Bishop, M. D. New York: The Macmillan Company.

some combination of circumstances or in consequence of a "case history," his body requires it:

"As to the existing opinion that the addict does not want to be cured, and that while under treatment he cannot be trusted and will not co-operate, but will secretly secure and use his drug—I can only quote from my personal experience with these cases. During my early attempts with the commonly known and too frequently routinely followed procedures of sudden deprivation, gradual reduction and special or specific treatment, etc., my patients, beginning with the best intentions in the world, often tried to beg, steal or get in any possible way the drug of their addiction. Like others, I placed the blame on their supposed weakness of will and lack of determination to get rid of their malady. Later I realized the fact that the blame rested almost entirely upon the shoulders of my medical inefficiency and my lack of understanding and ability to observe and interpret. The narcotic addict as a rule will co-operate and will suffer if necessary to the limit of his endurance."

Abundant evidence of all this is afforded by the many drug addicts who have maintained for years a personal, social and economic efficiency—their affliction unknown and unsuspected. Such cases are not widely known but there are surprisingly many of them. When one of them be-

comes known, his success in handling his condition and its problems is generally ascribed to his "will"—to his being on a higher moral and mental plane than are his fellow sufferers. The facts in such cases, according to Dr. Bishop, are that instead of being men of unusual stamina and determination, they are simply men who have used their reasoning ability. They have tried various methods of cure without success. They have realized the shortcomings and inadequacy of the usual understanding and treatment of their condition. Being average practical men, and making the best of the inevitable, they have made careful and competent study of their own cases and have achieved sufficient familiarity with the actions of their opiate upon them and their reactions to the opiate to keep themselves in functional balance and competency and control. "The success of these people is not due to determined moderation in the indulgence of a morbid appetite. It is due to their ability to discover facts; to their wisdom in the application of common-sense to what they discover; and to rational procedure in the carrying out of conclusions reached through their experiences. They have simply learned to manage their disease so as to avoid complications."

BERGSON ON THE BLOTCHES AND FLASHES OF WHICH OUR DREAMS ARE MADE

LEAVE us close our eyes and see what is going on, suggests Professor Henri Bergson, of the French Academy. Most people would say that when we have closed our eyes there is nothing going on. That is because they are not carefully attending. First, notes Bergson, there is a black background. Then appear color blotches, sometimes dull, sometimes of singular brilliancy. These spots spread and shrink, changing form and tone, constantly shifting. The change may be slow and gradual or it may be extremely rapid.* Whence come these changing spots?

Physiologists and others have described them as "light-dust," "ocular spectra," and "phosphenes." They attribute the appearances to the slight modifications which are ceaselessly taking place in the circulation of blood in the retina or to the pressure which the closed lid exerts upon the eyeball, causing a mechanical excitation of the optic nerve. The full explanation of the facts and the name we give them matter little. The appearances are common experiences and they are no doubt "such stuff as dreams are made on." A number of years ago M. Alfred Maury and at about the same time the Marquis of Hervey of St. Denis observed that these color-blotches of fluid appearance may solidify at the mo-

* MIND-ENERGY. By Henri Bergson, of the French Academy. Translated by H. Wildon Carr. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

ment of falling asleep, thus shaping objects which are going to compose the dream. The observation was open to suspicion, as it was the work of men who were almost asleep. More recently, an American expert in this subject, Professor Ladd of Yale, devised a more rigorous method, but difficult to apply, because it requires a sort of training. It consists in keeping the eyes closed on awaking, and retaining for some moments the dream about to take flight—flight from the field of vision and also, probably, from that of memory. At that moment we may see the objects of the dream dissolve into phosphenes, become melted into the colored spots which the eye really perceived when the lids were closed.

"We are reading, let us say, a newspaper; that is the dream. We wake up, and of the newspaper with its printed lines there is now a white spot with vague black rays; that is the reality. Or the dream is carrying us through the open sea—all around us the ocean spreads its gray waves crowned with white foam. We awake, and all is lost in a blotch of pale gray, sown with brilliant points. The blotch was there, the brilliant points were there too. There was, therefore, present to our perception during our sleep, *a light-dust* and this dust served for the fabrication of the dream."

Besides these visual sensations, the source of which is internal, there are some which have an external cause. The eyelids may be closed, but the eyes can still distinguish light from shade, and even, to a certain extent, recognize the nature of the light. The sensations evoked by the stimulus of a real light are the origin of many dreams. A candle suddenly lighted may evoke in a sleeper, if his slumber be not too deep, a group of visions dominated by the idea of fire. A recent investigator recounts instances. B. dreams that the theater of Alexandria is on fire. The flames light up the whole place. At once he is transported in vision to the fountain in the public square. A line of fire is running along the chains which connect the great posts placed around the basin. Now he is back in Paris at the great exhibition, which is afire. He is taking part in terrible scenes. He wakes up with a start. His eyes were catching the beam of light thrown by the dark lantern which the

hospital nurse going her round had flashed towards his bed in passing. Such are the dreams which a bright light may suddenly provoke.

In natural sleep, then, our senses are by no means closed to external impressions. No doubt, they no longer have the same precision but in compensation they are open to many "subjective" impressions which pass unperceived during waking, when we are moving in an external world common to all men, and which reappear in sleep because we are then living only for ourselves. We can not even say that our perception is narrowed when we are sleeping. If anything, it extends, at least in certain directions, its field of operation. It is true that it loses in tension what it gains in extension. It brings hardly anything but what is diffused and confused. None the less, it is out of real sensation that we fabricate the dream: "How do we fabricate it? The sensations which serve as material are vague and indefinite. Let us take those which figure on the first plane, the colored blotches which float before us when we have closed our eyes. Here are some black lines upon a white background. They can represent a carpet, a chessboard, a printed page, or a host of other things. Who will choose? What is the form which will imprint its decision upon the indecision of the material? The form is memory."

One can trace through the dream, according to that able psychologist, Professor W. B. Pillsbury of the University of Michigan, the influence of striking events of the preceding day—memory again:^{*}

"Thus, cold feet may induce a dream of walking barefoot through snow; a dog shaking the bed may start a dream of a storm at sea. The images which persist from the preceding day are said by Freud to be the point of origin for all dreams. Both sensory stimuli and these persisting impressions are ordinarily much transformed. 'A woman who has been carving a duck at dinner dreams of cutting off a duck's leg, but seems to realize that it is her husband's head she is hacking at.' These transformations are usually brought about by associations, sometimes verbal, more frequently through events that have been connected in time or place."

* The Essentials of Psychology. By W. B. Pillsbury. New York: Macmillan.

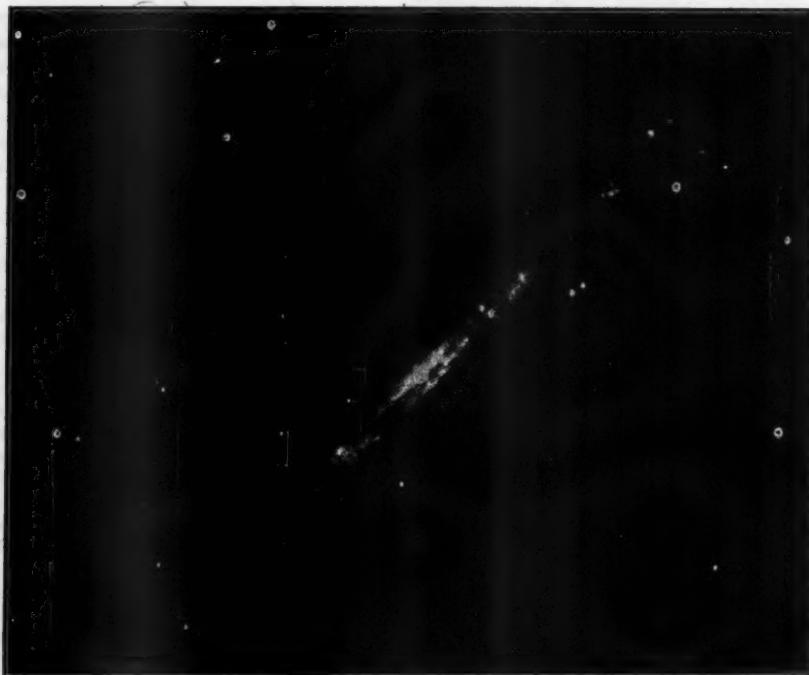
THE CATASTROPHES BEHIND THE APPEARANCE OF A NEW STAR

PERHAPS the most important astronomical event of the year now drawing to its close was the appearance of the "new" star in the constellation Cygnus—a star which has evoked a lively discussion in the Academy of Sciences at Paris because it seems to vindicate the theories of those astronomers who are sure that a tremendous celestial catastrophe is behind these manifestations.

As recently as fifty years ago, says the eminent French physicist, Professor Charles Nordmann, the layman and the astronomer both looked with amazement at the outburst of a new star. It seemed always to emerge dramatically out of nothing. Men are not accustomed to behold Nature working so abruptly, altho modern science has exploded the tradition that she makes

no leaps. It was supposed that the stars were for the most part "fixed." But here too the modern investigator has taught us that even the fixed stars are less fixed than they seem. Some of them diminish in brilliance or size through the ages and others seem to wax and swell like young things. Others still, and they comprise the majority of the "variable" stars, undergo modifications of their brilliance—oscillations, fluctuations, whatever they are to be called. Hence the astronomer is more prepared than the layman for such a spectacular event as the flashing forth of a bright star where none was known before. Such a stranger in the heavens is called a "new" star—a Nove.

New stars were not unknown to the ancients and they continued to thrill the



From *Popular Astronomy*

THE END—NOT THE BEGINNING—OF A WORLD

If we adhere to the nebular hypothesis of Laplace, we shall believe that this queer shape in the sky will be a world, but the suspicion nowadays is that it was once a world.

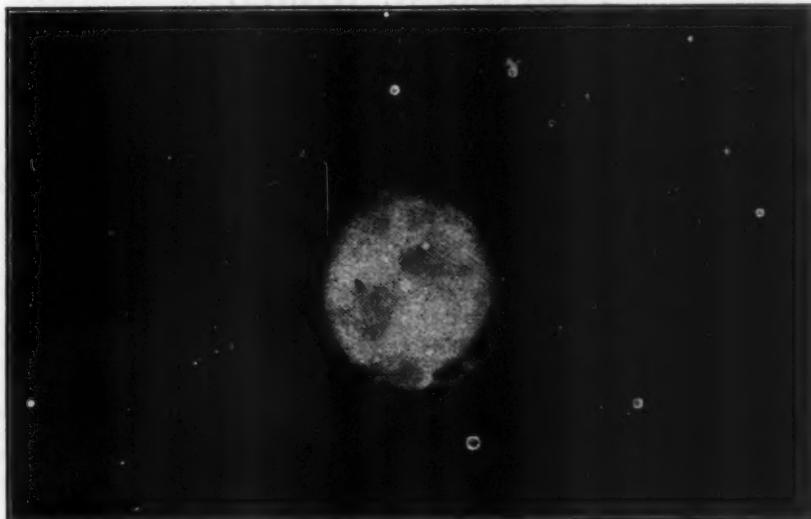
astronomers of the middle ages. Quite a list of them had accumulated by the time the twentieth century dawned. The first "nova" discovered by the eye in our century was that of the constellation Perseus, which for a short time was brighter in the sky than all the other lights in the northern heavens. It is still visible as a star of about the fourteenth magnitude. Its color, its light and its spectrum have been made the subject of works more controversial than illuminating, for there is a great mystery still in all this. It was shown not long after the appearance of the new star in Perseus that it seemed to be rushing away from the stars in its group or, if this be too strong a way to put it, the speed of the stranger was so great as to approach that of light. Now, the greatest speeds measured in astronomy do not reach a thousand miles a second. They are observed in the spiral nebulae. The speeds established for the irruptive explosions out of the solar atmosphere are less than these. The cathode rays, however, have revealed the possibility of material emission at a speed approaching that of light. It has been suggested that the amazing appearance attending the

arrival of the new star in Perseus might be due to Hertzian waves, which travel with the speed of light and which can illuminate rarefied gas.

When the new star in Cygnus was discovered it was not of the fourth magnitude, but it gained in brilliance and then began to fade. The Academy of Science at Paris was favored the other day with the spectroscopic studies of this nova by Professor Deslandres of the observatory at Meudon. The study of these will develop various things. For instance, the wave length of a spectral line depends on the speed of the luminous source. Says Professor Nordmann in the *Revue des deux Mondes*:

"If we happen to be on the platform of a railroad station and an express train at top speed runs through with no pause in the hiss or whistle of the locomotive, this fact will be observed—the sound of the locomotive whistle, relatively piercing as it drew near, suddenly changed its tone and became much heavier or more subdued when it passed and drew off to the distance.

"The cause is simple. The height of a sound or tone depends upon the length of the sound waves. The waves sent forth by a double bass are much longer than those of a violin. The notes of a cornet are longer than those of a



From *Popular Astronomy*

THE OWL

This type of nebula presents itself in aspects justifying the theory that it was once a so-called "nova" or new star that melted away.

trombone. A locomotive whistle emits sound waves of a certain length. If it happen that the locomotive comes towards us very quickly, at the same rate as that of the sound waves it is sending towards us, the length of these waves will be diminished just so much. The speed of the locomotive pursues them after a fashion, it compresses them, pushes them towards us.

"If, on the contrary, the locomotive is going away from us, the sound waves that come to us from its whistle will be somewhat spread out, for the speed of the locomotive draws away from them and tends to dilate them, to lengthen them."

What happens to sound waves happens also to light waves. Hence it is that the lines which in the spectrum are characteristic of a given element are somewhat displaced towards the violet end—shorter light waves—or towards the red—longer waves—according to whether the source of light is coming towards us or going away from us. Thanks to this fact, the spectroscope makes it possible to decide whether a celestial body is coming or going and the

rate of speed involved, and the quantity of the mass in motion.

It would seem from these and other consideration that this latest of the new stars is projecting through space an abundance of gaseous clouds or emanations at different speeds. Moreover, it is established that in the spectrum of this nova there are lines characteristic of the nebulae. It is a general rule with these new stars that gradually, as they fade, their spectrum changes its character and always in the same way. The heavy band of the spectrum grows weaker, the bright lines grow more definite and in the end appear the lines that characterize the nebulae. It would seem then that these new stars always end by becoming nebular. This is an evolution just the reverse of that of the cosmognonies which, like that of Laplace, make the stars come out of the nebulae, and this is not the least important of the paradoxical facts that emerge from the study of these puzzling new stars.

THE ELIMINATION OF MYSTERY FROM THE MATERIAL WORLD

FROM this world "mystery," in any real sense, has been banished. It is true, concedes the illustrious chemist who says this, Professor Frederick Soddy, that our knowledge of matter and of energy is in many respects far from complete. Still, in this field we can move with an assurance and a power of predicting events which is true of no other realm of study. It is true also that the absolute or ultimate truth here as elsewhere may be forever unattainable, that the fundamentals of to-day—matter, electricity, the ether and energy—may in the fulness of time be displaced by still more fundamental conceptions. Granting all that, future advances in this field are not going to invalidate the conclusions already reached, so far as they concern life. We have lived long enough in this world to have acquired the sense of direction, tho the whole territories may await exploration. Tho the road to the absolute truth stretches, as always, into a dis-

tance that forever recedes, we know the direction the road takes.*

"Its direction is definitely away from and not towards the mysteries of life and spirit. The path hewn by knowledge through ignorance points two ways in the direction of the absolute unattainable truth. Man has always tended to confound these two classes of the ultimately unknowable. Heaven is at once the abode of the constellations, which obey the laws of mechanics with undeviating precision, and where events and consequences are predicted before they occur to the fraction of a second, and also the abode of God, and the heavenly host of disembodied spirits. Magnetism is in a different world from the 'animal magnetism' of Mesmer, and the wireless telegraphy that transmits messages through space affords no justification for believing, or otherwise, in telepathy. I have been struck with one curious point in the interest aroused by the recent advances in physics in the minds of

* SCIENCE AND LIFE. By Frederick Soddy. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

the general public. I believe it is largely due to the underlying, if unexpressed, belief that, in thus laying bare the deeper secrets of external nature, we are approaching the nearer to the solution of the problems of life and the soul. One's scientific sense of direction tells that the further one advances towards the ultimate insoluble problems of physics, the more completely one leaves behind the phenomenon of life and all its mysteries. The advance in this direction has been from life and not towards it, and the clouded horizons towards which we move, whatever they may contain of wonder and revelation, are likely to afford little of moment to the real mystery of life."

The measure of the exactness and extent of our knowledge of the inanimate universe is shown by our powers of controlling it and guiding it to serve our ends. In the inaccessible regions of space the test of knowledge is prediction, but, with regard to the phenomena around us, imitation and control follow understanding and are the signs that we are on safe ground. Here again knowledge may be only beginning, but the success achieved is a justification for the view that mystery has been banished from the material universe. In engineering we draw upon the chemical energy of fuel and by combustion convert it into heat—the chaotic rush of molecules in every direction at once—and from this chaos, by the steam engine or other prime mover, we produce the orderly motion of masses of matter which is mechanical energy, and this is used to lighten the heavy labor of the world and perform tasks which would before have been done by draft cattle or by slaves. Again, the terms "vital energy" or "vital force" have disappeared. Energy, like money, has many denominations, but these are honored at fixed exchange ratios throughout the universe, whether in the living organism or in the non-living world. The power by which we live and move and have our being is none other than that which drives on the stars.

"The principles of energy and matter with which we are confronted in the inanimate world govern man no less than mechanism. The physics and chemistry, the mechanism of molecules rather than masses, of a living organism, differ from the physics and chemistry of non-living matter notably in character, but, so far as we can ascertain, not in any fundamental way. That is to say, the physico-

chemical processes of the living body conform to all the laws which apply when life is absent.

"As is well known, many of the peculiar products of life can be artificially or 'synthetically' prepared without the aid of the organism. Cane-sugar has been made identical with that produced by the cane or beet, and so with camphor, the familiar flavoring essences derived from plants and fruits—vanilla, pineapple, and so on—dyes like alizarine and indigo so that the cultivation of madder-root has ceased and that of the indigo plant, the woad of our ancestors, is dying out.

"It is quite true that the methods employed are almost without exception entirely different from those that take place in the plant, and are of such a character that they would instantly destroy life of any sort. But we do not think, for all that, that there is a 'vital chemistry' different from ordinary chemistry. Some of the most peculiarly vital chemical processes have lately been found to be precisely similar to those that occur in mineral and inorganic chemistry. Thus fermentation, once thought to depend upon living organisms, is now known to do so only indirectly. Directly, fermentation processes are due to unorganized 'enzymes' secreted by the organism, and these enzymes are analogous to the 'catalysts' of inorganic chemistry. A suggestive point is that such catalysts—finely divided platinum metal is one of the commonest used—are 'poisoned' by the same poisons—arsenic, prussic acid, and so on—as are most deadly to life."

Man is able to project out of himself the personality that is in control of his body into the mechanism of nature, so that, without violating any law or principle, a process that goes naturally in a useless direction may be made to go in a direction that is useful. In the control of his own mechanism, similarly, it is the energy of the external inanimate universe which is guided, not coerced, and still less created. The guidance withdrawn, the processes of life resume their uncontrolled natural direction:

"In low organisms the guidance seems to be largely automatic, a response to stimuli which can be artificially imitated. Even in man, the more important routine functions of life are performed, asleep and awake, by a subconscious regulation, or, as some hold, a subconscious personality. But in the higher animals there has developed a consciousness or awareness of its individual existence and of the existence of its environment."

THE TRUE STORY OF HOW THE CZAR AND HIS FAMILY WERE KILLED

"A FRIGHTFUL example not only to revolutionaries who cannot be moderate but also to rulers who cannot rule," is the way in which Captain Francis McCullagh, a British army officer and war correspondent, concludes a dramatic and detailed narrative in which he tells the grawsome story of how Nicholas Romanov, the last Czar of Russia, was killed, with his family, in a cellar in Ekaterinburg on July 16, 1918. The article, which appears in the *Nineteenth Century*, is entitled "Yurovsky; and the Murder of the Czar," and deals in large part with the sinister figure of the Jewish shop-keeper and civilian who was "commandant" of the house in Ekaterinburg to which the Czar and his family were brought from Tobolsk, Siberia, and who shot the Czar with his own hand. It is undoubtedly an authentic story. Its author has visited Ekaterinburg. He illustrates his article with sketches drawn from memory. He has had the advantage of investigations made by Admiral Kolchak during the temporary occupation of Ekaterinburg by the "Whites." He talked with Yurovsky and with others of the principal actors in what he regards as the greatest historical tragedy that Europe has seen since the execution of Louis the Sixteenth. His account is put together from the evidence of various eye-witnesses seen at different places in Ekaterinburg and from Russian official reports never before published. These accounts all corroborate one another on the main points, tho they differ sometimes on minor details.

When the ex-Emperor was brought to Ekaterinburg, he was imprisoned, with his family, in the Ippatievsky House, so called because it had been built and occupied by a merchant named Ippatiev. The town at the time was in a state of great excitement owing to the proximity of the Czechoslovak army and the likelihood of a withdrawal of Bolshevik troops at any moment. The whole Bolshevik organization seemed to be breaking up; communication with the outer world was interrupted; the last telegram received from Moscow had warned Goloshokin, the leading Commissar of the town, that he and Yurovsky would answer

for the Czar's safety with their heads. They probably understood this to mean that, if the Czar were rescued, they would be put to death. Long conferences at the headquarters of the local Soviet followed. It was decided to kill the Czar and his family. Yurovsky was put in charge of the horrible business.

At about one o'clock on the night of July 16 Yurovsky entered the bedroom of the Czar, awoke him, and told him that the Czechs were expected in the town before daybreak. "Get up," he said, "and dress. It would be better for you and your family to come down into the cellar as there may be fighting in the streets and stray bullets may come through these windows. I will wake up the others and wait for you all outside."

The Czar rose from his bed, and spoke disjointedly to Yurovsky and to the Empress as he dressed himself. Most of what he said was inaudible, but he was understood to say, "Are they so near?" and then to thank Yurovsky twice, with the great courtesy which he had shown all his life to everybody around him.

Yurovsky gave to the Grand Duchesses the same message that he had brought to the Czar. He then withdrew into the dining-room of the house where several Lettish soldiers were standing with rifles and fixed bayonets. Along with them were five civilian Bolsheviks; the Commissar Goloshokin; Mrachkovsky, another Commissar; Paul Metvietev, "the Sergeant of the Guard;" and two others.

After an interval, the Royal party, eleven in number, came out into the dining-room, fully dressed, the Czar leading the way. With him were his wife, son and four daughters, Dr. Botkin, Demedova the maid, one male servant, and lastly the cook. "The former Autocrat of All the Russias," so Captain McCullagh says, "was so thin and haggard as to be hardly recognizable. I have this description from the priest who said Mass in the house a few days before. He wore a khaki-colored military blouse belted at the waist, loose blue cavalry breeches, soft leather high boots, but no cap. The Bolsheviks had deprived him

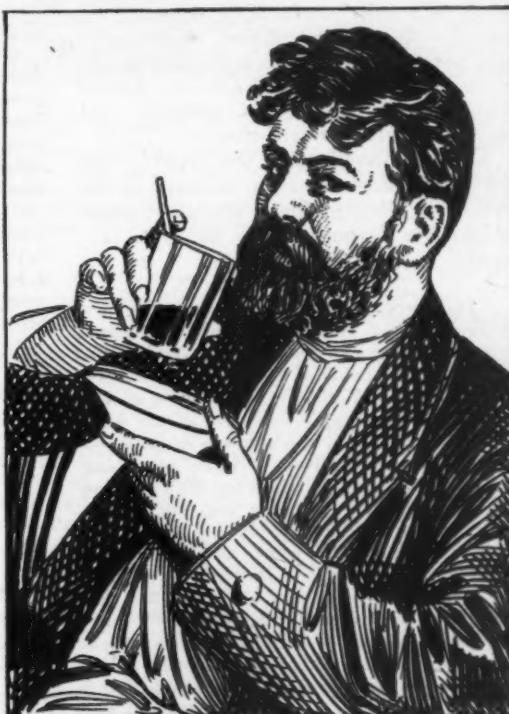
some time before of his epaulets and his George's Cross so that he had no badges of military rank. A few days previously the Empress had cut his hair owing to the verminous condition of the house and to the great difficulty the prisoners experienced in getting water for washing purposes, and he himself had trimmed his beard so that it was shorter when he died than it had been for twenty years."

It was a pathetic procession, mainly composed of helpless women and of a crippled invalid boy of fourteen years. There were two women among them and four gentle girls who, if they had not been born in the purple, would nevertheless, Captain McCullagh asserts, have been celebrated for their great personal beauty even in a land of beautiful women. There was Tatiana, twenty-one years of age, a talented and kindly young woman already destined by Court gossips to be the future Queen of England; Olga, twenty-three; Maria, nineteen; and Anastasia, seventeen, "the last named fragile and lovely as an opening flower, serene with the divine innocence of childhood and radiant with the bright charm of health." The Emperor and his wife went first, arm in arm, dignified but trembling, as if to meet a greater Monarch than themselves. Then came the little Czarevitch carried by Olga, his eldest sister. Then Tatiana, Maria, Anastasia; then the others in due order of their respective rank, with the humble cook bringing up the rear. The cook, the man-servant and the maid Demedova would, it seems, have been spared if they had not exhibited in all their conversations with the Commissars an unalterable fidelity to the doomed family which they had served so long.

The cellar in which the Royal party found themselves is about seventeen feet long by fourteen feet wide and has one little half-moon window, protected by iron bars. At one end of this chamber clustered the Czar and his group, Tatiana holding a little Pekingese

dog in her arms, while Yurovsky, Mrachkovsky and Metvietev and the Lett soldiers remained in deep silence at the other end. Yurovsky's right hand grasped a revolver in his pocket, and it must have been at once evident to the victims that something terrible was going to happen. It is significant, Captain McCullagh notes, that there were only two Russians present among the executioners, and that there was not a single Russian soldier.

On the walls of the cellar, which had previously been frequented by soldiers, were indecent pictures of the Empress and Rasputin with the names written underneath so that there could be no mistake. These were the last pictures of any kind that the unfortunate Czarina saw. "In her simple bed-room at Tzarskoe Selo, where she had probably expected to die at a green



From the London Times.

THE MAN WHO SHOT THE CZAR

Yankel Yurovsky, Jewish shop-keeper and civilian, is still pointed out in the streets of Ekaterinburg as the man who killed the Czar, and probably the Czarevitch, with his own hand. He holds an official position under the Bolshevik Government.

old age, her dying gaze would have been fixed on medieval Madonnas painted by the very greatest of the Italian masters. She never imagined that her death-chamber would be ornamented with caricatures so hideous and so obscene that they might have been the handiwork of degraded and impure demons from the lowest pit. . . . The Empress took one swift, frightened look at those dreadful pictures, then at the revolvers in front of her and the pitiless countenances behind them, and her eyes dilated with horror. Crossing herself, she bent her head and covered her face with her hands."

Meanwhile Yurovsky, whose face was deathly pale, had drawn forth a paper and begun to read it by the light of a lantern which one of the soldiers held up. The document was brief, and the reading did not take more than a few seconds. It was simply an order of the Soviet Republic to execute "Nicholas Romanov, the Bloody, and all his family." Yurovsky shouted it, rather than read it. He knew its contents by heart, for he and Goloshokin had written it only an hour before.

Crossing herself again, the Empress now fell on her knees and was followed by the rest of the doomed party, who also crossed themselves devoutly. The narrative proceeds:

"The Emperor alone remained standing, and while Yurovsky was still shouting out the final words, 'By Order of the Soviet of Workmen's, Peasants' and Soldiers' Deputies,' he stepped quickly in front of his wife and children as if to shield them with his own body, at the same time saying something which was drowned by the sound of Yurovsky's voice re-echoing dreadfully in that small chamber, then pointing to his little ones, crouching together, terror-stricken, on their knees, but his words were quite inaudible. Yurovsky, who, as I know from personal experience, is extremely quick in his mental processes, saw at once what that gesture meant and instantly determined to prevent all possibility of Nicholas Romanov making such a moving, human appeal for his young girls and his little crippled boy as might touch even the hard hearts of the executioners and lead to the lives of those innocents being spared. His right hand rose like a flash; he fired; and at the same instant the Emperor reeled and fell, shot through the brain.

"The Czar had undoubtedly meant to beg that his wife and children might not be

butchered; but now, as ever, he was too late; and, tho the noble gesture came, the words had not time to follow. The grisly shape that had dogged him all his life rushed on him like a thunderbolt, and the greatest historical tragedy that Europe has seen since the execution of Louis the Sixteenth was consummated. The extraordinary prophecy made by the Czarevitch Alexis as he was being tortured to death by his own father, Peter the Great, was fulfilled. The last of the Czars had died in his own blood.

"This fatal shot was the signal for the others to begin shooting, which they did, wildly; and in five minutes from the time Yurovsky had begun reading the death warrant, all of the Imperial party save the Grand Duchess Tatiana and the maid Demedova had been killed. Tatiana, who was wounded, had fainted and lay on the floor like one dead, her little dog standing on top of her and barking furiously at the soldiers until one of them killed it.

"After having shot the Czar," the chief assassin began discharging his revolver into the terrified group huddled close together in front of him with faces expressing the extremity of human fear. Only he and God know whether or not he also killed the little crippled Czarevitch and some of his young sisters; and it was this dreadful secret, I think, which weighed on Yurovsky when I met him. Those who watched at the door could not tell exactly what happened in this brief space of time. Their minds were paralyzed by the swiftness and the appalling greatness of the tragedy. The lamps crashed on the ground, where some of them were broken and some of them flared up, filling the cellar with a yellow, smoky glare. The close, murky atmosphere was lit by flashes of firearms and, in the confined space, the noise of the explosions was deafening. From the descriptions given by eye-witnesses, the soldiers were mad with rage and drunk with blood. They not only bayoneted bodies already dead, but beat in the skulls of corpses with the butt-ends of their rifles."

The dead bodies were wrapped in blankets taken from the beds upstairs, and thrown into a military motor-lorry which was waiting in the courtyard. Four other lorries were waiting outside the yard gate. Then, in the dead of night, the procession moved about a dozen miles to the northeast of Ekaterinburg, stopping en route to transfer the bodies into carts and ending their journey at a disused shaft, known locally as the "Isotsky Mine," in the



From the London *Sphere*.

THE WORKMEN AND SOLDIERS WHO SIGNED THE CZAR'S DEATH WARRANT

This picture of the "Soviet of Workmen's and Soldiers' Deputies" at Ekaterinburg was made early in the Bolshevik regime. The figure seated in the centre, cap in hand, is "Comrade" Sosnovsky, said to be engaged to Miss Yurovsky, daughter of the man who killed the Czar. At the extreme right of the picture, seated, is Goloshokin, one of the important local Bolshevik leaders. All of these men signed the Czar's death warrant. The order to destroy the Czar and his family is said to have come from Sverdlov in Moscow.

Kopchikia Forest. Yurovsky, who had had three fingers shot off in the mêlée in the cellar, was in such a nervous state that he could not decide what to do with the bodies. But finally a cremation at the Isetsky Mine was decided upon.

"A pile of wood was then collected and the bodies were placed on it, that of the Czar being on the top. The carcass of the dog was thrown by a soldier into some bushes and was afterwards discovered and identified by a former domestic of the Imperial family. Yurovsky then made one soldier fill with sulphuric acid a jug which he had brought while another uncovered the anointed head of Nicholas, once Autocrat of all the Russias, Ruler of the Russian Church, Holy Orthodox Czar, exposing the ashy face, the glassy eyes, the hair and beard stiff with blood. Bending gently down like a priest in the act of performing a solemn religious rite, Yurovsky carefully pressed the lip of the jug against that cold brow, slightly tilted the bottom of the vessel upwards, and

then poured the burning and obliterating liquid over the dead man's features.

"Had this frightful scene been presented to the Emperor in the days of his greatness, when he followed with intense interest all attempts of wizards to unveil the future by unlawful and forbidden means, had a seer warned him as Lochiel was warned in the Scots poem, he would, like Lochiel, have scoffed at the prophecy. The seer might have said: 'I see a mighty forest and a man lying in a blood-stained shroud, on a pile of wood. He is very white and still but his features are hidden from me. And I see a Jew bending over him with a vessel, while a circle of Russian soldiers look on with strange indifference. Is that Jew some Good Samaritan with refreshing drink? Is he going to pour precious ointment or cold, reviving water on that pallid brow? Good God! No! The fiery liquid that he pours out burns the fizzing flesh. It is a Black Baptism of Hell. And, lo! before the features are obliterated forever, that face is revealed to me. O Czar! O Father! that face is thine!'

"Yurovsky left the obliteration of the other faces to one of the soldiers; and, when this revolting part of the ghastly work was done, two barrels of petrol, which had been brought from the lorry in a cart, were emptied over the corpses, soaking their clothes, and wetting the ground and the funeral pyre. A soldier suggested that they should burn the barrels as well, but, with the shopkeeper's instinctive dislike for waste, Yurovsky declined this suggestion and said that he would return the barrels to Ekaterinburg.

"Everybody then stood back and the pile was lighted, the flames shooting up to a height of twenty feet. After the corpses had been all but consumed, Yurovsky noticed that one blackened and grinning skull was distinguished from the others by a callosity due to the wound which the Emperor had received in Japan; and, fearing that this would lead to subsequent identification, he smashed the skull to pieces with a spade and threw the fragments back on the fire where they were entirely reduced to ashes."

Three days later, Yurovsky and Golosokin returned to Ekaterinburg, both of them in such a state of extreme exhaustion that they had to take to their beds. Yurovsky seemed obsessed by the idea that he had not been thoro enough in destroying the bodies. As a matter of fact, several small charred bones and a finger were subsequently discovered and given solemn burial.

Yurovsky's next plan was to go to Moscow. He met Lenin there, and rendered to the Bolshevik chief an account of his stewardship. The Soviet Government officially approved of the Czar's execution, but published in the *Pravda*, fourteen months later, a statement that the murderer of the Czar was tried at Perm, sentenced to death and executed. "This statement," Captain McCullagh declares, "constitutes such an insult to my intelligence that, tho I give it here, I cannot bring myself to comment on it." Yurovsky, he tells us, so far from having felt the weight of official displeasure, is living in one of the best houses in Ekaterinburg, and is Inspector of the Life Insurance Department established in the Ekaterinburg Province by the Bolshevik Government. When Captain McCullagh visited Yurovsky a few months ago, he found him ill, suffering from heart disease. "To judge by his face, he is not long for this world. He may be dead even

now, and, if so, one of the last of the men who took a leading part in the murder of the Czar and his family will have gone to render an account of his deeds."

For Captain McCullagh, the murder of the weak and well-intentioned Czar was merely the culmination of a series of events which has made Russian history one long horror. "To me at least," he remarks, "even Nero and Caligula are joyous and artistic figures in comparison with Muscovy's short series of sometimes mad and drunken Autocrats; and the Eleusinian Mysteries are less repulsive than the charnel-house activities of Russia's subterranean plotters and the dreadful excesses of her religious maniacs." He concludes:

"Some of these sects still practise castration in obedience to what they conceive to be the commands of Christ, while others used to burn themselves alive to the singing of pious canticle, under the direction of a crazy priest, who assured them that their spotless souls suffered no defilement from the sexual filth in which they continued to wallow till the flames engulfed them.

"The worst Roman Emperors revelled and murdered under a blue, Southern sky, amid objects of exquisite art, and in presence of beautiful, naked, marble deities as immoral as themselves. The Russian Czars guzzled and prayed and beat their own children to death under the sad eyes of a tortured Christ gazing on them reproachfully from lighted ikons framed in 'barbaric pearls and gold,' while, outside, the wolves howled in the dark forests of the cold and savage North.

"Like an infinite stretch of desolate Polar wastes enveloped in Winter darkness, save when lighted up at intervals by awe-inspiring explosions of volcanic energy more sinister than the night itself; such seems to me the terrible story of Muscovy with its gigantic personalities revealed in flaming fire—fire that did not come from Heaven—its stupendous invasions, and its cataclysmal popular eruptions. Six months ago I myself fled across a thousand miles of frozen steppe in the fierce red light of such an eruption, the most terrible of them all, an eruption whose flames still leap to Heaven and whose thunders still reverberate all over the world.

"I was overtaken by the pursuing lava torrent of revolutionary Terror, so that if I write here with profound feeling about eleven fellow creatures, less fortunate than myself, who were overwhelmed and destroyed by it, I have, Heaven knows, good reason to do so."

IS IT A NEW WORLD?—A DISCUSSION OF WARTIME CONVALESCENCE

"HUMANITY has struck its tents and is once more on the march." It was with this striking figure that Dean Inge recently opened an interesting discussion in the London *Telegraph* having as its title: Is It a New World? Answers to this typically post-bellum question were published from such distinguished leaders of thought and action as the Dean of St. Paul's, Professor Bury, René Doumic (editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*), Emile Cammaerts, Raymond Poincaré, ex-president of France, Sir Anthony Hope Hawkins, W. L. George, Sir Sidney Lee, W. L. Courtney and other prominent Europeans, while lesser known writers entered into a vigorous correspondence on the subject. While Dean Inge, who has been described as the most incisive and courageous spiritual philosopher of our generation, expresses the opinion that humanity is now entering into a new world, his solution is not a new one; to avert a total collapse of humanity he advocates a practical adoption of Christ's teachings. Altho he does not specify how this is actually to be done, Dean Inge expresses a great faith in the idea of the League of Nations, and the hope that this may yet be realized. He thinks that humanity, European humanity that is, must pass through a period of political and moral bankruptcy. Professor Bury is mainly worried about the question of over-population. W. L. Courtney writes that it is not possible for the world as a whole nor for men individually to make a clear break with the past, thus suggesting that a new world or a new humanity is not to be expected. Similarly, Sir Anthony Hope Hawkins points out that "we must not expect the new world to be born full-grown."

On the other hand, Sir Sidney Lee paints a convincing picture of the "same old world." The more it changes, the more it is the same thing. "It is the old world with all its veteran passions and prejudices abnormally accentuated by a great morbid convulsion, and exalted aspirations are

either eclipsed or struggling for existence, It is the old world somewhat blindly seeking to restore its moral, spiritual, political and economical equilibrium, which has been rudely shaken by the inevitable brutality of a long and desolating war. . . . There are no sudden breaches with the past in human affairs. The future stumbles on under the burden of what has gone before, and a spasmodic effort to get rid of the baggage of the past never gives a new forward movement genuine promise of security." Here is Sir Sidney Lee's picture of our convalescent world:

"I liken the world at the moment to a sick man, of mature age, who has lately passed through the crisis of a dangerous illness and is now in the grip of consequent exhaustion, for which he is seeking a quick remedy with desperate eagerness. He is ready to try any nostrum, any experiment, if there be any plausibility about the prescription. Homeopathy has attractions for him. His disorder has been caused by war and bad blood. He is sorely tempted by the delusion that the renewal of bad-blooded war, albeit in some social or industrial shape, may prove a short cut to improved health. He cannot discard faith in the proverbial efficacy of 'a hair of the dog that bit him.' The crying need is to convince him that salvation lies anywhere save in this discredited kind of empiricism, which stumporatory is always at hand to urge. The only hope lies in the patient and deliberate development of a conciliatory temper, in the purging of the whole system of its fatal load of bitterness, ill-will, and suspicion. The thing is easier said than done. The patient has some excuse for many of his therapeutic heresies. His experiences up to date of allopathic treatment are disappointing. The League of Nations, which was confidently credited by his physicians with the certain qualities of a panacea, has failed to operate. The so-called elixir of self-determination has rapidly evaporated. Such signal disillusionments retard the patient's recovery and foster restlessness and recklessness."

We are dominated by war-materialism. Each class is laying a wholly undue stress on "rights" and no stress at all on "duties."

The first and last need of the moment, according to Sir Sidney Lee, is a well-defined and workable alliance between our conceptions of individual, class, and national rights and the performance of our duties to our neighbors, to the community and to the civilized world. Furthermore:

"The agencies which might be expected to aid us here are, for the most part, broken reeds, otherwise the void would have long since been filled. Neither religion, as it is commonly expounded, nor education, as it commonly operates, offers the great mass of mankind, whatever may be true of select coteries, any efficacious teaching of this reconciling kind. Some new machinery of propaganda is required whereby war in all human relations—political, social, or industrial—should be tricked out in its true colors as the universal handmaid of mercenary materialism, which exalts materialist 'rights' and ignores non-materialist 'duties.' Wherever men and women gather together, this truth deserves proclaiming in trumpet tones."

Somewhat in the same vein is the answer of the novelist W. L. George (who is now lecturing in our own country). If humanity is again on the march, remarks Mr. George, he for one cannot see the "march." All that is perceptible is ebullition. "This is not a new world. It is the old world—more so. It is a new world only in the sense that it is a more inflamed world, where injustice remains, but from which the resigned spirit which made possible the tolerance of injustice has disappeared." The present danger is toward excess and waste. Waste must be taxed out of existence. Such is Mr. George's solution:

"There appears to be no other remedy, because we all clamor for economy and do not ourselves give the example. The call of duty pipes too low, or maybe there is no one to utter it. It cannot come from an educated sense of duty, for education has yet to plough a furrow that is generations long; it cannot come from the churches, who are accentuating their pre-war drift away from spiritual guidance and towards merely ethical rules; the remedy for mental disorder can be administered only by the tax collector, who harbors neither pity nor illusion. About that rough discipline idealism can entwine itself; idealism has not been created by the new world. Idealism was present already when savage tribes exacted blood-money to compensate the family of a

murdered man. Idealism is eternal, and never has it been so strong as it is to-day, never so determined that war shall be banished from the earth, never so ready to labor and to suffer. Its enemies are ready, and idealism will know many defeats. Neither cruelty nor idealism is new to a world riven by the struggle between the gods and the titans; yet it seems that idealism cannot die, for it contains the obscure essence of life, and so the dim moment may come when hands gentle and intelligent shall have grafted with the principle of rich fruits the crab-apple tree of a bitter world."

The Right Hon. J. R. Clynes, M. P., declares that in only one respect "has our part of the world been changed by the greatest event which the world has known in modern times—the war. It has changed in its detestation of war." He adds:

"Millions of people now accept the view that to have peace we must prepare for peace; that peace is better than war; that we cannot have peace by preparing for war, and that all the devices and all the skilful and cunning preparations for settling differences by sheer weight of force is a horrible mistake. The League of Nations is not yet a guiding star, either with politicians or peoples. But the principle of the League has got to the length of convincing people that if in the near future countries like Russia and Germany could be brought within it, and America could take within the League the place which she prepared for herself but is still vacant, this great world organization would create within peoples and parliaments the same idea which most individuals now have in relation to doing wrong. That is, the idea that they must not do wrong, because it is wrong, and because if they do not do right they will have to answer for it to a court which they have established and sanctioned. In practice such a League would not only go far to rid us of the crushing burdens of military conscription and armaments, but would more than anything else help to exalt political activities and redeem parliaments, which in the estimation of many persons of influence in the country have fallen from the place which they should have in the esteem of the people."

If we are actually to create a "new world," emphasizes Sir Anthony Hope Hawkins, there are two things, condemned by the conscience of the civilized world, that must somehow be got rid of—militarism and poverty.

"The one was considered glorious, if successful, even if unsuccessful, gallant, becoming to princes and gentlemen—in modern phrase, 'sporting.' That is aggressive warfare—or (we may go so far as to say) the martial spirit in general; to argue with your hand on the hilt of your sword and to consider any other appeal craven, or at least bourgeois. The other thing has been considered inevitable, and, indeed, especially approved by God, for His own admittedly inscrutable purposes. That is poverty, *dura paupertas*, perpetual, life-long, uncertain struggle for the bare means of living, hopeless renunciation of all but the most elementary pleasures of life, of almost all its beauty and almost all its worth. And this—or a more or less close approach to it—for the lot of the majority of mankind in the countries of the world which have been accustomed to boast loudest of their civilization! . . .

"The difficulties are obviously great. Nevertheless, the omens are favorable with regard to the two great evils which we have touched upon here. There is a determination against aggressive war of a strength and solidity such as, I think, has never been known before. The well-to-do classes have submitted to unparalleled taxation with notable good temper. Labor has made some mistakes, but broadly its claims are no more than the general conscience recognizes to be reasonable and just. Men of different nations and different classes are more ready to hear one another, to argue and discuss, and to settle matters according to the merits of the case. If this temper holds and grows, there is good hope.

"And if society were once free of militarism and of grinding poverty, what a difference on the earth! Then we might hope, without foolishness, that in time all other things would be added unto us."

RECAPTURING THE SPIRIT OF THE PILGRIMS

THE whole world has vibrated, during recent months, with celebrations of the three hundredth anniversary of the coming of the Pilgrim Fathers to America. The King of England, the Queen of Holland and President Wilson have all participated in these celebrations, and the last-named has requested that December 21 be observed as Pilgrim Day throughout the nation. This is the date on which the Pilgrims landed in new Plymouth. September 6 has already been observed as the anniversary of the Pilgrims' sailing from old Plymouth, and November 11, the tercentenary of the singing of the democratic compact in the *Mayflower* cabin, will have its own special demonstrations. Of all the meetings held thus far, the most picturesque has been that in the great barn of Old Jordan's farmstead in Buckinghamshire, at which the speaker, Dr. Rendel Harris, directed the gaze of his audience to the timbered roof and declared his conviction that it had been made out of the remains of the *Mayflower*. The tercentenary meetings at Wellfleet, Truro, Provincetown and other Massachusetts towns have been signalized by plays and pageantry. At Plymouth, England, Lord Reading and Lady Astor spoke, and twenty thousand persons watched a silver model of the

Mayflower pass through the streets. At Southampton, Lord Birkenhead took advantage of the occasion to make a strong plea for the League of Nations. The most impressive feature of the English celebration has been the unveiling in London of a replica of Saint Gaudens' statue of Lincoln at which Premier Lloyd George and Elihu Root spoke. In Holland a party of celebrants followed, along a picturesque canal, the identical route from Leyden to Delshaven which the Pilgrim Fathers had taken, on their way to embarkation, three hundred years before. The American Government sent its warship *Frederick* to take part in the Dutch celebration.

If the question is asked why, after three hundred years, the Pilgrim Fathers still hold the imagination of the world, the answer must undoubtedly be: They were humble men and women and they confounded the mighty. They dared greatly, in a spiritual sense, and they won. Much has been made of the Pilgrims' love of freedom, but their love of freedom was not their dominant quality. "The Pilgrim contribution to the world," as the *Christian Register* (Boston) rightly points out, "was not a passion for freedom, but a will to make the desire a fact. Other people were just as eager for their rights as these hardy



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THEY WERE NOT COMMUNISTS

Unlike so many other bands of idealists who have gone out into the wilderness to seek Utopia, the Pilgrims believed in private property and in the right of inheritance. Their first settlement at Plymouth, Massachusetts (shown in the above picture), was beset by hardships. Half of their number died during the first winter. But they held on, and in five years were firmly established.

ones. So are they today, in whole nations and in individual instances everywhere. But the Pilgrims did the thing!"

The party that sailed on the *Mayflower*, the Rev. Melbourne Evans Aubrey, Honorary Secretary of the Mayflower Committee of Great Britain, reminds us in an article in *The Biblical Review* (New York), were as insignificant, socially, as the first apostles. They belonged to the artisan class of fustian weavers, and the cynic will not fail

to notice that there was among them a soldier and a brewer. Among their neighbors in England they had passed for strange folk. They cared little for the fashionable forms of worship, made light of the authority of the appointed ministers of the English Church, liked to read their Bibles for themselves, and gave strange names, such as Love, Wrestling, Hope, Confidence and Faith to their children. When they left their country they were little missed.



FLEEING FROM RELIGIOUS PERSECUTION

On their first attempt to take ship for Holland, the Pilgrims, known at that time from one of their leaders as "Brownists," were pursued to the beach by armed horsemen. Later they made a successful passage; and later still they set sail for America.

Who could have prophesied that a group satirized by Francis Bacon, one of the shrewdest men of the time, as "Brownists" and described by him as "a very small number of very silly and base people" would lay the foundations of one of the greatest nations in history? It is but another instance of the way in which Providence elects humble souls to great tasks. "God's choice of the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty," Mr. Aubrey remarks, "has not

proportion to their number and rank. America looks back to them, not only as the founders of the nation, but as the men whose ideals and moral standards have been proved the fittest to survive and are dominant still in the common law and in the Constitution and in the general conscience of the people."

The Pilgrims are often confused with the Puritans, but it is important to remember that they preceded the Puritans. If they had failed, the Puritans would probably have remained in England. They proved that



ARRIVING IN THE PROMISED LAND

An idealized picture of the Pilgrim Fathers, with their wives and children, as they landed from the *Mayflower*. America looks back to them as the pioneers whose ideals and moral standards are dominant still in the common law and general conscience of our people.

been confined to the first century, and this is one of the many stories that bring a stern reminder to any church that is apt to be complacent in the possession and support of a few wealthy members, that the church which loses its grip upon the lowly has forsaken its best recruiting stations and is like an army without reserves." He continues:

"Humble they were, but destined to exert an influence upon the world's history out of all

English people could survive and overcome the rigors of the New England climate, and so prepared the way for the large Puritan migration in the years that followed.

But the main significance of the Pilgrims' influence, Mr. Aubrey proceeds, is religious. They began the *Mayflower Compact* with the words: "In the Name of God, Amen." They wrote that Name large over all their doings. They asserted God's claim and right over the lives of men and commonwealths.

There were three great principles, it seems, which underlay everything that the Pilgrims did. The first was Christian democracy, rooted in the belief in God and the Bible, and finding expression in what they called "the priesthood of all believers."

"This involved the consequence that each man may have his own revelation from God, and thus set the conscience of the individual in place of the external authority of the church as the final court of appeal in religion. It carried with it the recognition of the right of every man to worship his God in the way he honestly believed to be best for him. This meant, on the one hand, freedom of thought and worship, and, on the other hand, a recognition of the equality of men in the love of God. It is true that they did not themselves see all that it involved, and their greatness lies in the fact that they clung to the principle even when it led them beyond the limits their own prejudices would have set. We who have entered into the more ample meaning of it may well honor the men who seized and maintained it.

"Its political equivalent and consequent is found in the affirmation of the Declaration of Independence that 'all men are created equal'; but behind the theological dogma and the political article there is the great Christian fact that sets all men on the same level before God, that there never was a man or woman, however broken or fallen, for whom Jesus Christ would not go to die. That is the real meaning of the doctrine of the priesthood of all believers, and, so read, it is the condition of all political and social and religious progress. In these days when so many of our churches tend to become sacerdotal, not by the laying on of a bishop's hands, but by the delegation to a single individual, the minister, of duties which should be the privilege and delight of the church as a whole, it is well to come back to this truth for which the fathers stood."

The second principle for which the Pilgrims stood was education. They were kindly treated and achieved a measure of success in Holland, the first country of their exile, but they left that country because they were concerned about the way in which their children were growing up under conditions hostile to their religion and education. As John Masefield has said, they "went to live in the wilds at unknown cost to themselves, in order to preserve to their children a life of the soul."

The third principle in which they believed, "which," as one of their spokesmen

records, "was not the least," was that involved in the propagation and advancement of the Gospel of the Kingdom of Christ in remote parts of the world, "yea, altho they should be but as stepping-stones unto others for the performance of so great a work." The missionary purpose of the church burned bright in their hearts. "They believed," Mr. Aubrey says, "that the North American Indians were children of God's love and that the way of Jesus was a way of redemption for all men from wretchedness and wrong; and they further believed that God had laid a charge upon those who had received the light for themselves to carry it out into the darkness."

Mr. Aubrey is convinced that the Pilgrims' principles are as precious today as ever they were; and many agree with him. "The Pilgrim inheritance," the Rev. Dr. Joseph Fort Newton, now pastor of the Church of the Divine Paternity in New York, declares, in an address printed in the *Christian Work*, "is a grave responsibility—not a thing to be lived upon, but to be lived up to"; and he thinks that we can best honor that heroic heritage by giving form and shape, by virtue of a like creative social vision, to the chaotic world in which we find ourselves. He says:

"The safety of civilization rests upon the solidarity of English-speaking peoples, and from that service we cannot honorably escape. Humanly speaking—and we can speak in no other way—upon our united shoulders the future security of the hard-won inheritance of humanity will depend, and if we are worthy of the Pilgrims we shall do our part. The future of the world will be democratic, and nothing can stop it. Indeed, we may be sure that the future will be shaped by three forces, the Spirit of Science, the Democratic Principle and the Christian Evangel. If there is to be a world-democracy it must begin, and have as its corner-stone, the friendship and co-operation of the two greatest democratic communities—the British Commonwealth and the American Republic. As they go, the world will have to go. If they become estranged or fail to pool their thought and power, the future will be haunted by insecurity as the past has been."

The Rev. Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, of Brooklyn, in a contribution to the discussion which merges the Pilgrim in the

Puritan, declares: "The era of distrust and doubt in which we are now situated will be a blessing in disguise if it teaches us that a godless republic can be as unjust as a godless monarchy; that popular control is still on probation, and constantly requires a rational and moral supervision." He continues (in *Zion's Herald*):

"Our silken smoothness is a precursor of ruin, which will have to be avoided by a deliberate adoption of rough and hazardous circumstances. Our sense of illimitable power as a nation is its menace. Our search for pleasure at any price is the overture to eventual pangs. Prosperity vitiates autocracy, but when unchecked it damns democracy. Unless it is transmuted intentionally into ministerial sacrifice and stationed beneath the cross of the Eternal Servant of His people to be employed for His purposes, we are undone.

"Here is the secret of the obliteration of systems which once shook the earth, against which the Puritan maintained a sturdy resistance. His religious nature, his enlightened conscience are the allies of our dearest hopes as Christian men. But the command his example lays upon us is a very hard one, and every charlatan, every mocker, every profane person, every puppet of a rollicking Bohemia, would incite you to rebel against it. 'Eat and drink,' says the worldling, 'for to-morrow you die.' 'Rise upon your feet, gird on the armor of God, and go forth to your duty,' says the Puritan. He has his children in every center of influence. No geographical boundaries can exclude his penetrations. The South numbers its hosts of Puritans equally with the North, and to them it owes the unconquered soul of goodness which has sustained it. England, Scotland, Wales, Ireland, every land that speaks our language, and others of various tongues, will have to summon the Puritan to their aid."

A PROTEST AGAINST THE MURDER OF BABES IN AMERICA

THE American conscience is deeply shocked by the murder or abuse of children in foreign lands; but we acquiesce, it seems, in the murder of American children if they happen to have been born out of wedlock. It is Dorothy Canfield Fisher who makes this sensational charge in an article entitled, "A Square Deal for the Nameless Child," published in the *Pictorial Review*. She is referring to the so-called "baby hospitals" in our large cities in which an overwhelming proportion of the inmates perish. She has seen, she says, "things that will make any mother turn sick; that will make any woman shudder, horrified; that will make any human being with a heart in his bosom feel that he is walking in a nightmare." There are 34,000 babies born out of wedlock every year in this country. Is there any reason, she asks, why they should not be given at least a fighting chance for life?

In France, where Mrs. Fisher was active in Red Cross work, they do things differently. A baby, any baby, even an "illegitimate baby," is regarded as a national asset, not as a liability. Mrs. Fisher, by the way, objects to the term "illegitimate baby." There is no such thing in the world, she

remarks, as an illegitimate child; "there may be illegitimate parents, about whom many things can be said, but a baby is a baby, and that is all there is to be said on that point."

Well, in France, if a girl gives birth to a child and, for whatever reason, is unable to look after it, she knows what to do. She takes the child to a Government building, the address of which anybody can tell her, and is met there by a woman, a Government employee, who does not even ask her name if she does not wish to tell it. The woman explains to the girl that it would be better for the baby if she would keep it and nurse it, and offers a certain financial aid to be paid week by week by the Government, if she will do so. But if the girl insists that she can not, the woman holds out her arms and takes the baby. And that is all. There is no red tape, no investigation, no moral lecture. The important element in the business is the baby.

The next step in that baby's career will be its consignment to one of the multitude of "Superintendents of Public Help" who are scattered throughout France and whose business it is to attend to just such matters. The baby will be placed in a suitable

family in the country. The board bill will be paid by the Government until the child is able to look after itself, and at every stage in its growth and development it will have a Superintendent's thought. These Superintendents, Mrs. Fisher tells us, are responsible, conscientious, sufficiently paid officials with the authority and assured position which an American postmaster or customs inspector or superintendent of education would have.

Mrs. Fisher invites us to look on that picture and then on a corresponding situation in this country. Suppose, for example, the country girl taken as typical of what would happen in France had lived in this country and had gone to work in a big city. What awaits her and the baby there? The answer is:

"They disappear into a world the awfulness of which is beyond our imagination, a world of charlatan or unscrupulous or callous doctors and grasping, ruthless midwives, whose only idea—this is a plain, literal statement of fact—is to wring as much money out of the girl as they can, counting on the cruel pressure society puts on her to hide and deny her own child; and after they have extorted all the money which playing on her terror and inexperience and confusion of mind will produce, their next idea is to kill off as soon as possible the baby which she has entrusted to them, in order that they may be free to start on another ghoulish hunt for another hapless girl whose innocent baby may be used as another lever to secure more money. And nobody raises a hand to prevent this! We mothers in homes 'don't know anything about it,' 'never thought of it before.' "

The average death-rate among babies in normal American homes is one in twelve. Of these babies taken from their unmarried mothers and put in so-called "hospitals," from eighty to ninety-five out of every hundred die. The record in some cases is even worse. Mrs. Fisher quotes from a report of the Baltimore Vice Commission, headed by Dr. George Walker, and including some of the best-known men and women of Baltimore: "A special study of babies who entered one such institution while they were less than a month old showed that in the fifteen years, beginning in 1900, not a single one who was not

removed from the institution within six months lived." Any one who has ever cared for a sick baby, Mrs. Fisher comments, can visualize what the scenes in such an "institution" must be, "with the babies received in good condition—plump, healthy, rosy, with the precious germ of life beating strongly within them—day by day starving to death, dying of pneumonia, covered with infectious skin-diseases, their tender flesh raw with ulcers from lack of care, their little skeleton hands reaching out pitifully for death to release them from the torture which life has brought to them." She proceeds:

"Here is the record of another institution month by month: In January twenty-nine babies were admitted and twenty-one died. Twenty-one babies died in one building! How white and sick we would turn if we read of twenty-one babies killed in a railroad wreck! And yet that would be infinitely better for them than slow death from hunger and disease.

"But perhaps it was very cold that January. Let us take the month of May, the month with which, in the minds of us, the mothers, is associated laughing children playing out-of-doors in the newly green grass. In the month of May that institution received twenty-two new-born babies and killed twenty-one.

"In September they took in fifteen and sent thirteen out to be buried, like little drowned puppies or kittens, in the refuse-heap where the dead babies are carried, two of them in each box. If only one dies at a time the little body waits a day or so till a dead comrade is brought to keep him company. There is no doubt that one will surely die in time to save the waste arising from giving to one baby the whole of the little wooden box, three feet long by one foot wide. They are placed in it, head-to-foot (the little, starved baby-forms take up little space); the box is placed in a hole, and a few shovelfuls of earth are thrown over it. But even a quiet place in the bosom of the earth is too much to give these wretched and helpless victims of ours, and soon, a few years after, their bones are dug up and scattered about, as a hole is dug in the same place for other murdered babies."

Baltimore, Mrs. Fisher insists, is not different from other American cities except that it is one of the few with enough public spirit to investigate and learn the truth about what is taking place. In Chicago, the "baby-farm" system prevails, in which groups of from two to eight children are taken care of by low-class women. The

Baltimore rate for taking a child—"killing a child," is the way Mrs. Fisher puts it—is \$125 to \$200; the Chicago rate is \$15 to \$65.

In a final indignant outburst against the apathy of the American people and Government in the face of a situation so scandalous, Mrs. Fisher says:

"The French have devised an organization in which, link by link, cog by cog, it is to the interest of every one who comes in contact with those children to keep them alive. We have permitted conditions to exist in which it is to the interest of every one who comes in contact with those children to kill them. And as they dare not kill them by cutting their throats, they only torture them to death. . . .

"The United States Government will not permit those unmarried mothers to kill their

babies before they are born, altho they could not suffer then, but once they are born, and hence capable of feeling pain, the United States Government allows them to be cruelly done to death, physically and morally, without lifting a hand, so long as it is done behind closed doors with the semblance of legality, such as is given by calling a death-trap a 'hospital for babies.'

"I say, with this bitter note of blame, that the United States Government does nothing. What do I mean? What is the United States Government? It is you, I, the woman next door, your aunt, my sister! We are the ones who are permitting this to go on.

"I hope for the sake of our souls that we can never lay a hand on one of our own safe and darling children without remembering the horrible fate to which we are leaving little children as defenseless, as innocent as they."

CAN WE STILL BELIEVE IN THE FALL OF MAN?

WHEN Canon Barnes, of Westminster Abbey, suggested in a recent sermon in the Cardiff Parish Church that an acceptance of the theory of evolution might mean "giving up belief in the Fall, and in all the theology built upon it by theologians from St. Paul onwards," he started a controversy of which the end is not in sight. The occasion was an extraordinary one. The church was filled with members of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, which had been holding its sessions in Cardiff during the previous week. Canon Barnes is not only a dignitary of the Church of England but a Fellow of the Royal Society. His sermon was entitled "The Christian Revelation and Scientific Progress," and he traced, through the centuries, the conflict between religion and science. He reminded his hearers that, following the publication of Darwin's "Origin of Species" in 1859, Bishop Wilberforce, at a meeting of the British Association, had denounced the idea that man shared a common ancestry with the higher apes. This had led to a dignified rebuke from Huxley, and for forty years after that famous encounter evolution had been a *casus belli* between religion and science. Canon Barnes went on to say:

"Christian opinion refused to accept the new doctrine, and religious teachers traversed

it by arguments good and bad. It is not fair to regard them with the scorn which the younger people of today, trained in modern science, not seldom feel. Evolution was, and still is, not an observed fact, but a very probable theory. Our forefathers saw that acceptance of it meant the abandonment of the story of Adam; it meant giving up belief in the Fall, and in all the theology built upon it by theologians from St. Paul onwards. Half a century ago the evolutionary view of man's origin meant that what then appeared to be the strongest reasons for the belief that man has an immortal soul had to be set aside. But truth has triumphed. In our own time the leaders of Christian thought have, with substantial unanimity, accepted the conclusion that biological evolution is a fact; man is descended from the lower animals. It is even becoming common to say that there is no quarrel between science and religion. But let us be honest. There has as regards the origin of man been a sharp conflict between science and traditional religious belief, and the battle has been won by science. Furthermore, let us not when driven from one position take up another that may have to be abandoned. It is dangerous to assert that, altho God may not have especially created man, nevertheless He did specially create life. Probably the beginning of terrestrial life was but a stage in the great scheme of natural evolution. We may even expect that some day in the laboratory the man of science will produce living from non-living matter.

"My friends, the time has come when we must not try to evade any implications of the

theory of natural evolution. We must, not silently but explicitly, abandon religious dogmas which it overthrows. We must, moreover, avoid the temptation to allegorize beliefs which it is no longer possible to hold. Allegory has its value, but it is misused when we employ it to obscure the revolutionary consequences of new knowledge. Religion is too important for us to base it upon, or to join it to, any theories of the nature of the universe that are doubtful or untrue."

There are two ways, broadly speaking, of meeting such a position as this. The first is the religious way, intent upon the preservation of the faith and distrustful of any doctrine that seems to undermine spiritual authority. The second is the secular way of the scholar who, while taking religion into account, refuses to give it exclusive allegiance. Both of these points of view are well illustrated in the comment appearing in English papers, and both reflect what at first seem antagonistic and irreconcilable attitudes. It is easy to see that the doctrine of the Fall of Man is something of a mystery—a deep symbol of spiritual experience not to be lightly affirmed, not to be lightly denied.

From a religious point of view, the obvious objection to Canon Barnes' statement is that if there was no Fall there can have been no need of Redemption. His argument would seem to tear Christianity asunder. Father Bernard Vaughan, of the Roman Catholic Church, calls him "defiant of science as of religion," and General Booth, head of the Salvation Army, declares: "Surely it is an egregiously unhappy coincidence that, at a moment when the Lambeth Conference is asking us all to unite and accept the episcopal authority of the Church of England, one of its prominent men should propound views which must seem positively revolting to large sections in its own communion, as well as in other churches."

It is possible, however, to argue, with the Rev. R. J. Campbell, that the story of the Fall, as given in the opening chapters of Genesis, did not exercise any great influence on the Israelitish religion as expressed in the Old Testament. "The recorded words of our Lord," he points out (in the *Daily News*), "say nothing about it." The leading Church of England paper, *The Guar-*

dian, commends Canon Barnes' sermon and sees in it nothing "that need shock the religious sense." It prints a letter from a clergyman, L. H. Evans, Rector of Smarden, Kent, who tries to show that the supposed antagonism between the evolutionary theory and the doctrine of the Fall rests on a misunderstanding:

"The Bible is commonly supposed to describe a sudden lapse from a perfect moral rectitude, while evolution regards mankind as gradually rising from a low scale (physical, mental, and spiritual) to a higher one. But no such perfection is credited to our 'first ancestor' in Genesis. Innocence is not perfection, and sin (or its equivalent) can only come when the sense of a moral choice has awakened. This gradual growth of conscience, tho it may be graphically depicted in Genesis as a momentary fact, is completely in accord with the theory of evolution, a theory which (apart from the divergent views of the methods by which it works) is much too fine a conception of the Great Artificer's process to be limited to the sphere of biology, and (as I believe) governs the whole history of mankind, including his thoughts and his modes of expressing them. The Scriptural story of 'man's first disobedience' represents more than a fairy-tale to be thrust aside with other childish things. It shows us the birth of the sense of right and wrong in the human heart and man's inability to make the right choice when he first became aware of the alternative. To enable him to work out that inherent taint in his nature is the purpose of the Incarnation, which itself in a sense partakes of an evolutionary character, being (as I firmly hold) not an afterthought of the Divine Mind, but an integral part of the entire scheme of Creation."

Turning, now, from religious to secular comment we find Robert Blatchford, the freethinking editor of the *Clarion*, trying to dispose of the whole matter in this fashion:

"The first man, or, to speak more scientifically, the first men did not know the 'right' and choose the 'wrong.' The first men, with pain and difficulty, in the course of arduous centuries, gradually created out of their own crude intelligence certain standards of right and wrong and adhered to or departed from their self-made laws as their imperfect and undeveloped minds permitted them or swayed them.

"In the course of the ages man's ethical conceptions grew, and changed, and waxed and

waned, and changed again and again, and men and women lived up to the local standard or disdained it according to their education, their natural bent, or their necessities and temptations. Human nature is still imperfect, is still in progress of evolution and it is still impossible for the mediocre and the weak to act up to the highest ethic of the best developed minds. There is no more mystery in the matter than that."

But the problem may not be as simple as Mr. Blatchford imagines that it is. The *New Statesman* is impressed by a curious paradox which it asserts as follows: "The Fall of Man is a fact, tho' nobody believes it: it happens every day, tho' it never happened at all;" and the *Nation*, in what is perhaps the ablest editorial that has yet appeared on the subject, expresses its conviction that the Fall is one of the realest facts in the world.

The *Nation* is not particularly impressed by the story in Genesis. It calls the dogma of man living thousands of years ago in a golden age, in communion with the divine, and falling from grace by disobedience to the heavenly will, "theological moonshine." It goes on to say: "If we could transport ourselves in imagination to the scene of this ancient drama, we should as likely as not view Adam—a shambling, hairy man, with prognathous jaws, bent knees, and prominent, overhanging eye-ridges—hiding in a swamp, with his hand over Eve's mouth, while the relatives of her lately murdered husband grunted strangely as they hunted him with lumps of rock." But there is a sense, the *Nation* continues, in which the Fall of Man is true. It may be rescued from supernatural and authoritarian futility by being explained as the result of the evolution of consciousness. "The beasts are sinless because they know not evil, and the postulate that man reverted to a lower type when first conscious of his powers of choice and recognition between good and evil is hardly an obstacle to faith in the rational order of the universe."

The really important part of this entire question, however, according to the *Nation*, is not the Fall of Man in the past but the Fall of Man at the present time. It says:

"Canon Barnes would be a romantic person if he attempted to concede this Fall to the optimists. For if civilized man goes on falling

at the mean rate at which he has obeyed the moral law of gravitation since the opening of the century, he will fall right out of the world, taking with him all the higher animals he butchers for his pleasure or his greed. How, then, can one reconcile this fall with the theory of evolution; in what possible way can we see compatibility between them? . . .

"We can free ourselves in the first place from our provincial way of thinking by surveying not one fall but a hundred falls. It is like modern arrogance to assume that we have a monopoly of falling! The Ammonites fell, the Labyrinthodonts fell, the Saurians fell, Neanderthal man fell, the great Cro-Magnon race fell, the Egyptian, the Assyrian, the Babylonian, the Persian, the Greek, the Roman, the Mussulman, the Spaniard, one after the other, order, race, tribe, empire, all have possessed the earth or a large enough slice of it in their turn, and all have fallen. But life has gone steadily onwards and upwards, climbing over the bones of the vanished and discarded husks that were once the green sheaths of its budding spirit."

The fall of civilized man to-day is probably more disastrous than any past tumble, because the height to which we have risen is correspondingly greater than all previous achievements, and the resultant demand upon us the more urgent. But there are compensations, the *Nation* reminds us, even in our plight:

"We appear to forget that if Canon Barnes had thrown the Fall of Man to the formalists five hundred years ago (a toddle in the evolutionary journey), he would have been burned at Smithfield, with Mr. Chesterton dancing round the flames. Both theology and science have come through into the century with broken bones but cleared heads and mended hearts, and there is nothing to bind them. And on the negative side, we have repeated and clamant signs (the omens and portents of an older world) that the 'gathering darkness of the frown of God' is not a picturesque phrase, that Christianity is a practical and necessary experiment in government, and that man shall not live by bread alone, or he shall not have even half a loaf. The repudiation of our brutality, greed, and stupidity comes not in whispers but shouts. We are perfectly well aware that evolution is a switchback movement, and that, slowly as it moves, it is not going to be held up because we are fools enough to get in its way. The sovereignty of the earth is only ours so long as we can make our responses, and if we fail to make them, then nobody is to blame for the crash but ourselves."



GILBERT K. CHESTERTON AS "TONY WELLER"

MR. CHESTERTON IS SOON TO PAY HIS FIRST VISIT TO THE UNITED STATES, AND WILL DELIVER A SERIES OF LECTURES ON "THE IGNORANCE OF THE EDUCATED," "SHALL WE ABOLISH THE INEVITABLE?" AND "THE PERILS OF HEALTH."

WILL THE MOTION-PICTURE CREATE A LITERATURE OF ITS OWN?

NOT only have the "movies" invaded the field of the drama, but they threaten as well to influence literature. Soon we may be reading "literary" scenarios as we now read published plays or novels. Future authors may write scenarios and publish them. Louis Delluc, who is critic, director and novelist, looks forward to the time when the "movies" may produce their own H. G. Wells or Jules Verne. No one has yet suggested the advent of an Ibsen of the "movies," but already two continental authors of distinguished standing have offered "written films" to the French and German public. Jules Romains, creator of the Unanimist school of literature and author of a number of interesting literary experiments, recently published in Paris a "written film," entitled "Donogoo-Tonka" (*Nouvelle Revue Francaise*). This was a romance of adventures mingled with a satire of present-day life. Almost at the same time Walter Hasenclever, one of the most talented of Germany's new Expressionist dramatists, has published in Berlin a scenario entitled "Die Pest." While M. Romains offers "Donogoo-Tonka" rather as a *jeu d'esprit* than as a serious work of art, Herr Hasenclever, according to continental critics, is a passionate adherent of the new esthetics of the theater and film, and aims at the creation, if we may so call it, of the "art-movie." He is an internationalist, and the film seems to him one of the strongest forces which may bring the people of various nations together and heal the spiritual wounds created by the war.

Paul Colin, who writes an appreciation of Hasenclever's scenario for the *Crapouillot* of Paris, points out the essential difference between the work of the German and the Frenchman. They are alike in nothing save their basic inspirations:

"'The Pest' is a tragic work which is not without a certain philosophic import, and in which the rhythm is, if I dare say so, quite grandiloquent. It is a ghastly reverie on the end of the world—but the end of the world which recalls in no way that imagined by Blaise Cendrars and F. Léger. And tho I do

not doubt that on the screen the work of Hasenclever might produce a distinct and solid emotion, I have nevertheless some fear about the quality of that emotion.

"The author leaves to the possible director much more liberty than Romains does. He indicates neither the style of the settings nor the costumes. In a single line or two he indicates in the series of pictures each episode, each detail of the scenario. He follows 'his' story, he presents a canvas, a sketch, leaving to others the cares of realization.

"This procedure reinforces perhaps the essentially cinematographic character of the work. Leaving to the mimes and to the specialists the care of getting it 'registered' in the most thoro sense of the word, he permits his 'Pest' to become without the slightest doubt a work created entirely for the pleasure of the eyes—that is to say, its eloquence is uniquely and essentially visual. Hardly ever is a word put in that must be thrown on the screen, only once in a great while. And then it is never a bit of dialog or a spoken remark, but a title, or the explanation of a movement. In 'Donogoo-Tonka,' on the other hand, there is a constant intermingling of text and pantomime. In 'The Pest' action is sovereign."

This "art-scenario," we are told further, is formed of no less than one hundred and fifty-one pictures, divided into a prolog and five acts. All the tableaux are of the utmost brevity. Some of them are so short as to be mere "flashes." Some of them are picturesque to a degree, permitting great settings and large crowds, while others are of a symbolic simplicity. Herr Hasenclever's work is frankly melodramatic, demanding the greatest artistry on the part of the director who would care to mount it. In plot, consciously or not, it bears a close resemblance to the story of our own Edgar Allan Poe, entitled "The Mask of the Red Death," which has often been suggested as the material for a Russian ballet. As recounted by Paul Colin in the *Crapouillot*:

"The story is simple. In the year 2000 'the world has become like a paradise.' Universal peace and plenty. But the world must perish. First act: the black pest, spread by rats, is discovered aboard a Transatlantic liner, attacking the crew and the passengers of every



HE CELEBRATES THE "WRITTEN FILM"

Louis Delluc, critic, director and novelist, predicts a time when we shall be reading scenarios as we now read published plays or novels.

class. Second act: The pest, spread by a dancer whose gowns have been infected by the rats, spreads now among the audience in a theater in a seaport, and thence into the great capital where the dancing girl has sought refuge. The country is in a state of siege. Great

alarm on the Exchange. The evil spreads into the low countries and depopulates the villages. One child alone escapes this horrible death. Third act: the pest continues to spread. A scientist at last discovers a serum. A banker buys from him the rights of exploitation. Revealed to himself by the mysteriously spared child, a student makes himself the apostle of the war against the pest. Fourth act: The epidemic continues to spread. Everything is stricken. The inventor and his backer continue to work. But an accident happens at the very moment the scientist is about to apply his remedy to the stricken. He infects himself and falls. Insane panic. Fifth act: Deserted villages, the last living beings have gone mad. The banker and the dancer escape into a castle where Death awaits them and their guests. The castle is burnt down, and the film ends with an immense dance of the dead."

This effort is significant, concludes Paul Colin, as a first attempt at cinematographic literature. Its imperfections, he thinks, are largely excusable and diminish in no way our interest in the effort it represents. It is less for its actual imaginative value than for its significance and its suggestion that the French writer directs our attention to Hasenclever's work. It will be interesting to watch developments.

A CHILD OF SEVEN IS HAILED AS A GREAT WRITER

THE enthusiasm lavished on the writings of Daisy Ashford, Hilda Conkling, Horace Wade and other juvenile writers during recent months, reaches its climax in connection with the publication of "The Story of Opal" (*Atlantic Monthly Press*). This unique diary, which carries as its sub-title, "The Journal of an Understanding Heart," has been running in the *Atlantic Monthly*, and is vouched for by Ellery Sedgwick, the editor of that publication, as the work of a girl between six and seven years of age. The name of the girl, now grown to womanhood, is Opal Whiteley. She met Lord Grey in Boston last winter, and he has written an introduction for the English edition of the book. M. Clemenceau, M. Poincaré, Lord Rayleigh, Lord Curzon, have all expressed in-

terest. The reviewers in England are, if anything, more appreciative than those in America. Clement Shorter, in the *London Sphere*, goes so far as to say: "I have just read the most wonderful book concerning childhood, and written by a child, that has ever been given to the world. I love 'Pet Marjorie,' Daisy Ashford's writings, and all the efforts in which children have endeavored to express their limited outlook upon life, but not one of them can, in my judgment, for a moment compare with this book."

The history of "The Story of Opal," as Mr. Sedgwick tells it, is very interesting. It seems that he first met Opal Whiteley about a year ago. She called on him at the *Atlantic* office with a book which she had published at her own expense in Los

Angeles. It was entitled "The Fairyland Around Us"—the fairyland of beasts and blossoms, butterflies and birds—and she wanted to have it published in regular fashion. There was not very much about it at first sight to tempt a publisher, but "about Opal Whiteley herself," Mr. Sedgwick writes, "there was something to attract the attention even of a man of business—something very young and eager and fluttering, like a bird in a thicket."

Mr. Sedgwick found that the girl had lived in Oregon lumber camps. He was impressed by her recollection of detail, and suggested that she must have kept a diary. "Yes, always," she replied; "I do still." "Then it is not the book I want," said the editor, "but the diary." Whereupon she told him that the diary, kept from her fifth to her eighteenth year had been destroyed. A girl friend in a fit of temper had torn it into thousands of pieces. It was written on scraps of paper of many kinds and sizes. The earlier part of it had been written as a child might write, in capital letters. "Did you keep the pieces of this diary?" Mr. Sedgwick asked; and she admitted that she had kept them all in a box in Los Angeles. But here is Mr. Sedgwick's statement:

"We telegraphed for them, and they came—hundreds, thousands, one might almost say millions of them. Some few were large as a half-sheet of note-paper, more, scarce big enough to hold a letter of the alphabet. The paper was of all shades, sorts, and sizes; butchers' bags pressed and sliced in two, wrapping paper, the backs of envelopes—anything and everything that could hold writing. The early years of the diary are printed in letters so close that, when the sheets are fitted, not another letter can be squeezed in. In later passages the characters are written with childish clumsiness, and later still one sees the gradually forming adult hand."

The entire diary comprises about a quarter of a million words, but the published book,

covering Opal's life from six to seven, contains only seventy thousand words. There is "one little mystery about her," as Mr. Shorter puts it, in that she persists that she is not the daughter of Mr. Whiteley, of Oregon, a lumberman, by whom she asserts she was adopted as a child of five. Mr. Whiteley and his relatives (his wife is dead) deny this, and describe Opal's story of her origin as fantasy.

According to Opal, her father was a Frenchman. She speaks of him and his wife as her Angel Parents. Both died, she says, when she was five years old. He is portrayed as a naturalist who was away from home much of the time. Opal makes much of two copy-books which her father and mother left her and which held their photographs. In these books, which told of the world about her and of the older



Photograph by Bachrach

OPAL WHITELEY AS SHE LOOKS TODAY
A picture showing her reconstructing her famous diary.

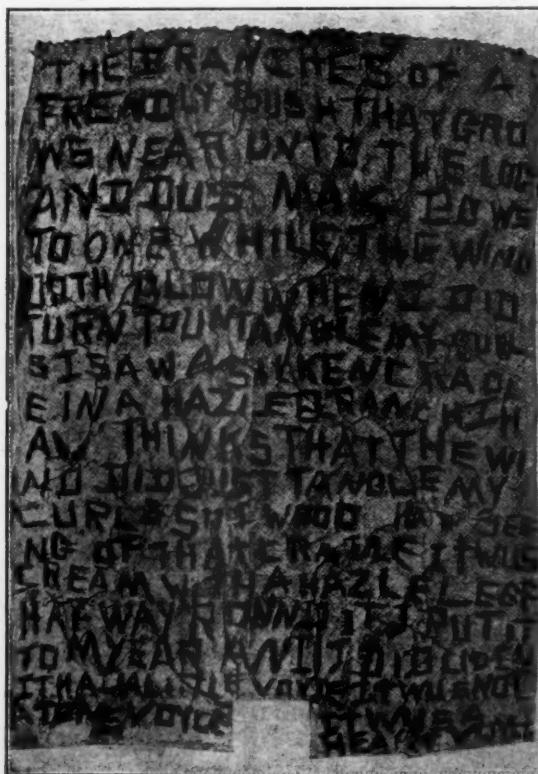
world of legend and history, she found a kind of education.

The dominant spirit of the diary is one of passionate sympathy with all nature—animate and inanimate. In place of human friends, little Opal made confidants of strange pets whom she named after characters learned apparently in her copy-books. The book in its printed form opens with four pages entitled "Characters in the Narrative" without which the diary would be almost unintelligible. We read here of Aphrodite, a mother pig; of Peter Paul Rubens, a very dear pet pig; of Aristotle, a pet bat who died of eating too many mosquitoes; of Brave Horatius, a shepherd dog; of Lars Porsena of Clusium, a pet crow with a fondness for collecting things; of Lucian Horace Ovid Virgil, a toad; of Thomas Chatterton Jupiter Zeus, a most

dear velvety wood-rat; of William Shakespeare, an old gray horse with an understanding soul. Even the trees have names, one "most tall fir tree" being set down as Michael Angelo Sanzio Raphael, "my chum." Feeling "sad inside" one day, she goes to talk things over with her tall fir. "I scooted up the barn door," she writes; "from there I climbed on to the lower part of the barn roof. I walked up a ways. Up there I took a long look at the world about. One gets such a wide view of the world from a barn roof. After I looked looks in four straight ways and four corner ways I said a little prayer. I always say a little prayer before I jump off the barn into the arms of Michael Angelo Sanzio Raphael, because that jump is quite a long jump and if I did not land in the arms of Michael Angelo Sanzio Raphael I might get my leg or neck broken."

Fortunately for literature and the circle of readers who are now enjoying the diary, no such catastrophe ever took place; and we follow, with increasing amusement and admiration, this quaint revelation. Much of the narrative deals with chores that had to be done—washing, cleaning, looking after a baby, feeding the animals. Planting potatoes leads to the following reflections:

"One must leave an eye on every piece of potato one plants in the ground to grow. It won't grow if you don't. It can't see how to grow without its eye. All day today I did be careful to leave an eye on every piece. And I did have meditations about what things the eyes of potatoes do see there in the ground. I have thinks they do have seeing of black velvet moles and large earthworms that do get short in a quick way. And potato flowers above ground do see the doings of the field—and maybe they do look away and see the willows that grow by the singing creek. I do wonder if potato plants do have longings to dabble their toes. I have supposes they do just like I do. Being a potato must be interest—especially the having so many eyes."



A PAGE OF LITTLE OPAL'S DIARY

The early part of Opal Whiteley's diary, written on scraps of paper of many kinds and sizes, was torn to pieces and had to be reconstructed.



Photographs by Van der Weyde

"THE THUMB OF GOD"

A model made by George Grey Barnard to illustrate his plan. The Hudson River, which in the picture flows beyond the bridge, is to be brought under it. The waterfall shown is to be created. A marble plaza, an elliptical wall of bronze and marble, and a thousand feet of symbolic sculpture are part of the plan.

BARNARD'S PLAN FOR AN ART ACROPOLIS IN MEMORY OF THE WAR

IF America is to escape the disease of "monumentitis" that has been disfiguring Europe since the close of the war, she must learn to avoid mistakes that have already been made. There is much thought and much talk at the present time regarding the creation on American soil of a monument commemorating the Allied victory and the American dead who helped to make that victory possible. An arch has been suggested; a bridge; a tower; an obelisk; even a "colossal globe" poised on a concrete island in New York Harbor.

Now comes George Grey Barnard with a plan so big, so original, so impressive, that he is winning attention throughout the land. He proposes nothing less than an Art Acropolis that shall bring to twentieth-century New York something of the glamor of ancient Athens. "An inspired monument it should be," he says, "drawing to itself the best of the art work of the country and intended solely for the glorification, through her living as well as through her sacrificed dead, of America. It should not be Gothic, or Romanesque, or Georgian, or anything but American in its lines."

Mr. Barnard lives at the upper end of Manhattan Island in what a correspondent of the *Christian Science Monitor* describes

as "a domain of Gothic cloisters and grandiose dreams." Some of the dreams have been wrought into tangible shape—the legendary Lincoln, the immense Adam for Mr. Rockefeller's Medicean gardens at Pocantico Hills, the gracious, invincible Eve who is "Modern Woman." Others are still imprisoned in titanic blocks that make a snow-white Stonehenge outside the sculptor's monastic atelier.

His new and greatest dream requires the use of a promontory or plateau not far from his studio, in the vicinity of Fort Washington Avenue. "What architect," he asks, "could design a pedestal comparable to this plateau, dedicated in faith by the embattled Washington in the darkest hour before the dawn of our American democracy?" He continues (in an interview published in the *New York Herald*):

"It is the site that stirs my enthusiasm. On a bold ridge at the northern extremity of Manhattan Island God or Nature, as you will, has laid down a pedestal suitable for a gigantic epic in marble and bronze. I prefer to call it the power of God, who laid His hand on this ridge with the thumb rising or tending upward at its northern end. Here should stand a nation's memorial to its heroes, where nothing would be permitted to lessen its magnificence

or the greatness of the lessons it should teach."

The land, it seems, has been offered to New York City as a free gift by John D. Rockefeller. At an earlier day the Hudson River encircled this bluff. In the new plan, the river would again be carried around the Eastern base. The sloping sides would be made more precipitous, and from the summit, by a process of siphoning, water would be drawn to fall again in leaping cascades into the Hudson. Through his mind's eye Mr. Barnard already sees an amphitheatre in the neighboring Inwood valley, and small steamers, like those that ply the Seine in Paris, carrying multitudes from the teeming city to steep themselves in aspiring thought and reminiscence.

In speaking of the monument which is to crown the highest part of the bluff. Mr. Barnard says:

"The design is along simple, yes, the simplest architectural lines. A marble plaza should be constructed on this plateau in dimensions of a parallelogram measuring 900 by 750 feet. Within this area rises an elliptical wall of bronze and marble, and around the bronze base of this ellipse are planned to be wrought bronze groups of figures depicting the industrial workers of the United States: the farmers, miners, cotton spinners, the railroad men; in a word, all the producing industries are to have their groups, and sculptors will go to the land, to the mines, everywhere to make their original sketches. Nothing to be done 'out of the head' and without the model.

"Do you see what effect this very sending of sculptors to the original sources will have on the workers of our land? It will dignify in their minds as nothing has yet done the dignity of labor.

"A surface given up to this pictorial history amounting to a total of 1,000 feet must suggest to a thinking man the greatness of the subject and that it should be treated greatly and with



THE HUDSON RIVER AT INWOOD

This is a photograph made from the plateau or promontory which George Grey Barnard suggests as the site of an American Acropolis. Mr. Barnard already sees, through his mind's eye, an amphitheatre in the valley below and little steamers, like those of the Seine, carrying crowds from the city.

leisure. It would form a veritable epic of our industrial history."

But this is only the beginning.

"Above this circlet of bronze shall rise a ring of marble and on this are to be depicted the dreams of these workers. The miner, the carpenter, every worker labors for something. Vague as his visions still are apt to be to him, they can be correlated to his toil and shown vividly to himself by the same artists who study him in his toil. I believe that these visions, these hopes common to humanity, wrought broadly in marble would be felt for their truth and offset if they did not dissipate the present unrest and dissatisfaction of labor. Within the ellipse a symbolic group of a man and a woman 'creating themselves' shall appear as the climax of this thought.

"Let us close our eyes and see with the inner vision the monument, as if we sat in a stadium to the north of it. Directly before us is a great square of marble, within which is a circle worked out as a rainbow in mosaic, while beneath it is a niche to be given up entirely to light. There is no subject of sculptural treatment sufficiently grandiose to deserve a place here, but what is greater than light? In front of this northern wall projects a platform, where, led by Joan of Arc on a great white charger, for she is no more merely the symbol of French courage but stands now for world freedom, would be seen America and the Allies, symbolical female figures, all aspiring to the light. On one hand great throngs of our militant youth, nude—our dead—would be shown as rising from the battlefields of Europe and ascending to the rainbow in the midst of great, billowy white smoke clouds. The corresponding part of the facade would be filled with groups of women and children left homeless and uncared for by the war."

At the four corners of the bronze wall would stand the four horses of the Apocalypse, huge in size and made of black marble. They are War, Famine, Fever, Desolation. Beneath the feet of these ophidian beasts would lie female martyrs in white marble. "The contrast," Mr. Barnard



OUR MOST IMAGINATIVE SCULPTOR

George Grey Barnard has awakened widespread interest in his plan to transform a bluff on upper Manhattan Island into "an inspired monument" in glorification of America.

Arc on a great white charger, for she is no more merely the symbol of French courage but stands now for world freedom, would be seen America and the Allies, symbolical female figures, all aspiring to the light. On one hand great throngs of our militant youth, nude—our dead—would be shown as rising from the battlefields of Europe and ascending to the rainbow in the midst of great, billowy white smoke clouds. The corresponding part of the facade would be filled with groups of women and children left homeless and uncared for by the war."

says, "should make for the strongest effect, one that might well be called, were it not for the lesson it is intended to convey, excessive. But in these great picture writings there must be no squeamishness; sculpture is not diplomacy; it has no dealing with the spirit of compromise."

Mr. Barnard's scheme includes lateral doors leading into the marble ellipse, one to be called the Mothers' Door and one the Fathers' Door.

"Here we would be confronted by a circle of great statues, thirty in number, representing the 'great man' of each of the nations who has avowed a purpose to end war forever. Each statesman, writer, painter or man of whatever walk of life to be chosen by his nation and pictured by its greatest sculptor selected to preserve in this way his form and features.

"And on the end of the outer wall, corresponding to the rainbowed facade, would be

quite another treatment, this time due space and grandeur to be given to the feeling of natural grief of bereaved parents. Steps cut out of funereal marble would lead down to the crypt, where veiled figures, four in number, guard funeral urns. This crypt memorializes 'The Unknown Dead.'

"Rising out of this crypt with her super-spread wings floating widely against the extent of wall will be a towering Angel of Peace. For half a hundred feet the angel shall lift her pure and benignant head into the air while she holds over the dead palm branches and olive wreaths. She plants her feet far below the surface of the foundation, in a fountain of living water, and whoever shall drink from it may feel, it is to be hoped, some degree of her aspiration for peace and good will universal to men."

Many details, significant in the general scheme, must be omitted from this general survey of the monument as a projected whole. Mr. Barnard admits that already his conception has far outgrown his individual grasp and control. He asks us to banish the "one man idea" at the start. The work is too great to be bound up in swaddling clothes. "Why, if it is properly carried out," he exclaims, "this great memorial of love, meant to incorporate the

triumph of right over wrong, would absorb for a decade the toils of fifty sculptors."

The plan embraces the foundation of a great art school and several buildings devoted entirely to beauty. It also includes an exhibition of architecture of a very unusual sort. There are to be on the ridge several temples of ancient religions brought to this country from China, Persia, Egypt and other distant lands.

With a natural grandeur of situation heightened by magnificent sculpture and architecture, the objection that this American Acropolis would be too far away for people to visit it is dismissed by the *Herald* as futile. The writer in the *Christian Science Monitor* declares:

"It is a grandiose dream, which in one shape or another seems surely destined to be incorporated in our nation's scheme of art progress during this generation succeeding the great war. A fitting culmination of George Grey Barnard's twenty-five years' work and musings in this romantic solitude, with its thrilling natural beauty and hallowed historical associations, where he wrought 'The Hewer,' the 'Lincoln,' 'Adam and Eve,' 'Rising Woman,' and other creations that are slowly winning their way as modern classics."



A DETAIL OF BARNARD'S PROPOSED ACROPOLIS

This is an "Allegory of the Nations," showing from right to left, France, Russia, Great Britain, Italy, Belgium and America. Mr. Barnard has also created an "Allegory of Labor."

A MONOPLANE AS REVOLUTIONARY AS THE FIRST IRON SHIP

A FLASH of fire, a cloud of smoke and down comes the wood-and-cloth airplane, a burning mass. Nothing of the kind can happen to the new all-metal monoplane, the latest innovation in aircraft. As solid as a battleship and covered with corrugated sheets of metal, the monoplane looks too heavy to fly. "If that airplane will fly, a battleship will fly," Colonel W. N. Halsey said to the pilot who was about to take him for a flight in one of the huge metal monoplanes which he saw while in Germany. Imagine an all-metal monoplane having a wing-spread of one hundred and thirty feet and weighing eight tons!

The astonishing fact is that this heavy machine will not only fly but will fly with greater economy of fuel, will fly faster and with thrice the efficiency of other machines of its weight and size. What makes possible such a seeming miracle? We read in *Popular Science Monthly* that Dr. Hugo Junker, a leading maker of aircraft in Europe, found, by a series of wind-tunnel experiments, that he could, by the utmost economy of material, make a structure strong enough to withstand great stresses and strains and yet possessing the power of cleaving the air in flight.

It is an adaptation of this Junker design that John L. Larsen brings to this country in the JL6 monoplane, a machine having a wing-spread of nearly fifty feet and weighing 2245 pounds. The absence of all exposed structural fea-

tures, such as wires, struts and bracings, reduces the resistance to such an extent that the huge metal machine navigates with the ease of a gigantic eagle. What flying-machine of wood and cloth will carry from six to eight passengers at an average speed of 112 miles an hour, making use of but one hundred and sixty horsepower? This is only one of the many wonderful capabilities of the JL6 all-metal monoplane.

In it, we read, the thick curve of the wing provides great lifting power. Therefore landing becomes possible at a speed of about forty or fifty miles an hour. The strength of the wing depends upon a simple



Courtesy of *Popular Science Monthly*

"IF THAT AIRSHIP WILL FLY A BATTLESHIP WILL FLY"

The JL6 is made entirely of metal and speeds through the air at two miles a minute. Here it is carrying passengers over the Potomac river near Washington.

cantilever construction of tubes and girders within the covers of the corrugated sheets of aluminum alloy. In the thickest part of each wing, near the body, are the gasoline-tanks, their position providing another factor of safety.

The JL6 carries from six to eight persons, including pilot and mechanic. It completed a non-stop flight from Omaha to Lancaster, Pennsylvania, a distance in the air of about twelve hundred miles, at an average speed, against a cross head-wind, of one hundred and nine miles an hour, and consumed one hundred and five gallons of gasoline.

In altitude climbing, the monoplane carried five people to a height of twenty-two thousand feet with an efficiency fully triple that of any other airplane of to-day. In another flight it went from Atlantic City to New York with five passengers, one of whom weighed two hundred and seventy-seven pounds, and with one hundred and forty-three pounds of baggage, reaching an altitude of 20,600 feet, and establishing a world's record for the passengers carried and horsepower used. It was equipped with a Mercedes 160-horsepower engine and covered the entire distance in eighty minutes! Further:

"The cost of air travel is totally revolutionized by the economical accomplishment of the record non-stop flight from Omaha to Lancaster. Allowing thirty-four cents a gallon for gasoline, the fuel consumed amounted to \$35.70; the cost of the oil used was about \$4.80; total cost for these, \$40.50. Three people and baggage were carried. When allowance is made for the money invested, for depreciation and wear, for wages, etc., the actual transpor-

tation cost would compare with the regular railroad fare for such a trip, and pay attractive dividends on the investment. Contrasted with a similar trip in an automobile, the expenses are surprisingly light, considering how long it would take the automobilist to make the trip involving stopovers on the way.

"The material used in metal aircraft construction, 'duraluminum,' contains more than ninety per cent aluminum, alloyed with copper, magnesium and manganese. Weight for weight, a tube of this metal can be made three times thicker than one of steel. This means that any slight local fracture, such as a dent in the metal, would have less effect than the same imperfection in a thin tube of steel of similar weight. In the air the wings of an airplane are subjected to enormous strain. A serious defect would cause a structural tube to give way when too great pressure is thrown upon it. Thus a decided advantage seems to be obtained in the use of thicker material, and for this duraluminum is better than steel, tho steel will withstand a greater weight than duraluminum."

The secret of the JL6 is expressed in the words "real streamlining." The thick-set, roomy body cleaves the air more smoothly than the over-slender fuselage with its cramped quarters. The wings likewise have no useless resistance, only a sham fault, in that their high lifting power engenders what scientists term an abnormal drift. The elimination of wires, struts and bracings is said to add sixty per cent of propeller efficiency, while the wing-drift costs ten per cent—leaving fifty per cent advantage over other types of wing structure. Fifty per cent of the resistance offered by the exposed wires and struts of other types of aircraft are eliminated in this remarkable monoplane.

IRELAND IS RICH, BUT IS COMMERCIALLY PARALYZED

IT is of interest to learn that the people of Ireland have thrifitly been accumulating money in the banks until they have something like £180,000,000 on deposit. According to Arno Dosch-Fleurot, writing to the *New York World* from Dublin, there is money enough in Ireland to trade with the whole world on a vast scale,

"but the trading is done by English companies through English ports."

Ireland, we are told, is really rich, but is unable to use its wealth to best advantage. "This is chiefly due to the old fear that so long as they are legislated for in London, England will insist on getting the better part of anything they have." This

correspondent, in an attempt to answer in commercial terms the old question, "What's the matter with Ireland?", says that it is an "empty country." It is full of fat sheep and cattle, feeding on the best of pastures, but it lacks human beings, the causes being, we are told, former famines, emigration, the raising of live stock instead of men. It can be economically explained, but the Irish people resent it for the same reason that Californians resent seeing their land pass into the hands of the Japanese. Both feel that theirs is a land fit for the propagation of their own race and they want it used for that. Another thing one notices immediately about Ireland in a first-hand study of the situation is even more pointed:

"In every city in Ireland, except Belfast, the signs of opulence date from the eighteenth century. The fine old houses that make Dublin so charming a city are Georgian. They were built in the days of the Irish Parliament, before the union with England. No signs of opulence of a later date are to be discovered. The conclusion is obvious. Ireland was opulent when it ran its own affairs. In the century and a quarter it has been governed from London it has not been opulent once. Whatever comes out of the present mess in Ireland, the Irish people are sufficiently awake to their disabilities to insist upon getting their own affairs into their own hands, either within or without the empire. And it is unquestionably Sinn Fein that has got the Irish people out of the rut."

To be commercially free, Ireland is re-beginning a foreign trade "on its own." For it used to have a large direct foreign trade. The port of Galway, into which a full-rigged ship can come under its own sail, but with only a few hulks rotting now against the piers, its warehouses empty for nearly a century, its whole aspect one of former prosperity and present decay, shows what Ireland once did. But, we read, for a complication of reasons it has not been trying to do business directly with the outside world for a long time. Even Cork, "which all the time might have been carrying on direct trade with France through Brest," has long since fallen into the habit of trading via England.

"Sinn Fein has aroused people to the attempt to do direct business. It is not much, but it is suggestive. Its first opportunity

came in the form of direct trade with the United States through the line of steamers established by Moore & McCormack Company. This company found it worth while to touch at an Irish port because it had to unload at Cork shipments of material Henry Ford was sending over to establish his tractor factory. It was an undreamed-of opportunity. It was to Cork like an unexpected business opportunity to a bookkeeper who has been for years making money for somebody else. Cork went out to find cargo to put in the American ships and make it worth their while to come again. The other day in Cork they showed me the figures of how they had succeeded.

"The first regular steamer from America came last December. It was then a monthly service; now it is weekly. The first two cargoes were partial; now the ships are full. The first ship for which Cork scurried to find a return cargo carried from the port 364 tons; the latest to go took 1,280. The ships coming over are now overloaded; the last two had 400 tons apiece on their decks. They are forming trading companies in Cork to keep things moving. The things they have been exporting or expect to export to America are cloth, mackerel, malt extract for cattle feed, knitted woolen things, hides, laces, marble, bacon, canned fish, hose, paving stones, magnesia, bone meal and tallow. Each one of these articles was enumerated with an impressive manner. The eagerness was pathetic.

"To have established direct trade relations with America is tremendously encouraging. It is not that the British Government has ever directly prevented them from having such outside connections, but that big business in England has made it impossible. Even Ireland's own lines were bought up by bigger British concerns."

From the shipping point of view Ireland is entirely in English hands. The Belfast and Londonderry are big shipping ports, the control of their output is in England. This, it is of interest to note, is one of the reasons why Ulster wants to keep in close touch with England.

"The men of the North are hard headed and have found means of getting rich within the empire. The men of the South are quite different. They are much more interested in spiritual things, liberty for example, than they are in business itself. They want to make money too, but not for money's sake, to grace life. They get more satisfaction out of seeing the American ships coming regularly in and out of Cork than the shipbuilders of Belfast get from their great yards employing 30,000

men. Beside the enterprize of the North the foreign trade undertakings of the South look amateurish, but the amateurishness of the South has a national purpose behind it, and that is what makes it important."

Sinn Fein, according to this observer, can be dealt with in Ireland much easier than Ulster. Sinn Fein is demanding complete liberty, absolute independence from the empire; it is killing England's police and England's soldiers; it would break the British Empire if it could, but

from what this American has seen of Sinn Fein he is convinced it would become quite reasonable if it would get an ample measure of freedom for Ireland within the empire and were sure Britain would play fair. Sinn Fein would listen to reason, but the writer doubts whether Ulster would. Sinn Fein is hot-headed, but amenable. Ulster is passionate and stubborn. Sinn Fein would like to get along with Ulster for its own ends, of course, but it is emphasized, Ulster refuses to have anything to do with Sinn Fein.

BAMBOO TO SAVE THE WORLD FROM A PAPER FAMINE

THAT bamboo is the hope of the world in supplying pulp for the manufacture of paper in anything like adequate quantity, is affirmed by William Riatt, consulting cellulose expert to the Government of India, who has been engaged for more than twenty-five years in searching for new paper-making materials. If, he is quoted as saying, in the New York *Evening Sun*, literature came to an end for lack of paper and the great forests of the temperate zones disappeared—as experts apprehend—within two generations, under the demand for wood pulp, civilized humanity would find relief in India and in tropical Africa. In India are vast supplies of grasses on which a considerable amount of research work has been done by the Forest Research Institute of India with a view to paper making; but, we read, they present difficulties which do not occur with bamboo. In fact, there are no difficulties in transforming bamboo into pulp, the supplies of which, as compared with wood, are inexhaustible. While wood takes from thirty to fifty years to grow, bamboo renews itself annually; and in Burmah particularly the transport conditions for it are admirable. In many places the whole transport in and out of the factory can be accomplished on inland tidal water.

Bad as the pulp and paper situation is in this country, it appears to be much worse in Great Britain. Formerly, it is stated, the United States obtained only a third of its supply from Canada, permitting Canada to

ship its large surplus to Britain and also permitting the United States to ship a certain amount to Europe. Britain is now dependent for its supplies on Scandinavia and Finland and the Scandinavians and Finns are making hay while the sun shines.

Another reason for the British paper famine is that virtually no paper-making machines have been built in England since the war began, and great inroads on its paper supplies are being made by American agents, who are depleting the stock regardless of cost. Especially precarious is the book-publishing situation. Early in the year the best quality of paper used for novels—70 pound antique wove—was quoted at $15\frac{1}{2}$ cents, and quickly advanced to $17\frac{1}{2}$. In June it reached 25 cents and London merchants are apprehensive that the price will go to 30 and 35 cents. The Scandinavian market is almost as bad. It is stated that some Swedish and Danish publishers are unable to obtain and keep in stock more than a few hundred reams of any variety of book paper. Norway, being the main source of supply, is better off, but neither is paper obtainable there in large quantities. The Danish factories are unable to cope with the demand, so that the peninsula countries, on a decreased output basis, are faced with the problem of meeting bigger orders than ever before. Thus the paper situation in Europe is daily growing more precarious.

A PLAN TO SAFEGUARD AMERICAN INVESTORS

NOW that the bond and stock houses are preparing to float new issues in unparalleled volume and to press their selling campaigns into the remotest country districts and among the very smallest investors, the *Saturday Evening Post* editorially calls attention to the pressing need of "a competent and disinterested body of experts to pass upon the merits of publicly offered securities." The *Post* foresees objections to the proposal by observing that billions of dollars of credit are extended or withheld every year under the guidance of ratings made by *Dunn and Bradstreet* and that the correct rating of a bond or stock is not much more difficult than that of a commercial house.

Why, it is asked, should the idea be thought fantastic if a national organization of investment bankers resolved to establish and maintain a board of disinterested experts whose duty should be to study and analyze all publicly offered securities, to assign them a rating based upon their merits or demerits, make public the ratings thus arrived at; and modify them from time to time as altered conditions might dictate?

"Leaders in most callings recognize the fact that it is incumbent upon them to maintain the ethical standards of their occupations. Physicians discountenance quacks; lawyers are quick to effect the disbarment of attorneys who swindle clients and thus bring disgrace upon the whole legal profession; and stock exchanges punish with an unsparing hand erring members who transgress the strict code laid down for them. The aim of these disciplinary measures is twofold: First, to protect the public; second, to keep the occupational reputation so unspotted that the rank and file of its honorable practitioners may enjoy the confidence of the public and the material benefits that confidence brings.

"Reputable investment bankers, tho filled with righteous indignation when they read of the barefaced frauds perpetrated by stock swindlers, are almost powerless to curb their activities. What they can do is to raise and clarify the standards of their own fraternity. In the nature of business these bankers are called upon to underwrite and distribute many security issues whose soundness is questionable, whose future is uncertain and whose quality is frankly speculative. There is no

reason why they should not do so. The world must have its pioneers and bold adventurers or there would be no progress. There are always plenty of speculators who desire a large return and who are willing to assume the risks that pioneering involves.

"There is a proper market for such securities, but they should be so described and distributed that they will go into the hands of those who are willing to take a chance rather than those who buy with the intention of making a sound and conservative investment. A rating made by a disinterested board of experts would put such a bond on its proper footing, and an unsophisticated buyer would not be talked into the belief that it was safer and more desirable than it actually was."

The service, as proposed, should be absolutely free to investors and should and could, it is maintained, be supported by investment bankers as their contribution toward the conservation of our national savings. If, in other words, American bond houses are to raise anything like the sums that financial magazines predict will be required to keep our industries going during the next few years, their legitimate profits will be so enormous that they should be able to absorb the cost of such a service. If not, "there is no reason why the rating board should not assess a fee upon the concerns whose securities it rated, the amount being based upon the size of the stock or bond issue involved, just as the New York Stock Exchange imposes a listing charge upon the corporations whose securities are dealt in on the big board."

Meanwhile the Board of Commerce of Erie, Pennsylvania, which for years has been a field for wild stock selling, with an annual loss out of all proportion to the amount risked, has taken the bull by the horns and created a department for the examination of stock-selling propositions. There were, reports H. A. Davidson, secretary of the board, in *The Nation's Business*, quick and indignant yelps of protest from salesmen and corporation representatives and demands to know the authority for such action. Soon, however, houses of standing recognized that an investigation would be to their interest and fell into line.

The rules adopted were that complete selling literature should be supplied, that

a statement of the financial condition of the house be delivered, and that the board have sufficient time to conduct its investigation as to financial standing, profit-making ability, personnel and such other requirements as any partner would have a right to know. It was explained to the salesman that no statement would be made for publication, that no opinion would be expressed unless the proposition was shown to be fraudulent or most undesirable, and that before any report would be made to a prospective buyer, the selling representative would be called into conference and allowed to see the findings. It was agreed that the report should be open for inspection by any one, the only facts not being available being those given to the board in confidence.

The secretary of the Erie Board of Commerce has been besieged by similar organi-

zations for details of the plan and for assurance that the risk incurred is not too great. The answer has been that if every report is based upon actual findings and confines itself to these facts, no risk is taken, but that, unless the secretary has had financial experience, the responsibility of such investigation had best be thrown upon a committee of directors. As the *World's Work* supplements, apropos of the re-appearance in stock-selling circles of a notorious swindler, it is high time for a Federal "blue sky law" under which the operations of this ex-jail bird and others of his kind could be kept close watch of for the protection of the public, and which would prevent governors and other distinguished folk from unwittingly lending their assistance to the swindling business.

WHY OIL IS DRIVING COAL FROM SHIPS AND FACTORIES

TODAY, eighteen years after the first oil-burning steamship crossed the Atlantic, about two thousand vessels have been equipped to burn oil and it is predicted, in *Popular Science Monthly*, that it will not be long before every steamship will have ceased to burn coal in its present cumbersome form. The *Olympic*, recently equipped as an oil-burner, furnishes proof of the extraordinary advantages of oil over coal in ocean navigation. Figures show that the annual saving for this vessel will reach \$1,300,000, and this entirely disregards the lower cost of oil compared with the present price of coal.

In its first overseas trip as an oil-burner, records Latimer J. Wilson in the scientific journal, the *Olympic* maintained an average speed of 21.5 knots an hour, as compared with 20.5 with coal. At this rate, twenty-one trips a year will be possible instead of the usual twenty. Two main engines of 26,000 horsepower, and an additional directly connected turbine engine of 17,000 horsepower, drive the *Olympic* on her course. In the fire-room are one hundred and fifty-nine furnaces with five single-end and twenty-four double-end boilers. An electrical indicator in the boiler-room shows

the number of fires required at any time. Tank space for 5200 tons of oil is provided.

To put coal into the *Olympic*'s bunkers took one hundred and forty men working from three to four days. Seven men accomplish the equivalent of this task in six hours, piping oil into the tanks. Coal produced such an amount of dirt that a whole day was spent cleaning up the ship, while complete repainting was necessary after every alternate trip. Consider what this and other savings amount to from the viewpoint of finances! Allowing three and one-half days and one hundred and thirty-three men each voyage, at \$3 a day, the amount saved on bunkering alone is \$29,327 a year, counting twenty-one trips instead of twenty. Oil releases one thousand tons of cargo space each trip, estimated at \$525,000. Owing to the release of one hundred and fifty-three extra firemen, more passenger space is provided, giving a further saving of \$491,400. The wages saved by the release of the firemen amounts to \$165,240, while the cost of their subsistence, \$82,620, is an additional saving. The total annual saving thus amounts to \$1,293,587.

Passing on the technical features of an oil-burning ocean liner, and observing that the oil-burning installation on the *Olympic* is already obsolete as compared with the latest type of oil-burner being installed in industrial plants which differs mainly by permitting an accurate adjustment of air admitted to the flame, we read that the total saving in operating costs varies from thirty to seventy per cent, depending upon the type of ship or power plant. Oil does away with the handling of ashes. It ban-

ishes the nuisance of smoky cities, and produces less soot to clog the smokestacks. Estimates based upon plants operating with oil for fuel instead of coal give such results as these: a twenty-five per cent reduction in expense of firemen; a sixty-five per cent reduction in fuel consumption; ash-handlers, coal passers, etc., reduced to nothing; a ten per cent reduction in bunkering time; and, among other items in the account, a sixty-five per cent increase in storage space.

AUTOCRACY IN INDUSTRY IS DENOUNCED BY A GRAND JURY OF CHURCHMEN

CHARGING that the control and government of industry in this country are still victoriously autocratic, as compared with industrial conditions in other countries, and that the democratization of industry is imperative, the Committee on the War and the Religious Outlook, an interdenominational group appointed by the joint action of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America and the General War-Time Commission of the Churches to investigate the causes of social unrest, reports that "the present concentration of control denies to the majority of workers the opportunity of directing their own lives freely or finding full self-expression in their work." Further:

"In a day in which democracy is regarded as the conscious goal in political development by practically all the nations in the world, autocratic organization is still a widely accepted rule in industry. The idea that 'it is my industry and that it is nobody else's business how I run it,' is largely unchallenged in our economic life. The plain fact, however, is that no man has a right to think of an industry as simply his own private concern. It is made possible only by the joint endeavors of all men who, with hand or brain, work in connection with it. Their lives as well as the employer's are all bound up in it and their destinies affected by the way it is carried on. . . . Collective bargaining has tended to limit this arbitrary control and in certain industries to secure what approaches a balance of power, but in most industries has not yet resulted in anything that can really be designated as democracy."

Not only in controlling and limiting men's lives, but also in the appropriation of surplus profits, does the autocratic organization of industry run counter to what this committee regards the ideal of service. "All that remains after fixed charges are met is ordinarily treated as the rightful due not of all those who share in its production but of a single factor in the process. Still less is there a general effort to return to the community as a whole, from the activity and needs of which all values are derived, the surplus remaining after worthy remuneration has been given to capital and labor. Autocratically organized industry thus increases the power of the strong more than it ministers to the common good." Under the head of Present Practicable Steps, the report discusses several aspects of the industrial situation in which improvement is immediately practicable. For instance:

"A first step in the direction of a democratic control of industry is the plan of 'collective bargaining.' Through the organization of workmen into trade unions there has come about a method, more or less effective, of increasing their economic power and of registering their will in respect to the conditions and rewards of labor. Their means of enforcement, usually potential rather than actual, is a decision not to work until their conditions are met. A strike is simply a collective refusal of an employer's terms. Unless there is union organization as a means of safeguarding the workers' interests they may be exploited by those who could otherwise autocratically control the industrial situation. For workers to

be unorganized in a highly organized corporation, which is itself a union of capital, means that they are practically impotent to better their conditions. The right of the workers to organize and bargain collectively is at present an elementary means of self-protection."

Having urged that the fuller development of the personal life is a main aim in Christian ideals, the report groups under necessary measures of protection to personality specific suggestions for lessening unemployment, abolition of child labor and regulation of women's work.

"The first thing fundamentally needed is the clear-cut recognition of a principle not yet generally accepted—that the worker, by virtue of the contribution of his labor and skill and experience, has made an investment in the industry and is entitled to protection therein as truly as the employer who contributes his organizing ability or the investor who contributes his capital. . . . It follows that there is a moral obligation resting upon employers to reduce unemployment to the lowest possible minimum. But even after the individual employer has done everything possible the evil of unemployment will still reach beyond his power to cure. Employers are often seeking for workers at the same time that men are vainly seeking for work, because there are inadequate facilities for bringing job and worker together.

For such a situation collective action is necessary. The tremendous need for a unified country-wide labor exchange becomes clear.

"In the present legislation for accident insurance, the soundness and importance of which we all now take for granted, we recognize this principle that the worker who has been necessary to an industry has a right to support if his opportunity for earning a livelihood is taken away. The extension of such a program of insurance to cover enforced unemployment from any cause is a measure which in principle is thoroly in accord with the Christian sense of social responsibility."

The point of view of this report assumes that wages can be socially regulated and controlled. It is neither practicable nor important, the committee maintains, to specify how many hours any man should work, since so much depends upon the man and the character of his work. But "it is tremendously important to secure everywhere the hearty acceptance of the principle that all production is for the sake of human welfare and hence that working hours should be determined with a primary concern for the personality of the workers." This is the crux of the report, the authors of which are inclined to indorse the eight-hour day for labor in general.

WHY CANADA IS SIDESTEPPING GOODS MADE IN U. S. A.

BEING one of the 1,800,000 residents of the United States claiming to be Canadian-born or the children of Canadian-born parents, a writer in *Forbes Magazine* has been investigating the cause of our rapidly diminishing export trade to Canada. Its basis is Canadian resentment at what is regarded as the arbitrary and unfair American discount on the Canadian dollar "being peddled around at eighty or eighty-five cents." American financiers are said to feel that there is not sufficient security behind Canadian paper currency as the Dominion, since the war started, has had to issue a large amount of currency, without increasing the actual gold deposit in proportion. Another reason is that Canada, having been in the war from the

beginning, has had to spend an enormous amount of money in maintaining an army of half a million men in addition to loaning Great Britain, who in turn loaned to her allies, sufficient to finance not only food supplies but also manufactured products purchased from Canada. If, we read, Canada had not done this, Great Britain would have been forced to purchase vastly more supplies from the United States or some other country who could grant the necessary credit, and Canadian manufacturers and farmers would have been idle. As a leading Canadian business man is quoted in *Forbes*: "In order to do this financing we have had six war loans floated and subscribed for entirely by Canadians, amounting in all to \$1,500,000,000 and

there wasn't one loan out of the six floated that wasn't oversubscribed more than double the amount asked for, and in two cases more than three times the amount asked for. This doesn't look as if our country is going to the bow-wows. It surely should put our credit as rating A-1. Altho we raised this large sum in Canada itself, we also borrowed large sums from the United States, but we have loaned to Great Britain, France, Italy and Belgium considerably more than we borrowed outside of Canada."

A third reason, which Canada is resolved to remedy, is the fact that the Dominion has been flooded with American goods for many years, so much so that "we Canadians have insisted on them in preference to Canadian or British goods, thinking the American goods best because they were so widely advertized. In a good many cases the American goods are the best—but not to the extent of fifteen to twenty cents on the Canadian dollar." Further:

"The average Canadian has been prosperous, so much so that we have been spending money like water in buying American automobiles, pianos, jewelry, clothes, etc., and we didn't

realize that by doing so we were really borrowing to that extent from the United States—that is, the balance of trade was always against us and we were sending our money out of the country instead of buying our own Canadian goods and thereby helping our Canadian manufacturer, or at least buying British goods and keeping the money within the Empire. But we have at last wakened up to the idea, and there is hardly a town of any consequence in Canada whose men and women are not insisting on either Canadian or British goods in preference to American goods until such time, at least, as the American will accept our dollar at par value."

This business spokesman predicts that America will lose more future business in Canada owing to the disastrous discount than is being gained by it, and his conclusion is said to be shared in toto by thoughtful Canadians. They know that the United States is all but famishing for pulpwood and, we are assured, realize the immensity of the Canadian grain field; appreciate the amount of potatoes shipped from Canada to the United States, and understand thoroly about Canadian furs, English, Irish, Scotch and Welsh worsteds, tweeds, twills, cheviots and so on.

JAPAN IMPORTS AND BREEDS AMERICAN HORSES FOR ARMY USE

AN experiment in horse-breeding, unique in several respects, is being tried by the Japanese Government. It is the importation from the United States of a shipload of Morgan stallions and mares, with foals, for the purpose of improving the breed of horses in the Island Empire. Never before has a Government sent to a distant country for its foundation stock in an attempt to build up a breed of horses for army use primarily.

This experiment is said, in the *New York Times Magazine*, to be the result of a recent visit to the United States of Issa Tanimura, D. C. L., Commissioner of Livestock for the Japanese Government, representing as well the Department of Agriculture and the War Department. While on a tour of this country in connection with the purchase of seeds for forage

crops in Japan, Commissioner Tanimura became interested in the Morgan horse for cavalry use, it being a comparatively small horse, intelligent, docile, speedy for its size and inured to a comparatively cold climate.

It is interesting to note that the Japanese Commissioner would not consider an animal with any white on him. Whether this was a matter of fancy, superstition or a desire to avoid the perpetuation of white in the progeny is a matter of speculation among American Morgan horsemen. The expert, Henry R. Illsley, writing in the *Times Magazine*, states that naturally "white is not desirable in a horse on the battlefield, and the descendants of these Morgan importations eventually will be the remounts for the Japanese Army." In this connection:

"In the breeding of remounts for the Japanese Army various experiments have been tried. Like other countries, they have attempted the infusion of thorobred blood and have also imported hackneys in an attempt to develop a type of army horse suitable for the Japanese cavalryman. These crosses with the native stock have not proved successful. The native horse from which is drawn the cavalry horse of the Japanese Army is a small animal, a descendant of the Mongolian pony from Manchuria. Horsemen who have had experience with the type describe him as a small, vicious pony, with traits as unsociable and unlovable as the worst specimens of the outlaws of our own cattle country. He is, however, a tough specimen of the equine family, bred from descendants of the wild animals that roamed the vast and uninhabited wastes of Manchuria. He is inured to hardships and cold, which have been his lot for countless generations.

"Knowing the history of the Morgan horse in America, one can readily understand his selection as the type to cross with the Japanese

Army horse. The Morgan is a comparatively small horse and originated and was long bred in a comparatively cold climate. The Japanese are small in stature, with short legs, and naturally require a small mount for cavalry purposes. The thorobred crosses with which they experimented turned out leggy colts and fillies which were otherwise undesirable. Now the Morgan always has been noted for his powers to transmit to his progeny his own character and undoubtedly this attribute was the strongest factor in the decision to try the present experiment."

This horse, we read, is a descendant of a horse named Justin Morgan, sired by the Byerly Turk and Godolphin Arabian, the centennial of whose death will be observed next year. It is from this one horse that all the Morgans of today are descended. They are found in the largest numbers in Vermont, where the breed was originally developed.

A NEW HOME FOR THE MOST POWERFUL BANK IN THE WORLD

DISPATCHES from London indicate that the famous old Bastile of finance—the solid, massive pile that houses the Bank of England—may be replaced by a modern banking structure. Other "reforms," too, may dispense with some of the ancient usages of that ultra-conservative institution which to this day clothes its messengers in salmon-colored, swallow-tailed coats, flaming scarlet waist-coats, black trousers and high silk hats. The porter in crimson and gold lace still keeps watch in the entrance way. Thirty-six soldiers stand guard every night and have done so since 1780. This picturesqueness may always remain.

But some administrative changes to meet business conditions since the armistice appear probable. However, we read, there is no thought of amending the purpose for which the Bank of England was established, namely, to serve the British Government and the British people. This was made plain at a recent shareholders' meeting. The question was raised whether it was fair to the stockholders not to have the Bank take advantage of present oppor-

tunities to increase its earnings and pay larger dividends, particularly in view of the handsome profits returned by other British banks. The Governor responded that public service was the first aim of the Bank of England. There was applause—and no further inquiry about increased dividends.

Since 1834 the Bank has regularly carried over \$50,000,000 of the British national debt—carried it at $2\frac{1}{4}\%$ interest since 1892. By a credit system, it assisted the Government with advances of more than a billion dollars during the war.

How the Bank won its prestige as the most powerful of banks, and why it is today a tower of strength in England's struggle for recovery is told in "English Public Finance," a study by the Bankers Trust Company, of New York. Among other things, we are reminded that the Bank of England does not acquire its standing because of its resources, for even its large capital and surplus of some \$89,000,000 are exceeded or closely approached by those of several of the London joint stock banks, and far surpassed by those of the American Federal Reserve banks.

The Bank's great influence is due to its possessing practically the sole right of note issue in England, to its authority in management of public debt, to the acquisition of the Government's deposit accounts, freedom from taxation and other privileges granted in return for its service to the State. Despite all this authority the ownership and control of the Bank remain solely in the hands of its private proprietors. The State has no proprietary interest in the capital of the Bank and no voice in its management. This private ownership dates from the organization of the Bank in 1694.

A board of directors, self-electing, including a governor and deputy governor, man-

age the Bank. The deputy governor always becomes the governor and usually the oldest director who has not been in office succeeds as deputy governor. It takes about twenty years from the time a man is first elected a director until he arrives, as it is called, "at the chair."

The Bank has its own provident society to promote life insurance among its large staff and payment of annuities to their families. It has a well-appointed library and reading room, retains its own medical officer for the benefit of employees, and the staff is managed on a civil service basis. Young men entering the employ of the Bank frequently spend their lives in its service.

CONCERNING OUR TWENTY THOUSAND FRESH AND SEASONED MILLIONAIRES

PRESS dispatches from Washington give some interesting data disclosed by unofficial preliminary estimates of the results of the Federal income tax returns. One estimate is to the effect that there are now about twenty thousand millionaires in the country. This conclusion is apparently based upon the fact that about that number of persons admitted the receipt of an annual income of at least \$50,000 in the year 1919. That income being assumed as the lowest probable return on a million dollars, the recipients are classed as possessors of the latter amount or property valued thereof. It is probable, however, ventures *Bradstreet's*, that the class includes many highly paid executives, such, for example, as the Chief Executive of the country, who are hardly entitled to be included among millionaires in the real sense.

Among the possessors of very large incomes may be noted two who have annual

incomes of more than \$3,000,000, twenty-eight with incomes of over \$2,000,000, thirteen with incomes between \$1,500,000 and \$2,000,000, no fewer than one hundred and sixty-two with incomes of \$1,000,000 or over, and ninety with incomes between \$750,000 and \$1,000,000. Nearly sixteen thousand are credited with incomes ranging from \$50,000 to \$750,000. Coming down to the more humble contributors to the income tax total, we find that of the 4,000,000 heads of families and others filing returns for 1919, at least one-half are believed to represent families with an annual income of \$2,000 or less. Over six thousand of the individuals having incomes of \$50,000 or over live in New York State and about half of these in New York City. Several among the very richest men in the country live in Michigan, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Texas, Rhode Island and Delaware.

MAN AND MACHINE POWER DEMANDED BY THE "BIGGEST JOB IN AMERICA"

THE biggest job in America is plowing the fields. It requires more power and more men than any other job. An idea of its magnitude may be conceived from the statement that Amer-

ican farms, aggregating half a billion arable acreage, employ something like twenty-five million work animals and half a million tractors for the sole work of plowing. This power is used for other purposes, it

is true, but if plowing were eliminated the amount of power could be reduced by half.

Consider, writes Philip S. Rose, in the *Country Gentleman*, that the top seven inches of soil in a single acre is estimated to weigh two million pounds. In plowing this all has to be cut into slices and turned completely over. Multiply this by 500,000,000, the approximate number of acres plowed every year, and the result runs into figures that are hard to read.

Here is another interesting fact for the amateur statistician: The farmers of the United States purchase between a million and a half and two million plows annually. The making of plows has become an enormous and intricate industry. We read that every plow bottom manufactured is the result of countless experiments. Manufacturers are constantly experimenting with new models, tho, we are told, seven hundred and fifty different styles are on the market. Experts find a soil which a plow does not scour well and study it may be for months. They try all the various models on hand and try to discover just where they fail, then go back to the factory and assemble new ones. To illustrate:

"When the plow designers first came in contact with the black waxy soils of Texas they tried out a number of models without success and admitted they were stumped. No matter what style of moldboard they used the plows would not scour. Finally, in sheer desperation they made up a wooden moldboard and tried first one covering and then another. At last they tried pigskin. This gave the desired results, but of course it was an impractical material. However, they learned what they wanted to know—that is, what sort of a surface was necessary. Their task then was to reproduce as nearly as possible the same effect with some kind of metal. The waxy lands of Texas are very difficult to handle, because they are so fine and sticky, but when they contain the right quantity of moisture a good steel-moldboard plow will turn them. When dry, however, they are so

hard that sharp, heavy disk plows are the only kind that can be used. Moldboard plows cannot penetrate the soil. Heavy steel disks are used all through the semiarid country where the soils are of a heavy type.

"Out in Washington there is a magnetic soil that has baffled everybody. The soil particles are believed to be tiny, permanent magnets that are attracted either by steel or iron. In Georgia is a red-clay soil that under certain moisture conditions cannot be plowed by a steel plow when it is free of humus, but when it is properly farmed and humus is introduced the color changes to gray and it plows easily. In many other sections of the South ordinary steel moldboards with a hard-steel share are used. This kind of plow is somewhat cheaper than a hard-steel plow or even a chilled plow, and where the soil is not abrasive it gives good service. Such a plow will not scour in the black prairie soils and it will soon cut to pieces in the sharp gravelly soils in most of the Eastern States."

The average farmer is so familiar with a plow that it rarely occurs to him that he has anything to learn. Nevertheless, we read, not one plow in five is properly adjusted and not one man in five knows how to adjust a plow. A leading manufacturer is quoted as asserting that practically all plows of the same size require the same amount of power under identical soil and working conditions. The differences that farmers talk about are due to adjustments. If, we read, they could only be taught how to adjust their plows, especially the riding gangs and engine gangs, half the troubles of the manufacturer would be at an end. Farm machinery in all lines is one thing of which it is said there has been no profiteering. Where other commodities have advanced in price since 1914 anywhere from 200 to 1000 per cent, farm machinery has made an advance of only 100 per cent. A very few articles have gone above this figure and some have remained below. On an average one hundred per cent is a fair estimate.

GOLD AND SILVER OUTPUT IS STEADILY DECREASING IN THIS COUNTRY

A STEADY decrease in the production of gold and silver in the United States is shown in a statement issued

jointly by the Bureau of the Mint and the Geological Survey containing a final compilation of the precious metal output dur-

ing 1919. Compared with the 1918 production, the figures indicate a reduction in gold output of \$8,313,300. The reduction in silver output from the previous year totaled 11,127,694 ounces.

Notwithstanding the constant decline in gold production due to increased costs and labor difficulties, Treasury officials, we are told, will continue to frown upon proposed legislation granting a premium to stimulate gold production. It is expected that the Director of the Mint will, in his annual report, reiterate his opposition to any legislation along this line.

Various Secretaries of the Treasury during the past few years have maintained a consistent attitude in opposing such legislation as has been advocated by those interested in gold production. Nevertheless it is expected that agitation will be renewed in the next Congress for the passage of some such legislation. The bill which was pending in the last session provided for the payment of a premium of \$10 an ounce by manufacturing jewelers using gold.

The Bureau of the Mint and Geological Survey report that the American production of gold last year totaled 2,918,628 ounces valued at \$60,333,400. The silver produced during the year totaled 56,682,-445 ounces valued at \$63,533,652.

It is interesting to read that California, with 841,638 ounces valued at \$17,398,200, was the leading producer of the yellow metal. Next in order was Colorado with 495,810 ounces valued at \$10,249,300. Alaska ranked third with 481,984 ounces valued at \$9,963,500. Next in order was South Dakota with 255,889 ounces valued at \$5,289,700. Nevada produced 225,384 ounces valued at \$4,659,100. Arizona produced 222,965 ounces valued at \$4,609,100. Montana produced 116,918 ounces valued at \$2,416,900. Utah produced 109,616 ounces valued at \$2,266,900. Oregon produced 53,029 ounces valued at \$1,096,200. The Philippine Islands produced 41,119 ounces valued at \$850,000. Idaho produced 34,085 ounces valued at \$704,600. The State of Washington produced 11,436 ounces valued at \$236,400. Tennessee produced 271 ounces valued at \$5,000. The states of Georgia, Maine, Missouri, North Carolina, South Carolina, Texas, Vermont, and Wyoming produced

gold valued at from \$100 to \$700 each.

The leading silver producing state was Montana where silver is a by-product of copper production. In this state the total production was 15,012,258 ounces valued at \$16,826,790. Utah was second with 12,242,623 ounces valued at \$14,058,650. Nevada where silver is mined as a base metal produced 7,045,395 ounces valued at \$7,896,972. Other states with a large production of silver included Arizona, California, Colorado, Idaho and New Mexico.

So far as gold production is concerned, Government officials take the position that with a readjustment of conditions in all lines of industry, gold mining again will become profitable and the output will increase. It is held that the silver situation is taken care of adequately under the Pittman act by authority of which the Director of the Mint purchases silver at \$1 an ounce, thus preventing a depreciation of value.

In this connection, we read in a statement from the Bankers Trust Company of New York, that since 1918 the United States has lost about \$486,000,000 of gold. Where has it gone to? Mainly to Asia, \$121,500,000 of it to Japan and the balance, or most of it, to China and India. Sir Charles Addis recently stated to the Royal Statistical Society in London that \$291,600,000 in gold had been imported by China, part of which has gone via Tibet and the Burmese border into India which has also smuggled considerable amounts from other places, including South Africa, where several millions have vanished from circulation. The illicit imports into India, where gold has sold at large premiums in the bazaars, are reckoned by the *Times of India* to have reached \$19,440,000 a month.

The world's production of gold last year has been estimated by the United States geological survey between \$345,000,000 and \$350,000,000, compared with nearly \$381,000,000 the previous year.

Spain devotes more than 3,500,000 acres of land to olive culture.

Asbestos thread can be spun so fine that it takes about 32,000 feet to weigh a pound.

Telephone operators in Egypt are required to speak English, French, Italian, Greek and Arabic.

A new letter-stamping machine wets the envelopes instead of the stamps and can attach 2,000 stamps an hour.

Included in new territories acquired by Rumania are more than 10,000,000 acres of forests, which will be exploited.

Voices of Living Poets

DISCUSSING the "Possibilities of an American Poetry," in a privately printed brochure, David Chalmers Nimmo draws, we think, an arbitrarily gloomy and discouraging picture of contemporary American life and ideals as being essentially hostile to the creation of great poetry. Great poetry, of course, demands great audiences; but we question whether there was ever a time when such a comparatively large number of discerning people were demanding first-rate poetry as demand it to-day. This critic places a good deal of blame on the magazines, declaring it to be a growing conviction that "our big magazines instead of being an inspiration to the best poetry are rather a curse to it." But, Mr. Nimmo adds, on second thought, the fault lies far deeper than in the magazines. For, "conditions of life to-day are producing a spirit that is not only hostile to poetry but destructive to all that is good, great and divine. The intensity of the economic struggle is growing every day. It is worse than ten years ago and will be worse still ten years hence. It has plunged the American people into a materialism, worldliness and selfishness that were never seen before and can hardly be conceived by some parts of the world at present. It is taking natural master spirits and filling them with delirium, disease and disaster." Ergo, "America is living at the bottom and is dead at the top." But is it? The statement is open to question.

At the same time, as John Burroughs observes, in *The Bookman*, altho "the various forms of verse are skilfully used by an increasing number of educated persons, the number of true poets is not proportionately increasing. On the contrary." Mr. Burroughs agrees with Mr. Nimmo that "the world is too much with us," but, he adds, we are not to expect too much of new poets nor to expect many of them, because poetry remains "the highest and most exacting of all the arts." To compress a thought into

a few words is not poetry; to hurl thunderbolts is not poetry; to be poignant is not poetry; to formulate a philosophical idea is not poetry; nor is poetry the mere evocation of a bright image. Rhythm must do its sorting and welding upon all these before our consciousness can receive that elusive delight, a poem.

While a book of delightful new poems may be a rarity, it is by no means an *ignis fatuus*. Consider, for instance, "The Junkman and Other Poems" (Doubleday-Page), in which Richard Le Gallienne has assembled his lyrical work of the past six or eight years. In the matter of form, if not rhythm, Mr. Le Gallienne has nothing in common with the so-called new poetry. The old forms content him, the first quarter of this book being made up entirely of ballades, and there is not a rhymeless verse in the collection. But for sheer magic and majesty of phrasing and exquisite poetic apprehension there have been few poets since Keats who so successfully carry on the English lyric tradition. We are tempted to quote a dozen poems from this notable collection, but will confine ourselves to the following:

BALLADE OF THE THINGS THAT REMAIN

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

THE loveliness of water, its faery ways
With cloud and wind, its myriad sorceries
With morning and the moon, and stars agaze
In its still glass, and the tranced summer
trees;
The vowelled rivers, the rough-throated seas,
The tides that brim with silver the grassy plain,
Or strew lone islands with lost argosies:
We come and go—these things remain.

Fire and its gnomes, soft-talking as it plays,
Dream-like, amid its fretted imageries,
Or melting the wild hills, and with its blaze
Licking the very stars; and, even as these,
The winds that blow through all the centuries,

The falling snow, the shining April rain,
Birds singing, and the far-off Pleiades:
We come and go—these things remain.

God's glory, and the march of nights and days,
The seals upon the ancient mysteries
Of rose and star and woman's magic face,
That, seeing, man loves, yet knows not what
he sees;
The old sweet sins, the old sweet sanctuaries;
War and long peace, then war and peace again;
The Dark and in Death's hands the dread-
ful keys:
We come and go—these things remain.

ENVOI

Prince, save ourselves, there is but little flees
That comes not back, even as this refrain;
'Faith, 'tis a thought that doth me greatly
please:
We come and go—these things remain.

AFTER THE WAR

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

AFTER the war—I hear men ask—what
then?
As tho' this rock-ribbed world, sculptured with
fire,
And bastioned deep in the ethereal plan,
Can never be its morning self again
Because of this brief madness, man with man;
As tho' the laughing elements should tire,
The very seasons in their order reel,
As though indeed yon ghostly golden wheel
Of stars should cease from turning, or the moon
Befriend the night no more, or the wild rose
Forget the world, and June be no more June.

How many wars and long-forgotten woes
Unnumbered, nameless, made a like despair
In hearts long stilled; how many suns have set
On burning cities blackening the air,—
Yet dawn came dreaming back, her lashes wet
With dew, and daisies in her innocent hair.
Nor shall, for this, the soul's ascension pause,
Nor the sure evolution of the laws
That out of foulness lift the flower to sun,
And out of fury forge the evening star.

Deem not Love's building of the world un-
done—
Far Love's beginning was, her end is far;
By paths of fire and blood her feet must climb,
Seeking a loveliness she scarcely knows,
Whose meaning is beyond the reach of Time.

THE SECRET OF THE WOODS

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

THE secret of the woods lies close,
Behind a thousand leafy doors;
The mountain laurel and the rose
Make fair the winding corridors
Through which my frequent footstep goes
Along the velvet mossy floors;
The rustling arras swings aside,
And swings behind me, as I fare;
But still the woods their secret hide.
Yet is it whispered everywhere,
And every creature there, save I,
Knows it by heart: the bee could tell,
Had it a mind; the butterfly
Floats with it painted on its wings;
Even the woodchuck knows it well,
And nothing else the cat-bird sings.
Would I were as these soul-less things,
These beings of the element,
Soul-less, yet all of spirit blent,
Wild essences of fire and dew—
Then had mine ears been more attent,
And I had known the secret too.

THE ETERNAL WAY

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

I TAKE no shame that still I sing the rose
And the young moon, and Helen's face and
spring;
And strive to fill my song with sound of streams
And light of dreams;
Choosing some beautiful eternal thing,
That ever comes like April—and ever goes.
I have no envy of those dusty themes
Born of the sweat and clamour of the hour—
Dust unto dust returning—nor any shame
have I,
'Mid sack of towns, to ponder on a flower:
For still the sorrow of Troy-town is mine,
And the great Hector scarce is dead an hour.

All heroes, and all lovers, that came to die
Make pity's eyes with grief immortal shine;
Yea! still my cheeks are wet
For little Juliet,
And many a broken-hearted lover's tale,
Told by the nightingale.
Nor have I shame to strive the ancient way,
With rhyme that runs to meet its sister rhyme,
Or in some meter that hath learnt from Time
The heart's own chime.
These ways are not more old
Than the unmeditated modern lay,
And all those little heresies of song
Already old when Homer still was young.

Equally notable among the current volumes of verse that make no compromise with vers libre, imagism, polyphonic prose and so on is a new book, "The Three Taverns" (Macmillan), by Edwin Arlington Robinson. The title poem is a monolog spoken by Paul to the brethren who came to meet him at The Three Taverns as he traveled to Rome to give himself up to Caesar. It is too long for quotation, as are other poems that exhibit this poet's power in handling the forces and fates that lie beyond the common contact of spirit. Even in the shorter poems we find this power so distilled that the meanings break through a speech that is simplified to a bareness of illusion. For example:

THE MILL

BY EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON

THE miller wife had waited long,
The tea was cold, the fire was dead;
And there might yet be nothing wrong
In how he went and what he said:
"There are no millers any more,"
Was all that she had heard him say;
And he had lingered at the door
So long that it seemed yesterday.

Sick with a fear that had no form
She knew that she was there at last,
And in the mill there was a warm
And mealy fragrance of the past.
What else there was would only seem
To say again what he had meant;
And what was hanging from a beam
Would not have heeded where she went

And if she thought it followed her,
She may have reasoned in the dark
The one way of the few there were
Would hide her and would leave no mark
Black water, smooth above the weir
Like starry velvet in the night,
Tho ruffled once, would soon appear
The same as ever to the sight.

The work of Maxwell Bodenheim in free verse has frequently appeared in CURRENT OPINION, but these selections from "Advice and Other Poems" (Knopf) are fresh evidence of an authentic talent:

TO A MAN

BY MAXWELL BODENHEIM

MASTER of earnest equilibrium,
You are a Christ made delicate
By centuries of baffled meditation.
You curve an old myth to a peaceful sword,

Like some sleep-walker challenging
The dream that gave him shape.
With gentle, antique insistence
You place your child's hand on the universe
And trace a smile of love within its depths.
And yet, the whirling scarecrow men have made
Of something that eludes their sight,
May have the startling simplicity of your smile.

Once every thousand years
Stillness fades into a shape
That men may crucify.

RATTLESNAKE MOUNTAIN·FABLE

BY MAXWELL BODENHEIM

AUGUST sauntered down the mountain-side,
Dropping mottled, turbid wreaths of decay.
The air was like an old priest
Disrobing without embarrassment
Before the dark and candid gaze of night.
But these things brought no pause
To the saucily determined squirrel.
His eyes were hungrily upturned
To where the stars hung—icily clustered nuts
Dotted trees of solitude.
He saw the stars just over the horizon,
And they seemed to grow
On trees that he could reach.
So he scampered on, from branch to branch,
Wondering why the fairy nut-trees
Ran away from him.
But, looking down, he spied
A softly wild cheeked mountain pool,
And there a handful of fairy nuts
Bit into the indigo cupping them.
With a squeal of weary happiness
The squirrel plunged into the mountain pool,
And as he drowned within its soundless heart
The fairy nuts were jiggling over him,
Like the unheard stirring of a poem.

From "A Miscellany of American Poetry 1920" (Harcourt, Brace & Howe), made up mainly of the unpublished work of eleven contemporary American poets selected, one is tempted to say, at random, we reprint five very dissimilar poems as Exhibit A:

THE LOCKLESS DOOR

BY ROBERT FROST

IT went many years,
But at last came a knock
And I thought of the door
With no lock to lock.

I blew out the light,
I tiptoed the floor,
And raised both hands
In prayer to the door.

But the knock came again.
My window was wide;
I climbed on the sill
And descended outside.

Back over the sill
I bade a "Come in"
To whoever the knock
At the door may have been.

So, at a knock,
I emptied my cage
To hide in the world
And alter with age.

ADVENT

BY JOHN GOULD FLETCHER

I HAVE no more gold;
I spent it all on foolish songs.
Gold I cannot give to you.

Incense, too, I burned
To the great idols of this world;
I must come with empty hands.

Myrrh I lost
In that darker sepulchre
Where another Christ
Died for man in vain.—

I can only give myself,
I have nothing left but this.
Naked I wait, naked I fall
Into Your Hands, Your Hands.

WRITING WILLS, AND SO FORTH

BY VACHEL LINDSAY

OLD judge hoot-owl sits by his ink-well
Writing wills for the wealthy and swell.
He knows something *he* won't tell:
Three little house-flies drowned in his ink-well,
Three little scandals in a peanut-shell.

APRONS OF SILENCE
BY CARL SANDBURG

MANY things I might have said to-day.
And I kept my mouth shut.
So many times I was asked
To come and say the same things
Everybody was saying, no end
To the yes-yes, yes-yes, me-too, me-too.

The aprons of silence covered me.
A wire and hatch held my tongue.
I spit nails into an abyss and listened.
I shut off the gabble of Jones, Johnson, Smith.
All whose names take pages in the city directory.

I fixed up a padded cell and lugged it around.
I locked myself in and nobody knew it.
Only the keeper and the kept in the hoosegow
Knew it—on the streets, in the postoffice,
On the cars, into the railroad station
Where the caller was calling, "All a-board,
All a-board for . . . Blaa-blaa . . . Blaa-
bla,
Blaa-blaa . . . and all points northwest . . .
all a-board."
Here I took along my own hoosegow
And did business with my own thoughts.
Did you see? It must be the aprons of silence.

STARS

BY SARA TEASDALE

A LOLE in the night
On a dark hill
With pines around me
Spicy and still;

A heaven full of stars
Over my head,
White and topaz
And misty red;

Myriads with beating
Hearts of fire
That acons
Cannot vex or tire;

Up the dome of heaven
Like a great hill,
I watch them marching
Stately and still,

And I know that I
Am honored to be
Witness
Of so much majesty.

A quarrel might be picked with the title
of this song which by no stretch of fancy
could be made or caroled by other than a
poet. It is from *The Century*:

MADMAN'S SONG

BY ELINOR WYLIE

BETTER to see your cheek grown hollow,
Better to see your temple worn,
Than to forget to follow, follow
After the sound of a silver horn.

Better to bind your brow with willow
And follow, follow until you die,
Than to sleep with your head on a golden
pillow
Nor lift it up when the hunt goes by.

Better to see your cheek grown sallow
 And your hair grown gray, so soon, so soon,
 Than to forget to hallo, hallo
 After the milk-white hounds of the moon.

Grace and piquancy and lyric sympathy
 of expression characterize these verses
 which we find in *The Touchstone*:

THEY WHO LAUGH
 BY MARY CAROLYN DAVIES

IT needs all the gayety
 We can give,
 All the mirth and the laughing,
 Just to live.

So, since for Life's disasters,
 I must be brave,
 You will look in vain still
 To see me grave.

Only gay, gay laughter
 And light, light love
 Can I give you, wistful lover.
 Is it enough?

There is food for reflection in this metrical advertizement which we insert with compliments to *The New Republic*:

LOST—A SOUL
 BY ANNA SPENCER TWITCHILL

SOMEWHERE in all this confusing
 Tangle of objects,
 Among these possessions
 I have strained and sweated
 All my best years
 To gather about me—
 Somewhere among the crowding ornaments,
 Furniture, rugs, brocades,
 Cut-glass and silver-plate,
 Is the soul I have lost.

In my youth of privation and struggle
 It used to brighten
 My bare little room.
 It wore a shining garment of dream,
 A filet of golden fancies
 Bound its brow,
 Its eyes held visions. . . .

If anyone chance to see a soul
 Grown somewhat fat and sluggish
 And careless in attire,
 Hugging itself and gloating
 In some richly upholstered chair,
 Or counting the silver spoons,
 It is mine.—I would have it back
 For one needs a soul
 If only to keep up appearances.

The first of these two selections, included by Miss Brown in her new book "Heart of New England" (Houghton-Mifflin), has been voted a favorite by the Poetry Society of America, and we take the liberty of giving our vote affirmatively for the second:

THE FRIGHTENED PATH
 BY ABbie FARWELL BROWN

THE wood grew very quiet
 As the road made a sudden turn;
 Then a wavering, furtive path crept out
 From the tangled briar and fern.

"Where does it lead?" I asked the child;
 She shivered and shook her head.
 "It doesn't *lead* to any place,
 It is running away!" she said.

"It is running away on tiptoe
 Through the untrodden grass,
 To join the cheerful highroad,
 Where real, live people pass.

"It runs from a heap of ruins
 Where a home stood in old days;
 But nothing living goes there now,
 And—Nothing Living stays!"

SCARECROW

BY ABbie FARWELL BROWN

RAGS and tags of what he was,
 Topped with straw and stuffed with hay;
 Balanced tipsily askew,
 It grins to scare the crows away.

I saw *Him* first in that old hat—
 It seemed the crown of a king to me.
 I liked his careless swagger then;
 Lord! He was straight and fine to see.

He courted me in that same coat—
 He couldn't meet it now, I guess.
 That gay vest was the one he wore
 When I walked bride in my silver dress.

He seemed as proud as I, those days.
 I never dreamed, when we were wed,
 I'd think the Scarecrow a better man,
 With a broom for a spine and a pumpkin
 head.

Rags and tags of what he seemed,
 Mocking me in the field all day.
 What can I make a scarecrow of,
 To drive the hungry thoughts away?

THE LATEST THING IN SCULPTURE—LADIES WITHOUT EYES, EARS, OR NOSES

ROMANTICISM in the past century invaded not merely the realm of literature but the other arts as well. It was perhaps the determining fact in the art of Auguste Rodin, which contained a high percentage of literary interest. The movement of contemporary sculpture, during the last decade or two, has been rather in the opposite direction. How far in the opposite direction it has gone is nowhere more strikingly exemplified than in the art of the Rumanian sculptor, Constantin Brancusi. Rodin inspired many writers to the creation of "purple pas-

sages." But even the eloquent and facile critics of Paris are puzzled by the enigmatic simplicity of Brancusi. One of them, it is true—Roger Dévigne of the *Ere nouvelle*, suggests that Brancusi would make a wonderful subject for a novel: an artist who works for five years on a statue, five years of simplification, attempting to reduce his statue to a few lines which would imprison the essential gesture of the eternal feminine, only to have the police, when he exhibits the result at the Salon des Independents, suppress his statue—here indeed, thinks M. Dévigne, is the material for a novel!

Brancusi dispenses, in his statues of women, with eyes, ears, noses. Such irrelevancies ruin the innate beauty of his marble or bronze. He is the sculptor of the fleeting, the revealing, movement. Or, as interpreted by a critic in the Paris *Eve*:

"Like the other arts, sculpture seems to have freed itself from direct imitation. Our sculptors of the advance guard show us curious objects to which it is necessary to adjoin an explanatory notice, with or without which we could understand nothing.

"From this point of view there is no work more typical than Brancusi's famous portrait of the Princess X—in polished metal, that the censor felt called upon to conceal from the public under the pretext of indecency. To vindicate the purity of his intention, the artist showed photographs of the exhibitions where this 'portrait' had already been shown (including the first exhibition of the Independent Artists in New York). It is a strict and subtle analysis of forms, synthesized into a stylization so that the final result, an object of polished bronze, resembles rather some part of a bizar machine than a human form, least of all feminine."

Writing in the *Opinion* of Paris, another critic describes a



PORTRAIT OF A LADY

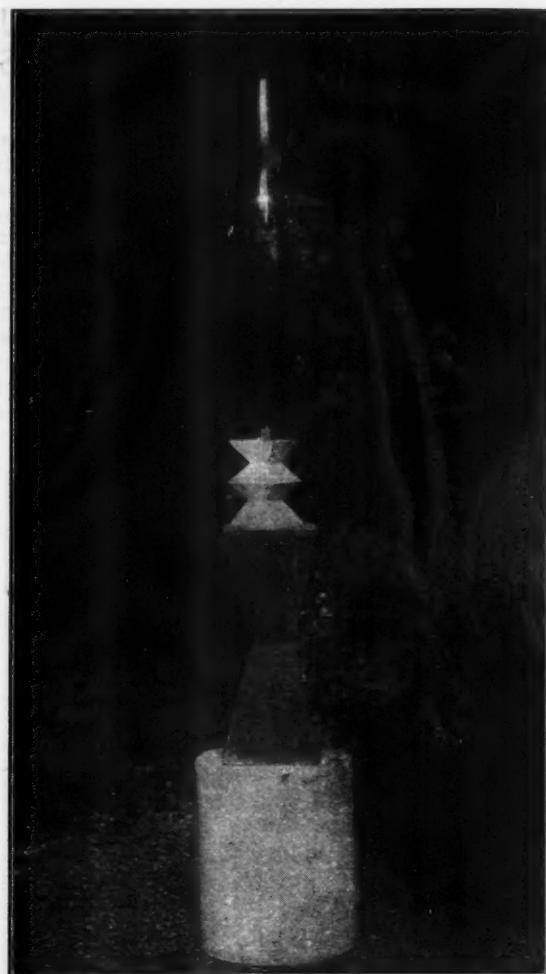
This is a famous bust by Brancusi that has aroused much discussion wherever it has been shown. The lady is Mlle. Pogany, but she is not very important, perhaps.

visit paid to the atelier of Brancusi, which is in the Impasse Ronsin, in Paris. Altho he has worked with a sort of unceasing and exalted energy in Paris for the last sixteen years, Brancusi was born in Rumania. At the age of eleven he is said to have run away from the parental home. Later his love of art and architecture took him to the school of Fine Arts in Bucharest. After his graduation there he entered the school of Arts et Metiers of the Paris Beaux Arts. He jokes about his diplomas. In the atelier of the Impasse Ronsin, Brancusi put in more than an eight-hour day in the service of his strange vision.

Here the critic found huge slabs and blocks of marble and wood, cut and carved according to mysterious ends, some roughened, some highly polished, looking like "extra-terrestrial larvæ." In spheres of white marble or in ovals of golden bronze, he discovered faces that were barely indicated, so delicately suggested that they were as troubling as the apparition of a spirit. Asked to explain the secret of his art, Constantin Brancusi replied with an interrogation: "Why is it that you tolerate a composer who creates a symphony with other sounds than the squawks of a duck or the songs of a bird while you limit us forever to the eternal imitation of arms, legs and objects we have seen."

Too long, this iconoclast suggests, sculpture has been a sort of superior form of Madame Tussaud's wax-works, on an esthetic par with the statues that used to be made out of butter or prunes at country fairs, but which possessed nothing of the inner rhythm of the great plastic art of the past.

Still another critic, perhaps not without a note of ironic exaggeration, asks, in *L'Europe nouvelle*, whether a composer who could give us an instrument of crystal more



THE BIRD OF GOLD

For five years Constantin Brancusi worked on this statue—simplifying, eliminating, getting rid of what he considers non-essentials. There is no head, no beak, no wings, no feet, only the beauty of line and reflection. So say the critics of Paris.

delicate than an Arabian flute, which might give out one single note of the greatest purity—whether this musician would attain the perfection of harmony with that single and unique note that might contain all?

"Modern sculpture has no better workman than Brancusi. None know better than he how to chisel and polish. He is haunted, dominated, devastated, by the passion for pure form. He is the exalted victim of a mathe-

matics which would reduce the perfection of number to the purity of Zero. . . O. . . That in fact is perfection. Alas!"

Perhaps it is difficult for those who have not followed the career of Brancusi to realize what a total of talent it has required to arrive at this marvelous nothing. Brancusi leads us so far that words lose their meaning.

"Somebody once said of the art of Brancusi that it was 'without limit and also without issue.' From early morning until sunset the work of this sculptor goes serenely on. In order to judge Brancusi fairly, it would be well to define the limits of the subjection of an artist to his matter and of the matter to the artist. This is a task that some day we shall have to attempt."

Constantin Brancusi's progress has been, to follow M. Say in the *Action d'Art*, a sort of retrogression from the complex to the simple. He is the sculptor of the essential gesture, as one of his works, "The Golden Bird," brilliantly indicates. This the sculptor has worked on for at least five years, until it is now bereft of any of those anatomical "landmarks" that might aid the uninitiated into a recognition of its original. Everything is subordinated in this unique work to beauty of line and of reflection.

Brancusi confesses to a certain mysticism in his esthetics. He is, so to speak, an instrumentalist. Plastic beauty, like Plato's pure ideas, is something greater, more eternal, than the individual human artist.

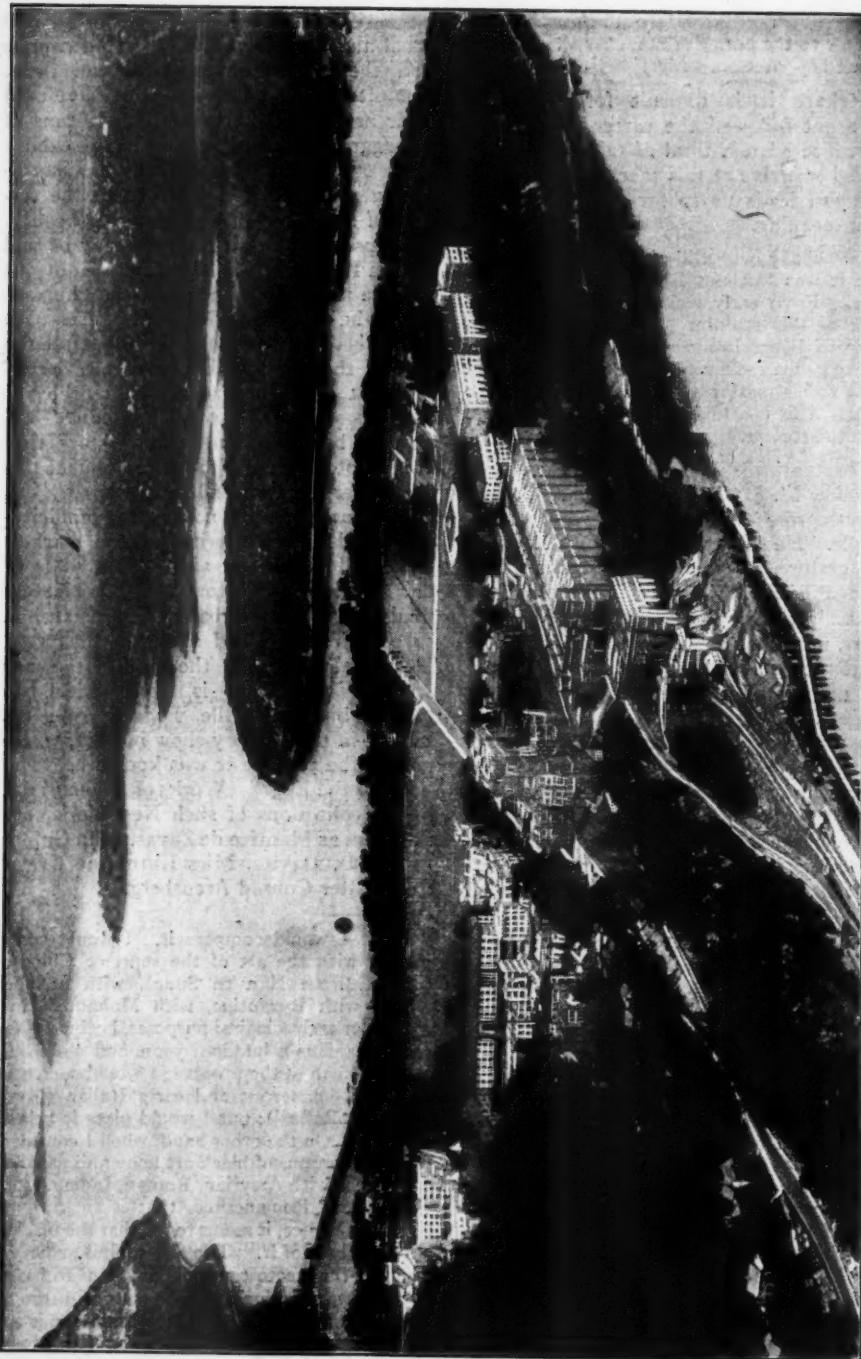
A RENAISSANCE of interest in negro art is reported from London and Paris as a result of recent exhibitions. Fine ladies, young painters and exquisite amateurs are now to be seen haunting the ethnographical collections housed in the great museums. "For my part," says Clive Bell, in the London *Athenaeum*, "I like the change." He continues:

"Because, in the past, negro art has been treated with absurd contempt, we are all inclined now to overpraise it; and because I mean to keep my head, I shall doubtless by my best friends be called a fool. Judging from the available data—no great stock by the way—I should say that negro art was entitled to a place amongst the great schools, but that it was no match for the greatest. With the

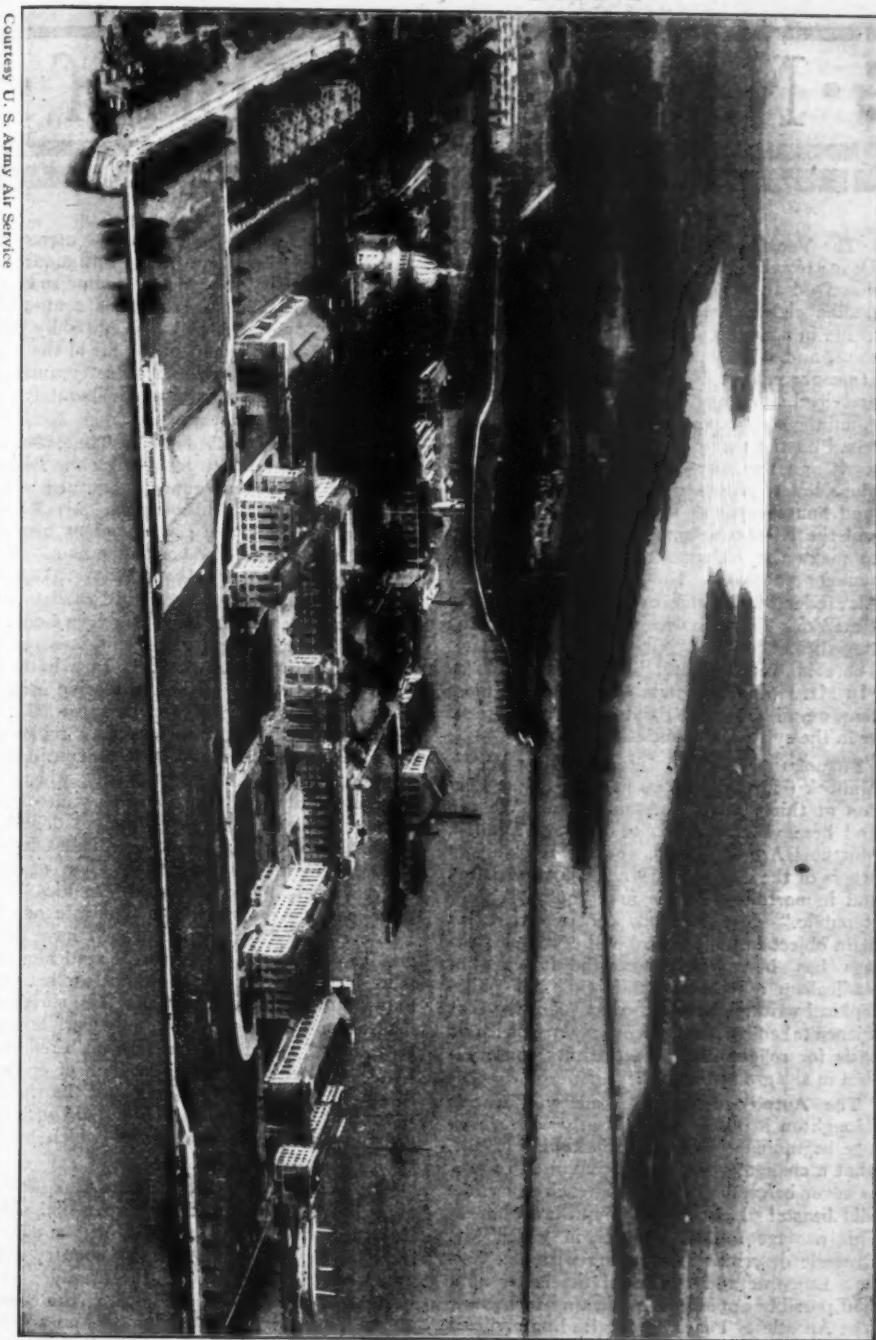
The artist must aim to get rid of all personal and artistic vanity, to avoid caprice and the misuse of technical cleverness. Too often our modern sculptors have used their art and endowments as a means of self-aggrandizement, content to exhibit their own cleverness instead of subordinating their individual power to the service of an impersonal and eternal beauty. Perhaps in this sense Brancusi may be said to be a Platonist. It is at any rate obvious that he is the arch enemy of the "human-all-too-human" in the plastic arts. An indefatigable craftsman, he brings all the love of the artist to his materials, declaring that each—bronze, wood, marble, or tone—possesses its own individual language, a beauty uniquely its own, and that the sculptor's duty is to make eloquent this beauty, articulate this language.

Brancusi possesses no flair for publicity. He avoids the bartering of the marketplace. He does not aim, as do some of our "modern" sculptors whose genius extends even into the realm of salesmanship, to get himself talked about in the press. Nevertheless, among the élite of the new art, his reputation is world-wide. His famous bust of "Mlle. Pogany" was exhibited in the Armory show in 1912, where among the profane it was known as "The Lady or the Egg?" Works of Brancusi are in the collections of such New York connoisseurs as Maurice de Zayas, John Quinn, Arthur B. Davies, Miss Katharine Dreier and Walter Conrad Arensberg.

greatest I would compare it. I would compare it with the art of the supreme Chinese periods (from Han to Sung), with archaic Greek, with Byzantine, with Mahomedan, which, for archaeological purposes, begins under the Sassanians a hundred years and more before the birth of the prophet; I would compare it with Romanesque and early Italian (from Giotto to Raffael); but I would place it below all these. On the other hand, when I consider the whole corpus of black art known to us, and compare it with Assyrian, Roman, Indian, true Gothic (not Romanesque, that is to say) or late Renaissance, it seems to me that the blacks have the best of it. Tho the capital achievements of the greatest schools do seem to have an absolute superiority over anything negro I have seen, yet the finest black sculpture is so rich in artistic qualities that it is entitled to a place beside them."



Courtesy U. S. Army Air Service
VIEW TAKEN FROM AN ARMY AIRPLANE OF THE UNITED STATES MILITARY ACADEMY AT WEST POINT, NEW YORK



Courtesy U. S. Army Air Service

VIEW TAKEN FROM AN ARMY AIRPLANE OF THE UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY AT ANNAPOLIS, MARYLAND

New Books in Brief

The Vacation of the Kelwyns, by William Dean Howells (Harper), is a posthumous novel described by its author as "an idyl of the middle eighteen-seventies." It tells a story of life in a Shaker community in New Hampshire, and it moves in just that middle-class atmosphere that Howells knew so well and described as no one else has ever described. A subtle humor pervades the story, which is based on the tragic conflict between the Kelwyns and the Kites. Kelwyn is an impeccably college professor; his wife is a New England housekeeper of the most exacting type; and the Kites are farmers who have engaged to make the Kelwyns comfortable during a summer vacation. The story illustrates, for Alexander Black, who reviews the book in the *New York Times*, how a vast majority of the tragedies of life grow out of simple situations. There is tragedy here, but not melodrama. "In Mr. Howells we miss melodrama no more than we miss it in the painter of 'The Angelus' or in the sylvan sublimities of Corot."

Memoirs of Life and Literature, by W. H. Mallock (Harper), carries us back to the London of thirty years and more ago. We can find here vivid pictures of Huxley, Tyndall, Matthew Arnold, Pater, Jowett, Ruskin and others of the circle that Mr. Mallock satirized and immortalized in his first book, "A New Republic." Mr. Mallock declares that his main object in his political and economic writings has been "to expose the fallacies of Radicalism and Socialism," while his philosophical writings have aimed at "showing that science taken by itself can supply man with no basis for religion." He represents conservatism in the grand manner.

The Autobiography of Andrew Carnegie (Houghton Mifflin) ends abruptly with a passage beginning: "As I read this to-day (1914), what a change! The world convulsed by war as never before! Men slaying each other like wild beasts! I dare not relinquish all hope." This passage follows another in which Mr. Carnegie describes his meeting with the German Emperor and speaks of the latter as a man possibly appointed by destiny to become "the Apostle of Peace among leading civilized nations." It all goes to show the futility of some human hopes. Yet Mr. Carnegie, on

his own confession, was a happy man. He speaks again and again of his optimistic nature, of his ability to shed trouble and to laugh through life. This book, which contains a preface by Mrs. Carnegie and is edited by John C. Van Dyke, is a record of the life of the steel master who built up a colossal industry, amassed an enormous fortune, and then deliberately and systematically gave it away.

Theodore Roosevelt and His Time, Shown in His Own Letters, by Joseph Bucklin Bishop (Scribner), is as notable for its strictures as for its appreciations and enthusiasms. Mr. Roosevelt, censured by one correspondent because he had referred to Thomas Paine as a "dirty little atheist," writes to Owen Wister: "I ought not to have used the exact word *atheist*. He admitted the existence of an unknown God. . . . As to whether he was dirty or not, it is a mere matter of private judgment." In a letter in 1906 explaining his refusal to receive Maxim Gorky at the White House, he says: "Gorky in his domestic relations seems to represent with nice exactness the general continental European revolutionary attitude, which in governmental matters is a revolt against order as well as against tyranny, and in domestic affairs is a revolt against the ordinary decencies and moralities even more than against conventional hypocrisies and cruelties." A third passage may serve to illustrate one of Roosevelt's literary antipathies: "I have been reading Carlyle; and the more I read him the more hearty grows my contempt for his profound untruthfulness and for his shrieking deification of shams. . . . If only Carlyle were alive, how I would like to review his 'Frederick the Great' with the same freedom of epithet which he practiced! And with all the sincerity and truthfulness to which he paid such lip worship and in the practice of which he so wholly failed."

The Americanization of Edward Bok (Scribner) covers fifty years of American life. Mr. Bok came here as a Dutch boy at the age of six. His first experiences in this country were based on his efforts to fill the family purse. His career from that time until as the editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal* he won wealth and fame is entertainingly told in this volume. Mr. Bok has lately retired from his editorial

position, and in doing so he declares his conviction that one of the most pathetic sights in American life is the inability of men to "let go." A man's "play," he thinks, is just as important as his work. "There is no satisfaction that so thoroly satisfies as that of going while the going is good!"

Our Women, by Arnold Bennett (Doran), carries as its subtitle, "Chapters on the Sex-Discord," and has already awakened a lively controversy in England. Mr. Bennett contends that the very disagreement of the sexes is the most delightful and the most interesting thing in existence. Without it "the globe would put up its shutters." He disclaims any hope or desire to resolve the discord. "My object," he says, "is merely to assist a little in the development of the altercation." The book endeavors to answer the question, Are Men Superior to Women? and deals, among other subjects, with salary-earning girls.

Wounded Souls, by Sir Philip Gibbs (Doran), is the novel of a war correspondent, the first that he has written since the Peace. It opens with a scene describing the recapture of Lille from the Germans, and closes in an English home to which Captain Wickham Brand has brought his German bride. This story glorifies those who are big enough to be able to put behind them the hatreds of the War. It reinforces Sir Philip's conviction that there is only one cure for the woes of Europe and our own—"it is the reconciliation of peoples, burying old hatchets, wiping out of old villainies, and cooperating in a much closer union of mutual help."

Mitch Miller, by Edgar Lee Masters (Macmillan), is described by Joseph Wood Krutch in the New York *Evening Post* as "a tragic idyl of youth—of youth frustrated as it passes from the golden age of boyhood and finds its noble impulses inadequate to cope with a hard world." There is something in the story reminiscent of "Huckleberry Finn," and its hero discovers his first Bible in "Tom Sawyer." As he matures, however, he finds himself not in Mark Twain, but in Shakespeare, and, Hamlet-like, struggles with his destiny. The scene of the story is laid in Lincoln's Illinois. "Mitch Miller" is a surprise. The declamatory ferocity of the author of the poems from "Spoon River" to "Starved Rock" has given way, as Mr. Krutch puts it, to a sort of gentle sadness.

Potterism, by Rose Macaulay (Boni and Liveright), has had a very favorable reception in England, and ministers to a prevailing mood. It shows us in Percy Potter the owner of a chain of English newspapers through which Potterism becomes a term of reference. Potterism is "the ignorance which does not know facts, the vulgarity which cannot appreciate

values, the laziness which will not try to learn either of these things, the sentimentality which, knowing neither, is stirred by the valueless and the untrue, the greed which grabs and exploits." Potterism, in other words, is Philistinism. Miss Macaulay's book is characterized by Ludwig Lewisohn in the New York *Nation* as "both brilliant and skilful, a notable story and an incisive criticism of life."

The New Unionism, by J. M. Budish and George Soule (Harcourt, Brace & Howe), tells of a revolt against the tactics and traditions of the trade-union movement as embodied in the American Federation of Labor. It is a philosophy of radicalism and is best expressed in the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America. We learn that the clothing unions have organized 196,000 workers, or over 80 per cent of the total number, in the men's clothing industry, and 150,000, or between 80 and 90 per cent of those in the women's clothing trade. They look forward to a system of modified Socialism in which the basic industries are to be controlled by a partnership between the democratic State and the workers.

What's on the Worker's Mind, by Whiting Williams (Scribner), is a book by a man who put on overalls in order to answer the questions that its title implies. He worked in steel mines, railroad yards, iron mines and shipyards. One of the conclusions to which he comes is that workingmen are very much like the rest of us. Another is that a tired worker is ideal material for a Red agitator to work on. The kind of "Americanization" which impresses the worker, Mr. Williams finds, is not conveyed by classes or books, but by "demonstrations of a likable or unlikable Americanism which are given every time a foreman commands, a judge instructs, a salesman sells, or a newspaper reports, assumes or exhorts."

The Steel Strike of 1919 (Harcourt, Brace & Howe) is the much-discussed report of the Interchurch World Movement. It establishes the facts (a) that the number of those working the twelve-hour day in the steel industry is 69,000 and (b) that the number of those receiving the common labor or lowest rate of pay is 70,000. Then it says: "This means that approximately 350,000 men, women and children are directly affected by the longest hours or the smallest pay in that part of the industry owned by the United States Steel Corporation, which fixes pay and hours without conference with the labor force." Among the immediate reforms recommended are an eight hour day, a "minimum comfort wage," a recognition of the right of collective bargaining and an extension of home building for the benefit of labor.

Shear Nonsense

Why

One—Yes, in a battle of tongues a woman can always hold her own.

The Other—Perhaps she can. But why doesn't she?—*Sydney Bulletin*.

Too Literal

Blondine—Isn't Bennie Beanbrough the thick one?

Brunetta—He is all of that.

"I said to him 'every time I open my mouth I put my foot in it—'"

"Uh huh!"

"And right away the poor fish looked down at my feet."—*Youngstown Telegram*.

Creating a Sensation

"All right back there?" bawled the conductor.

"Hol' on, hol' on," shrilled a feminine voice. "Jes wait till I gets mah clothes on."

And then, as the entire carful craned their necks expectantly, she entered with a basket of laundry.—*American Legion Weekly*.

Reason Enough

Binks (*coming out of theater*)—Why did everybody cry during the death scene? They must have known that the actor was not dead.

Jinks—Yes, that was just it.—*Michigan Gargoyle*.

Hard on Blouses

The lady of the house had occasion to object to the number of blouses her maid servant sent to the wash.

"Why, Mary," she said, "my own daughter doesn't send six blouses a week to the laundry."

"Perhaps she don't," replied the servant with great indignation, "and perhaps she don't go walking with a coal man."—*Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph*.

The Way He Recalled It

The two village trouble makers had gotten into a row and the matter was up in court. Uncle Wash, an old gentleman of color, was a witness.

"Now, uncle," said the lawyer, "tell me just what conversation occurred."

"I kain't jes' remember it all," replied the candid Wash, "excep' dat each one was callin' de other what dey is."

The Idea

"Have you not appeared before as a witness in this suit, madam?"

"No, indeed! This is the first time I have ever worn it."—*Boston Transcript*.

To Accommodate Him

"Cu'd youse give a pore feller a bite?" asked the dust-stained tourist.

"I don't bite myself," answered the lady of the house, "but I'll call the dog."—*Everybody's*.

Forbidden!

A sailor had been showing an old lady over a large liner, and after thanking him, she suddenly remarked:

"I see that, according to the ship's orders, tips are forbidden."

The sailor, turning to the visitor with a knowing look, answered:

"Why, bless ver, ma'am, so were apples in the Garden of Eden."—*Everybody's*.

How He Won the Cross

A colored soldier, returning to the southern town whence he had been whisked by Uncle Sam, and bearing a decoration on his manly chest, was the cynosure for all the dusky belles of the place.

"What dat you got pinned on you?" asked one.

"Dat ain't nothin' but jes' a little ol' crow de gurry."

"How come? Ain't no how come. Dey jes' gives it me fer lettin' a French ossifer kiss me."—*American Legion Weekly*.

No Chicken

A certain surgeon who was very young and also rather shy was invited to dinner by a lady who was at least fifty, but frivolous enough for twenty. At dinner she asked the young surgeon to carve a chicken, and, not having done so before, he failed lamentably. Instead of trying to cover his confusion, the hostess called attention to it pointedly by looking down the table and saying loudly:

"Well, you may be a very clever surgeon, but if I wanted a leg off I should not come to you to do it."

"No, madam," he replied politely, "but then, you see, you are not a chicken."—*Los Angeles Times*.



Drawn by Russ Westover

"MISTER, YA BETTER LEMME MIND YER CAR: THIS IS A TOUGH NEIGHBORHOOD"—*Judge.*

Millions

The minister was giving a straight talk to one of the boys of his acquaintance.

"My boy," he said kindly, "you will have to make a way for yourself in the world. Do you know the meaning of energy and enterprise?"

"No, sir," the boy replied, "I don't believe I do."

"Well, I'll tell you. One of the richest men in the world came to this city without a shirt on his back and now he has millions."

The youth was clearly impressed.

"Millions?" he repeated in wonderment. "Why, how many does he wear at a time?"—Pittsburgh *Chronicle-Telegraph*.

Sacred and Baseball History

Ira Andrews, the newly elected city clerk of Terre Haute, is active in Sunday school work. Last Sunday he advised the children of his class that the morning study would be about Ruth, referring, of course, to the gleaner.

"Now," said Andrews, after introducing the subject, "who can tell me anything about Ruth?"

Up went a little hand in the rear of the class.

"Well, Willie," asked the teacher, "what do you know about Ruth?"

"He made fifty-four home-runs this season," was the answer.—Indianapolis *News*.

It Got Away

The station master, hearing a crash on the platform, rushed out of his room just in time to see the express that had just passed through disappearing around the curve and a disheveled young man sprawled out perfectly flat among a confusion of overturned milk cans and the scattered contents of his traveling bag.

"Was he trying to catch a train?" the station master asked of a small boy who stood by, admiring the scene.

"He did catch it," said the boy happily, "but it got away again!"—*The Youth's Companion*.

Defined

A man from the North was driving in Florida when an alligator slid across the road in front of him.

"Sam, what was that?" he asked the negro driver.

"That's an alligator, boss."

A little farther along, as they were skirting a bayou, the man saw something out in the water making a great fuss, swishing and splashing.

"Sam, what is that?" he asked again.

"Another alligator, boss."

"Why, Sam, is an alligator an amphibious animal?"

"What's that boss?"

"I say, is the alligator an amphibious animal?"

"Yaas, sah, he'll eat a white man jest the same as a nigger."—*The Country Gentleman*.

Insufficient Evidence

A man was being tried for selling illicit whisky. The liquor was offered in evidence. The jury returned after taking fifteen minutes to come to a decision.

"What is the verdict?" asked the judge.

"We would like more evidence," replied the foreman of the jury.—*Everybody's Magazine*.

Lucid

An English office boy being asked if Mr. Jones or his partner reached the office first, made answer as follows:

"Well, Mr. Jones, at first, was always last, but later he began to get earlier, till at last he was first, tho before he had always been behind. He soon got later again, tho of late, he has been sooner, and at last he got behind as before. But I expect he will be getting earlier, sooner or later."

Proof Positive

In a small village in Ireland, during the war, the mother of a soldier met the village priest, who asked her if she had had bad news. "Sure, I have," she said. "Pat has been killed."

"Oh, I am very sorry," said the priest. "Did you receive word from the War Office?"

"No," she said, "I received word from him self."

The priest looked perplexed, and said, "But how is that?"

"Sure," she said, "here is the letter, read it for yourself."

The letter said, "Dear Mother: I am now in the Holy Land."—*The Argonaut*.

The Wurrd and the Burrd

The chaplain was a Scotsman, who resented any innovation in the service. A generous member of the congregation, thinking it would be desirable to have the lessons read from a lectern instead of from the prayer desk, presented the church with a handsome brass one in the form of an eagle.

The minister, however, did not take kindly to it, and declined to use it the first morning, but towards evening he relented, and at the close of the service he astonished and entertained his congregation by giving out the following:

"I give notice that next Sabbath the wurrd of God will be read from that burrd."—*Tit-Bits*.

Getting a Scoop

Irvin Cobb is credited with telling this one:

A Pittsburgh managing editor sent a cub reporter to cover a mine disaster near Cokeville, some distance from Pittsburgh.

The young man arrived at the scene, dallied around until late at night and started to wire his story in as follows:

"Cokeville, Pa., Nov. 00.—God sits tonight on the hills around Cokeville—"

"Stop him," said the night editor, hanging over the story. "Send him this message:

"Never mind mine disaster. Interview God. Get pictures."

A Defense of Ancient Jokes

In the *Bookman* John Kendrick Bangs protests against the idea that new jokes are the best jokes. He thinks, on the contrary, that the older and riper and mellower jokes are, the better they are, on the principle of the survival of the fittest. He illustrates his point as follows:

"One cannot read Professor Paley's little volume on Greek wit for five minutes without finding a half-dozen jests of ancient make that might serve as beacon lights in present-day darkness. Suppose we try the experiment. Taking up the little repository of Hellenic scintillation we find the following on the very first page:

Xanthippe, the wife of Socrates, being reluctant to put on her husband's mantle to go and see a procession, was thus rebuked by him: "What you are going for is not to see, but to be seen."

"This is more than pertinent in a time like the present when the High Cost O'Flivin' is keeping many an anxious father of a sartorially ambitious family awake o' nights, and its age is certainly not a day under two thousand three hundred and fifty years! A little further along we find a jest twenty-two hundred and eighty-eight years old which is almost impertinently pertinent to the domestic situation in these heydays of the culinary aristocracy:

Philip of Macedon when about to encamp upon a beautiful spot, and being told that there was no fodder for the cattle, exclaimed, "What a life is ours if we are bound to live for the convenience of Asses!"

"Turning a few pages we come upon this:

Two persons requested Archidamus to act as Arbitrator in a quarrel. "Will you swear to abide by my decision?" he asked. On their assent under oath, he replied, "Then I adjudge that you shall not leave this Temple until you have made friends!"

"What a wealth of suggestion lies in the wit of this Spartan king of twenty-four centuries ago for a writer on the relations of capital and labor in these days of their estrangement!"

NERVE EXHAUSTION

How We Become Shell-Shocked in Every-Day Life

By PAUL VON BOECKMANN

Lecturer and Author of numerous books and treatises on Mental and Physical Energy, Respiration, Psychology and Nerve Culture

THERE is but one malady more terrible than Nerve Exhaustion, and that is its kin, Insanity. Only those who have passed through a siege of Nerve Exhaustion can understand the true meaning of this statement. At first, the victim is afraid he will die, and as it grips him deeper, he is afraid he will not die, so great is his mental torture. He becomes panic-stricken and irresolute. A sickening sensation of weakness and helplessness overcomes him. He becomes obsessed with the thought of self-destruction.

Nerve Exhaustion means Nerve Bankruptcy. The wonderful organ we term the Nervous System consists of countless millions of cells. These cells are reservoirs which store a mysterious energy we term Nerve Force. The amount stored represents our Nerve Capital. Every organ works with all its might to keep the supply of Nerve Force in these cells at a high level, for Life itself depends more upon Nerve Force than on the food we eat or even the air we breathe.

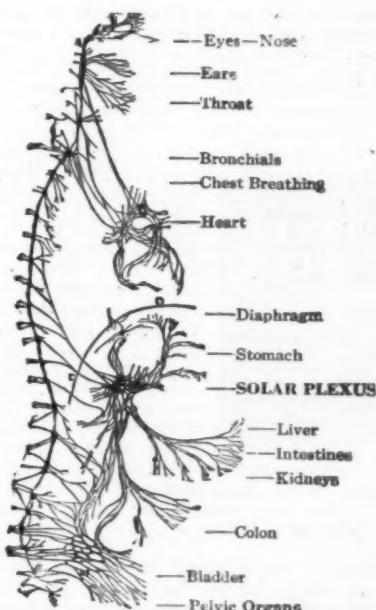
If we unduly tax the nerves through over-work, worry, excitement or grief, or if we subject the muscular system to excessive strain, we consume more Nerve Force than the organs produce, and the natural result must be Nerve Exhaustion.

Nerve Exhaustion is not a malady that comes suddenly. It may be years in developing, and the decline is accompanied by unmistakable symptoms, which, unfortunately, cannot be readily recognized. The average person thinks that when his hands do not tremble and his muscles do not twitch, he cannot possibly be nervous. This is a dangerous assumption, for people with hands as solid as a rock and who appear to be in perfect health may be dangerously near Nerve Collapse.

One of the first symptoms of Nerve Exhaustion is the derangement of the Sympathetic Nervous System, the nerve branch which governs the vital organ (see diagram). In other words, the vital organs become sluggish because of insufficient supply of Nerve Energy. This is manifested by a cycle of weaknesses and disturbances in digestion, constipa-

tion, poor blood circulation and general muscular lassitude usually being the first to be noticed.

I have for more than thirty years studied the health problem from every angle. My investigations and deductions always brought me back to the immutable truth that Nerve Derangement and Nerve Weakness is the basic cause of nearly every



The Sympathetic Nervous System

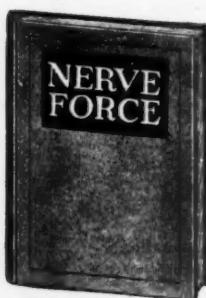
Showing how Every Vital Organ is governed by the Nervous System, and how the Solar Plexus, commonly known as the Abdominal Brain, is the great Central Station for the distribution of Nerve Force.

bodily ailment, pain and disorder. I agree with the noted British authority on the nerves, Alfred T. Schofield, M. D., the author of numerous works on the subject, who says: "It is my belief that the greatest single factor in the maintenance of health is that the nerves be in order."

The great war has taught us how frail the nervous system is, and how sensitive it is to strain, especially mental and emotional strain. Shell Shock, it was proved, does not injure the nerve fibers in themselves. The effect is entirely mental. Thousands lost their reason thereby, over 135 cases from New York alone being in asylums for the insane. Many more thousands became nervous wrecks. The strongest men became paralyzed so that they could not stand, eat or even speak. One-third of all the hospital cases were "nerve cases," all due to excessive strain of the Sympathetic Nervous System.

The mile-a-minute life of to-day, with its worry, hurry, grief and mental tension is exactly the same as Shell Shock, except that the shock is less forcible, but more prolonged, and in the end just as disastrous. Our crowded insane asylums bear witness to the truth of this statement. Nine people out of ten you meet have "frazzled nerves."

Perhaps you have chased from doctor to doctor seeking relief for a mysterious "something the matter with you." Each doctor tells you that there is nothing the matter with you; that every organ is perfect. But you know there is something the matter. You feel it, and you act it. You are tired, dizzy, cannot sleep, cannot digest your food and you have pains here and there. You are told you are "run down" and need a rest. Or the doctor may give you a tonic. Leave nerve tonics alone. It is like making a tired horse run by towing him behind an automobile.



Our Health, Happiness and Success in life demands that we face these facts understandingly. I have written a 64-page book on this subject which teaches how to protect the nerves from every day Shell Shock. It teaches how to soothe, calm and care for the nerves; how to nourish them through proper breathing and other means. The cost of the book is only 25 cents. Bound in cloth, 50 cents. Remit in coin or stamps. See address at the bottom of page. If the book does not meet your fullest expectations, your money will be refunded, plus your outlay of postage.

The book "Nerve Force" solves the problem for you and will enable you to diagnose your troubles understandingly. The facts presented will prove a revelation to you, and the advice given will be of incalculable value to you.

You should send for this book to-day. It is for you, whether you have had trouble with your nerves or not. Your nerves are the most precious possession you have. Through them you experience all that makes life worth living, for to be dull nerved means to be dull brained, insensible to the higher phases of life—love, moral courage, ambition and temperament. The finer your brain is, the finer and more delicate is your nervous system, and the more imperative it is that you care for your nerves. The book is especially important to those who have "high strung" nerves and those who must tax their nerves to the limit.

The following are extracts from letters from people who have read the book and were greatly benefited by the teachings set forth therein:

"I have gained 12 pounds since reading your book, and I feel so energetic. I had about given up hope of ever finding the cause of my low weight."

"I have been treated by a number of nerve specialists, and have traveled from country to country in an endeavor to restore my nerves to normal. Your little book has done more for me than all other methods combined."

"Your book did more for me for indigestion than two courses in dieting."

"My heart is now regular again and my nerves are fine. I thought I had heart trouble, but it was simply a case of abused nerves. I have re-read your book at least ten times."

A woman writes: "Your book has helped my nerves wonderfully. I am sleeping so well and in the morning I feel so rested."

"The advice given in your book on relaxation and calming of nerves has cleared my brain. Before I was half dizzy all the time."

A physician says: "Your book shows you have a scientific and profound knowledge of the nerves and nervous people. I am recommending your book to my patients."

A prominent lawyer of Ansonia, Conn., says: "Your book saved me from a nervous collapse, such as I had three years ago. I now sleep soundly and I am gaining weight. I can again do a real day's work."

The Prevention of Colds

Of the various books, pamphlets and treatises which I have written on the subject of health and efficiency, none has attracted more favorable comment than my sixteen page booklet entitled "The Prevention of Colds."

There is no human being absolutely immune to Colds. However, people who breathe correctly and deeply are not easily susceptible to Colds. This is clearly explained in my book NERVE FORCE. Other important factors, nevertheless, play an important part in the prevention of Colds,—factors that concern the matter of ventilation, clothing, humidity, temperature, etc. These factors are fully discussed in the booklet Prevention of Colds.

No ailment is of greater danger than an "ordinary cold," as it may lead to Influenza, Grippe, Pneumonia or Tuberculosis. More deaths resulted during the recent "FLU" epidemic than were killed during the entire war, over 6,000,000 people dying in India alone.

A copy of the booklet Prevention of Colds will be sent *Free* with either the 25c or 50c book Nerve Force. You will agree that the booklet on colds alone is worth many times the price asked for both books.

PAUL VON BOECKMANN

Studio 108, 110 West 40th Street, New York

WHY MAN OF TO-DAY IS ONLY 50 PER CENT. EFFICIENT

By WALTER WALGROVE

IF one were to form an opinion from the number of helpful, inspiring and informing articles one sees in the public press and magazines, the purpose of which is to increase our efficiency, he must believe that the entire American Nation is striving for such an end—

And this is so.

The American Man because the race is swifter every day: competition is keener and the stronger the man the greater his capacity to win. The stronger the man the stronger his will and brain, and the greater his ability to match wits and win. The greater his confidence in himself the greater the confidence of other people in him: the keener his wit and the clearer his brain.

The American Woman because she must be competent to rear and manage the family and home, and take all the thought and responsibility from the shoulders of the man whose present-day business burdens are all that he can carry.

Now what are we doing to secure that efficiency? Much mentally, some of us much physically, but what is the trouble?

We are not really efficient more than half the time. Half the time blue and worried—all the time nervous—some of the time really incapacitated by illness.

There is a reason for this—a practical reason, one that has been known to physicians for quite a period and will be known to the entire world ere long.

That reason is that the human system does not, and will not, rid itself of all the waste which it accumulates under our present mode of living. No matter how regular we are, the food we eat and the sedentary lives we live (even though we do get some exercise) make it impossible; just as impossible as it is for the grate of a stove to rid itself of clinkers.

And the waste does to us exactly what the clinkers do to the stove; make the fire burn low and inefficiently until enough clinkers have accumulated, and then prevent its burning at all.

It has been our habit, after this waste has reduced our efficiency about 75 per cent., to drug ourselves; or after we have become 100 per cent. inefficient through illness, to still further attempt to rid ourselves of it in the same way—by drugging.

If a clock is not cleaned once in a while it clogs up and stops; the same way with an engine because of the residue which it, itself, accumulates. To clean the clock, you would not put acid on the parts, though you could probably find one that would do the work, nor to clean the engine would you force a cleaner through it that would injure its parts; yet that is the process you employ when you drug the system to rid it of waste.

You would clean your clock and engine with a harmless cleanser that Nature has provided, and you can do exactly the same for yourself as I will demonstrate before I conclude.

The reason that a physician's first step in illness is to purge the system is that no medicine can take effect nor can the system work properly while the colon (large intestine) is clogged up. If the colon were not clogged up the chances are 10 to 1 that you would not have been ill at all.

It may take some time for the clogging process to reach the stage where it produces real illness but, no matter how long it takes, while it is going on the functions are not working so as to keep us up to "concert pitch." Our livers are sluggish, we are dull and heavy—slight or severe headaches come on—our sleep does not rest us—in short, we are about 50 per cent. efficient.

And if this condition progresses to where real illness develops, it is impossible to tell what form that illness will take, because—

The blood is constantly circulating through the colon and, taking up by absorption the poisons in the waste which it contains, it distributes them throughout the system and weakens it so that we are subject to whatever disease is most prevalent.

The nature of the illness depends on our own little weaknesses and what we are the least able to resist.

These facts are all scientifically correct in every particular, and it has often surprised me that they are not more generally known and appreciated. All we have to do is to consider the treatment that we have received in illness to realize fully how it developed, and the methods used to remove it.

So you see that not only is accumulated waste directly and constantly pulling down our efficiency by making our blood poor and our intellect dull—our spirits low and our ambitions weak, but it is responsible through its weakening and infecting processes for a list of illnesses that if catalogued here would seem almost unbelievable.

It is the direct and immediate cause of that very expensive and dangerous complaint—appendicitis.

If we can successfully eliminate the waste all our functions work properly and in accord—there are no poisons being taken up by the blood, so it is pure and imparts strength to every part of the body instead of weakness—there is nothing to clog up the system and make us bilious, dull and nervously fearful.

With everything working in perfect accord and without obstruction, our brains are clear, our entire physical being is competent to respond quickly to every requirement, and we are 100 per cent. efficient.

Now this waste that I speak of cannot be thoroughly removed by drugs, but even if it could the effect of these drugs on the functions is very unnatural, and if continued becomes a periodical necessity.

Note the opinions on drugging of two most eminent physicians:

Prof. Alonzo Clark, M.D., of the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons, says: "All of our curative agents are poisons, and as a consequence, every dose diminishes the patient's vitality."

Prof. Joseph M. Smith, M.D., of the same school, says: "All medicines which enter the circulation poison the blood in the same manner as do the poisons that produce disease."

Now, the internal organism can be kept as

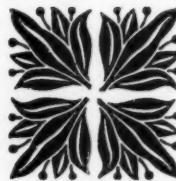
sweet and pure and clean as the external and by the same natural, sane method—bathing. By the proper system warm water can be introduced so that the colon is perfectly cleansed and kept pure.

There is no violence in this process—it seems to be just as normal and natural as washing one's hands.

Physicians are taking it up more widely and generally every day, and everyone should be informed thoroughly on a practice which, though so rational and simple, is revolutionary in its accomplishments.

This is rather a delicate subject to write of exhaustively in the public press, but Chas. A. Tyrrell, M.D., has prepared an interesting treatise on "Why Man of To-day Is Only 50 per cent. Efficient," which treats the subject very exhaustively, and which will be sent without cost to any one addressing Tyrrell's Hygienic Institute, 134 West 65th Street, New York, and mentioning that they have read this article in CURRENT OPINION.

Personally, I am enthusiastic on Internal Bathing because I have seen what it has done in illness as well as in health, and I believe that every person who wishes to keep in as near a perfect condition as is humanly possible should at least be informed on this subject; he will also probably learn something about himself which he has never known through reading the little book to which I refer.



See How Many Mistakes You Make In English!

If you are like most people, you make more mistakes than you think; and every mistake is a black mark against your chance to get ahead in your business and social life

YOUR English is perhaps like your face—it satisfies you pretty well. At least, you figure, you cannot change it; and since it was good enough to place you where you are, it may carry you still higher.

The truth is, however, that the average person is only 61% efficient in the vital points of English grammar. Spelling, punctuation, grammatical usage, pronunciation, and the art of expression are things on which most of us fall down. That is because the ordinary methods of teaching English are wrong. They attempt to implant Correct English by rules. But rules do not stick in the mind. That is why English is such a difficult language to learn, even for those born here—to say nothing of those who try to learn after coming to these shores.

The most important thing to you, about English, is that your English reveals your real self so completely and thoroughly. Every act, every move, every thought in business and social life, is governed by language. It has been said that we cannot think beyond our power to express ourselves. Every great man and woman in history was a master of language. Every really great man today knows how to use words with telling effect.

In business you will find that the men at the top were helped by their ability to convince others. In social life you will find the most popular people are those whose conversation is entertaining, and not empty. A single mistake is like a spotlight on your real standing and ability. And remember, every letter and memorandum you write, whether to sell goods, to answer a complaint, to give instructions, to order merchandise, or to collect money, depends for its effectiveness upon the language you use. Every word you write or speak governs your popularity and social standing.

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any particular page and then you see just how Mr. Cody would correct that paper. Extra blanks are furnished for additional tests, so you can always see exactly how you stand and how you are improving.

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The wonderful thing about Mr. Cody's method is the speed with which these habit-forming practice drills can be carried out. When you can write the answers to fifty questions in 15 minutes and correct your work in 5 minutes more, it gives you a good idea of the practical and effective value of this course. It saves time because you learn quickly through HABIT instead of RULES. And the lessons are so interesting and fascinating that it's just like playing a game. Each day you can check yourself and SEE how much you are improving.

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A new booklet has been written, explaining Mr. Cody's remarkable course in detail. If you ever feel your lack of Language Power, if you are ever embarrassed by mistakes in grammar, spelling or punctuation, if you cannot instantly command the exact words with which to express your ideas, this book will prove a revelation to you.

Here Are the Answers

1. calendar; 2. supersedes; 3. trafficking; 4. vaccinated; 5. abridgment; 6. mosquitoes; 7. obscene; 8. oscillates; 9. precede; 10. procedure.
11. Have you heard from him today? I haven't got you a year yet. 12. The river has overflowed its banks. 13. Is John in the 7th or Helen in the 8th who stands at the head of his class? 14. Every one in the office is working as if his life depended on it. 15. None of the boys is elected captain yet. 16. The man's breath smells bad. 17. The car certainly rides easily. 18. He has laid it down. 19. I wish Anna (was—were) here. 20. I do not like (those—that) sort of people.
- Punctuate the following sentence, inserting commas, semicolons, capitals, letters, &c., as needed.
22. Come now my friend you can't deceive me. Our boys' outfits are just as good as yours and with that he hung up the receiver. We manufacture all kinds of paper writing paper dull and gloss finish in note letter and folio sizes book papers both machine finish and supercalendered also wrapping paper in heavy and light weights specializing on fibre stock.

Note: Answers are given below.

A polished and accurate command of the English language not only gives you the stamp of education, but it wins friends and impresses those with whom you come in contact. Spare-time study—15 minutes a day—in your own home will give you power of language that will be worth real money to you.

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ANNOUNCES that it has taken over the business heretofore conducted by the Bond Department of the Guaranty Trust Company of New York.

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A booklet, "An Organization for Investment Service," describing the Company's facilities, will be sent on request.

There is a Master Key

which can unlock the secret chambers of success; can throw wide the doors which seem to bar man from the treasure-house of Nature, and bids those enter and partake who are wise enough to understand and broad enough to weigh the evidence; firm enough to follow their own judgment and strong enough to make the sacrifice exacted.

Peace, Power and Plenty are the effect of certain definite causes. Cause and Effect are invariable in their operation. This stability is your opportunity. The same cause will invariably produce the same result. A knowledge of this Natural Law and its operation will enable any individual to determine his own fate, mould his own environment and be the arbiter of his own destiny.

This is, without doubt, the most important message ever given to humanity and its truth can be conclusively demonstrated in one way only, and that is by demonstration.

Thousands of individuals have demonstrated the operation of this law in their own experience. These demonstrations are what is called "Evidence."

In legal acceptation the word evidence includes all the means by which any alleged matter of fact, the truth of which is submitted to investigation, is established.

I am in a position to give you evidence, the importance of which it would be difficult to overestimate.

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No one has yet succeeded in gaining success without it.

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It is absolutely the master key to success, prosperity and supremacy.

When I was eighteen years of age, it looked to me as though I had absolutely no chance to succeed. Fifteen months altogether in common public school was the extent of my education. I had no money. When my father died, he left me twenty dollars and fifty cents, and I was earning hardly enough to keep myself alive. I had no friends for I was a negative and of no advantage to any one. I had no plan of life to help me solve any problem. In fact, I did not know enough to know that life is and was a real problem, even though I had an "acute problem of life" on my hands. I was blue and despondent and thoughts of eternal misery arose in my mind constantly. I was a living and walking worry machine.

I was tired, nervous, restless, I could not sleep. I could not digest without distress. I had no power of application. Nothing appealed to me. Nothing appeared worth doing from the fear that I could not do anything because of my poor equip-

ment of mind and body. I felt that I was shut out of the world of success and I lived in a world of failure.

I was such a pauper in spirit that I blindly depended on drugs and doctors for my health, as my father before me. I was a "floater" and depended on luck for success. The result of this attitude on my part was greater weakness, sickness, failure and misery as is always the case under similar conditions.

Gradually my condition became worse. I reached a degree of misery that seemed intolerable. I reached a crisis in my realization of my failure and adverse condition.

Out of this misery and failure and pauperism of spirit—out of this distress—arose within me a desperate reaction—"a final effort to live"—and through this reaction, arose within me, the discovery of the laws and principles of life, evolution, personality, mind, health, success and supremacy. Also out of this misery arose within me the discovery of the inevitable laws and principles of failure and sickness and inferiority.

When I discovered that I had unconsciously been employing the principles of failure and sickness, I immediately began to use the principles of success and supremacy. My life underwent an almost immediate change. I overcame illness through health, weakness through power, inferior evolution by superior evolution, failure by success, and converted pauperism into supremacy.

I discovered a principle which I observed that all successful personalities employ, either consciously or unconsciously. I also discovered a principle of evolution and believed that if I used it, that my conditions would change, for, I had but one disease—failure, and therefore there was but one cure—success, and I began to use this principle and out of its use arose my ambition, my powers, my education, my health, my success and my supremacy, etc., etc.

You may also use this principle of success deliberately, purposefully, consciously and profitably.

Just as there is a principle of darkness, there is also a principle of failure, ill health, weakness and negativity. If you use the principle of failure consciously or unconsciously, you are sure always to be a failure. Why seek success and supremacy through blindly seeking to find your path through the maze of difficulties? Why not open your "mental eyes" through the use of this subtle success principle, and thus deliberately and purposefully and consciously and successfully advance in the direction of supremacy and away from failure and adversity?

I discovered this subtle principle—this key to success—through misery and necessity. You need never be miserable to have the benefit of this subtle principle. You may use this success principle just as successful individuals of all time, of all countries, of all races, and of all religions have used it either consciously or unconsciously, and as I am using it consciously and purposefully. It requires no education, no preparation, no preliminary knowledge. Any one can use it. Any one can harness, employ and capitalize it, and thus put it to work for success and supremacy. Regardless of what kind of success you desire, this subtle principle is the key that opens the avenue to what you want. It was used by

Moses, Caesar, Napoleon, Roosevelt, Rockefeller, Herbert Spencer, Emerson, Darwin, Morgan, Harriman, Woodrow Wilson, Charles Schwab, L. C. Smith, Charles E. Hughes, Abraham Lincoln, George Washington,

Clemenceau, Marshall Field, Sarah Bernhardt, John Curci, Nordica, Melba, Cleopatra, Alexander the Great, Edison, Newton, Wanamaker, H. H. Armour, Andrew Carnegie, Elbert Hubbard, Shakespeare, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Copernicus, Confucius, Mohamed, Cicero, Demosthenes, Aristotle, Plutarch, Christopher Columbus, Vanderbil, Marcus Aurelius, Petrus, Lycoras, Benjamin Franklin.

and thousands and thousands of others—the names of successful men and women of all times and of all countries and of all religions, and of all colors, make a record of the actions of this Subtle Principle of Success. None of these individuals could have succeeded without it—no one can succeed without it—no one can fail with it.

Every one realizes that human beings owe a duty to each other. Only the very lowest type of human being is selfish to the degree of wishing to profit without helping someone else. This world does not contain very great numbers of the lowest and most selfish type of human beings. Almost everyone, in discovering something of value, also wants his fellowman to profit through his discovery. This is precisely my attitude. I feel that I should be neglecting my most important duty towards my fellow human beings, if I did not make every effort—every decent and honest effort—to induce everyone to also benefit to a maximum extent through the automatic use of this subtle principle.

I fully realize that it is human nature to have less confidence in this Principle because I am putting it in the hands of thousands of individuals, but I cannot help the negative impression I thus possibly create. I must fulfill my duty to each member of humanity, just the same.

I do not urge any one to procure it because I offer it without any obligation whatsoever. I urge everyone to procure the Subtle Principle of Success because the results it holds in store for each individual are great—very great.

This subtle principle is so absolutely powerful and overwhelming in its influence for good, profit, prosperity and success that it would be a sin if I kept it to myself and used it only for my personal benefit.

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You will recognize the tremendous value of this Principle within less than thirty minutes—in fact, almost immediately, as you become conscious of it, you will realize its practicability, its potency, its basic reality and its power and usability for your personal profit, pleasure, advancement, prosperity, success and supremacy.



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I, myself, have derived such tremendous results—amazing results—from its power, that I want every man and woman to have this key to success, prosperity, wealth and supremacy. This is why I am willing to send it to any one—to any address, without any obligation whatsoever—this Subtle Principle of Success is yours to keep, yours to use for the attainment of your success, happiness and supremacy.

Remember, you are under no obligation whatsoever, to pay or to return anything to me. The Subtle Principle of Success is yours to keep.

You would never forgive me, and I could never forgive myself, nor could the creative forces of the Universe forgive us, if I failed to bring you to the point of using this subtle principle of success. You would never forgive me if I failed to do for you that which you would do for me, if our positions were reversed.

You want success of some kind. This is your opportunity to get it—to get what you want.
Write your address on the form below, or write me a postal or a letter, asking me to send you the Subtle Principle of Success without any obligation of any kind whatsoever, on your part, and you will receive by return mail, the Subtle Principle of Success—a Principle of supremacy—the key to your every success—the equal of which you have never seen.



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They Hated Him Because He Cried "Prove It"

Is there a God? Is there a Hell? Is there a Heaven? Are we better than the Savage who worships an Idol? "Prove it and I'll believe you," cried Col. Robert G. Ingersoll. But they couldn't—or wouldn't. So they cast him out. They hated him. They fought him. But for fifty years he fought back. Never could they batter down his logic. Never could they answer with reason.



Col. Robert G. Ingersoll!

We sympathize with the savage whose God is a monstrous Idol. We pity him that the story he places upon the ring in his nose. But are we better than he?

Is it true that much of our goodness is mothered by cowardly fear? Is it true that our God is created by a mind too lazy to do its own thinking? If you believe in a God, why? Is there a God? Are you afraid to say "No?" Is there a Hell? Why don't you paint your face and your body and wear a nose ring? Why don't you worship a snake?—others do!

Col. Robert G. Ingersoll for fifty years preached the gospel of truth. He was authorized with complete freedom what he believed did not exist—a God. He felt that the world was being swallowed up by a phantom—a shadow—a "boogeyman." He challenged every sect, every creed. He dared them to prove to him that they knew what they were talking about. He defied them to answer him. Instead, they held him up to scorn. They mentally burned him at the stake. But they couldn't find a flaw in his logic. And that's what hurt.

Ingersoll toppled over brittle Belief and it broke into thousands of pieces. He said, in effect, that the Bible was a fake. Of course that was a bad thing to say, especially if you really believed it and could make thousands of others believe it.

Ingersoll was a power. In olden days he would have been tarred and feathered, imprisoned, "done away with." He could have been governor of Illinois—some say he could have had the presidency. But he wouldn't stop talking against a blind acceptance of a man-made God. Not one could find a motive for his beliefs other than the truthteller. He had to make people from the mental prison into which they had been thrown by "blindly following the blind." He wanted to break the shackles of fear. He wanted to bring people into the light. And for fifty years Ingersoll spoke to packed houses up and down and across the continent. Even after his death he was fought—for they tried to prove that he recanted. But under oath his family have sworn that Ingersoll died as he had lived—an agnostic—an unbeliever.

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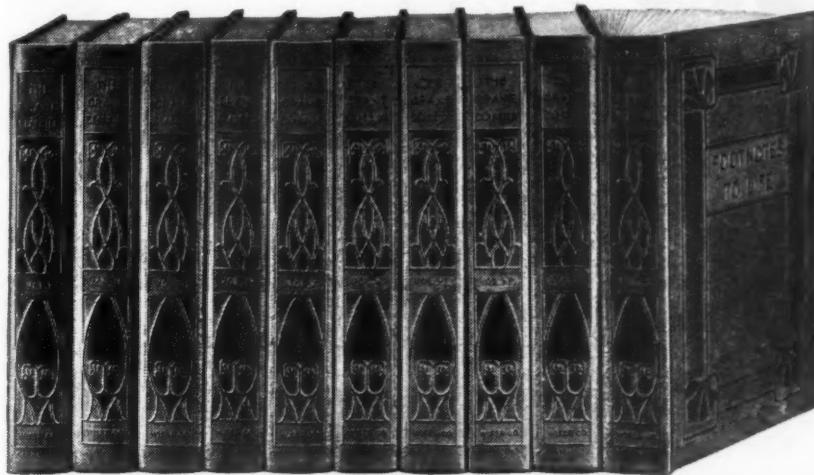
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To the Ministers of Religion of America

YOU are God's messengers.

You are sent to watch over His people; you are the voice of His truth.
We entered the late war upon a praying basis; that is, not for vengeance,
loot or military glory, but—

To put a stop to war.

For this our soldiers died. For this we poured out treasure as water. For
this we got our atlas shoulders under the world's debt.

For this, and for no other reason.

To stop war, the sum of all villainies, the concentration of all that defies the
will of God and menaces the welfare of man.

War—disgrace to God in the highest, and on earth will will to men.

When the enemy was conquered the Allies naturally met to carry out this pur-
pose for which they had fought.

They knew, everybody knows, that war is due to the Old Order, to secret di-
plomacies, to lack of World Government.

Hence to remedy this, they did the simplest, most rational thing possible,
they formed a League of Nations which by universal concert should render war
impossible.

America proposed this thing.

The other nations agreed.

Can America afford to stay out of the very World Pact she originated, chal-
lenged and fought for?

Shall America desert her Allies and line up with Turkey, Austria, Germany,
Mexico and Russia? For these are the non-league nations.

Ministers of God, if you ever had anything worth preaching about, this is it.

For surely a League of Nations to stop war is the consummation of all religious
hopes.

It is the most important act of history.

It is the first unified effort of the world to end the hideous system which pro-
duces war.

Do not let your mouths be stopped by the timid who say this is a Party ques-
tion, and the Pulpit should not meddle.

It is not a Party question. It has no possible connection with the principles
or traditions of either party. We could not get it through the Democratic
Party; very well, let us try the Republican.

It is a National question.

It is a New question.

Is there no moral backbone in the United States?

Is there no Conscience, no sense of outraged decency?

Speak out, O ministers of God!

If America has any conscience, it is time to hear from it!

Conscience abolished Slavery.

Conscience abolished Alcohol.

Conscience led us to attack Spain.

Conscience induced us to join the Allied nations to save Belgium and resist
Germany.

Conscience dictates now that we should join the world in a League to pre-
vent war.

Shall you, the exponents of American conscience, be silent?

The situation is not without its parallels.

The adoption of the Constitution was as bitterly fought by the partisans of
that day as the League is fought now.

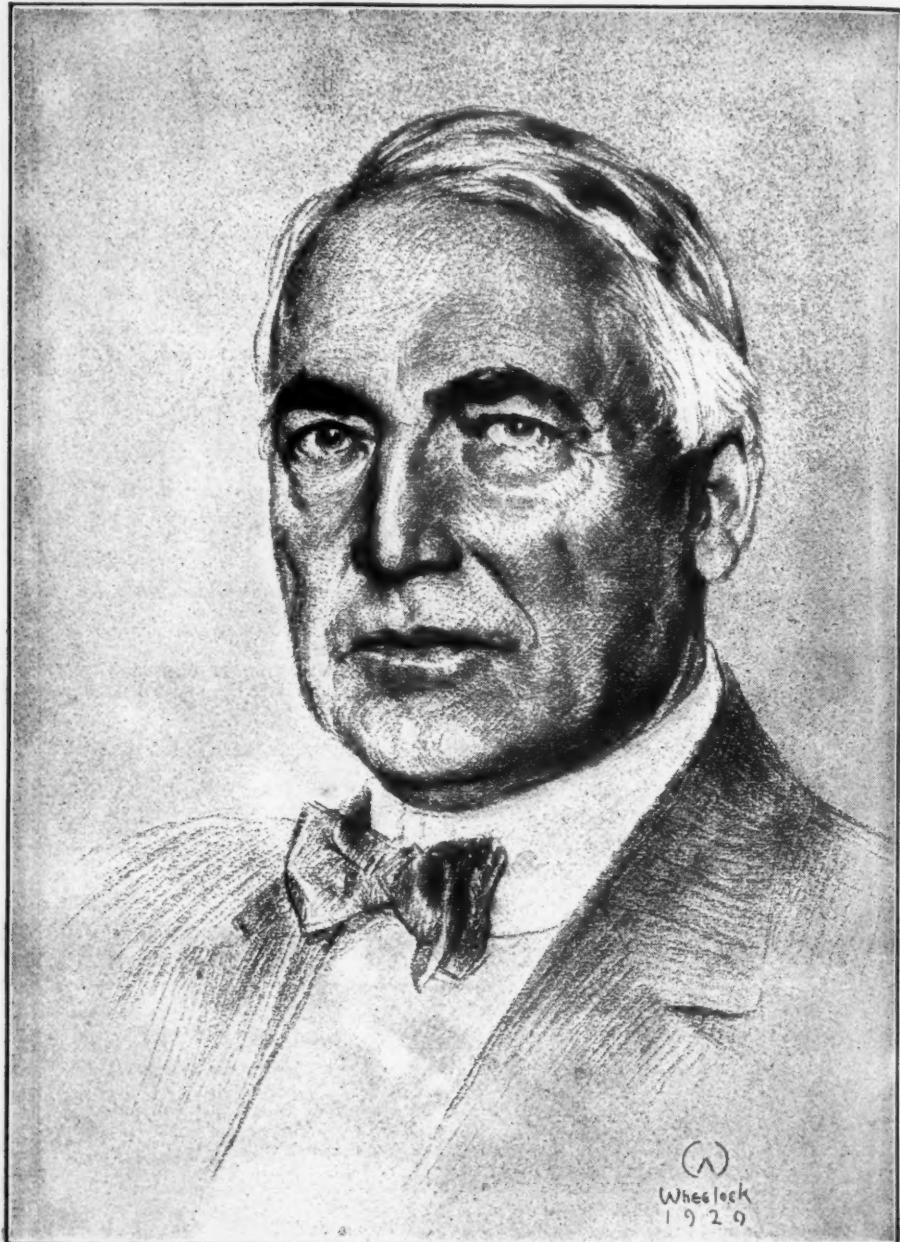
And this crisis, this issue, this question, transcends them all.

Be not deceived! Think straight!

Shall America now play the Benedict Arnold or the Sir Galahad?

Speak!

Speak now, ministers of God, or forever after hold your peace!



"HE SEEMS TO BE IN PERPETUAL FEAR OF WAKING UP THE BABY"

That was the humorous sally made in regard to Senator Harding's caution by a French journalist during our recent campaign. But the Senator's retort to a similar remark made by his rival is apropos.

"I have to be more cautious than Governor Cox," he said, "because I am going to be the next President." And so he is.